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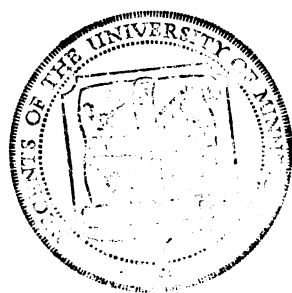
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PERIODICAL COLLECTION











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# THE ARK.

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No. 1.

## THE TRAVELING CARD.

BY P.G. CHARLES BURDETT.

### CHAPTER I.

"What earthly use do you expect to make of that piece of paper?" was the inquiry addressed by Mrs. Robertson to her husband, at the same time handing back to him, with something of contempt in her air and manner, a Traveling Card of the Order of Odd Fellows, which he had drawn from his Lodge that evening, as he was about to travel to the Westward on business of some importance to the mercantile house with which he was connected.

"Well, my dear, I won't say it will be of any positive use at all," was the husband's reply. "That it *may* be, I know full well, and I can only hope that I may have no real occasion to present it."

"My dear," replied the wife, "you place entirely too much reliance on the utility and imaginary advantages of your Order. I am willing to admit that in your own direct communion, in your own immediate connection, and among your own personal friends and associates, it is all very well, and possibly the Order has in such instances accomplished much of good. But the test will come when you find yourself among strangers, and in need of friendly offices. Then you will have the opportunity of learning the true value of your Institution, and of ascertaining the exact import and meaning of the word Brother, which you now seem to estimate so highly. Wait until such an occasion comes, and then you will find that I have not said one word too much. No, no, Charles, you may praise its operations here, where you are within a direct influence, as much as you choose, and to a certain extent I will go with you, but until I hear that its principles are as general as its existence—that the broad mantle of Friendship and Charity covers all alike, the friend and the stranger, the rich and the poor, that all alike are hailed, and treated, and loved as

Brothers, in prosperity or in adversity, then I will say no more, but acknowledge that in your Order the world may find that which for ages it has vainly sought."

"Well, Julia," replied Mr. Robertson, who had listened with commendable patience, "I am sorry you want further proof of the general benevolence of our Order, and I can only hope I may not be the one to furnish it by my own necessities."

"Come, come, Charles, I won't say any more. I know your attachment to your Order, and I should not be worthy to be called your wife, did I not allow you the free expression of your own opinions, without the dread of conflicting with mine."

"Well, my dear Julia, I will venture to wager a dress against a pair of gloves, that if I do have use for this piece of paper which you treat so disdainfully," shaking the Traveling Card at her, "you will acknowledge all your prejudices unfounded, and become at heart a good Odd Fellow."

"When that happens, my dear," was the laughing reply, "you may call on me for a dozen pair of gloves. I will cheerfully pay them."

The conversation, a part of which is narrated above, (for it was continued for some time in the same strain,) was, as the reader has perceived, carried on between a husband and his wife, and a brief introduction will suffice for the further purpose of my story.

Julia Robertson that is, was Julia Burnett, the only daughter of a very respectable, and tolerably wealthy gentleman, who, on his decease, had left his estate in the hands of a trustee, for the benefit of his only daughter, his wife having died before Julia was old enough to know the extent of her loss. One consequence of this was, that Julia grew up rather spoiled, and self-willed, but she was much restrained by an excellent temper, which never found pleasure in speaking ill of others. The trustee, like many others, had squandered the orphan's estate in speculating, and when called to account, presented it with a most

unblushing impudence, showing himself a debtor to the whole amount of the property left in his trust, and he soon after saved all further trouble to himself, by leaving the city for parts unknown.

Previously to this, however, Julia had become acquainted with and was engaged to Charles Robertson, who, as he did not woo her for money, did not desert her when he found that it had taken wings. They were married and lived in very comfortable style on a handsome salary, which he enjoyed as confidential clerk in a large importing house. His situation was subsequently improved by being admitted into partnership with his employers, and at the time he is introduced to the reader, he was in a fair way of reaching a handsome competency, in due course of time.

Before his marriage, he had joined the Institution of Odd Fellows, and having taken all the initiatory steps, was more than delighted at the associations it promised him, and with the principles it inculcated.

Julia had opposed his entrance into the Order, but more in a spirit of ridicule, than serious opposition, and she omitted no opportunity of laughing at him for throwing away his money in such useless fooleries, as she called them, and used every effort to induce him to withdraw from it.

Charles was of course hurt at the feelings exhibited by his wife, and strove to do away with the impressions she had received, but he had only succeeded so far as to force from her the confession that in the immediate connection of each Lodge, they might possibly be kind to each other, and take care of sick Brethren, but she insisted that it was done through fear of ridicule, for not living up to their professions, and on account of the fines inflicted, for not performing the duties imposed upon them.

We find them thus situated at the time when business called Mr. Robertson to the West, and when he was on the eve of starting.

The day before he left the city, he came home in a great hurry, and told his wife that if she wished to go and visit her friends in the Northern part of the State, she might get ready and go with him, as his business would carry him directly to the place where they resided. She gladly embraced this offer, and her preparations were made with such alacrity, that she was ready to go on the following morning.

On the passage up the river, Mr. Robert-

son met many gentleman, members of the Order, whom he had seen at various Lodges, and the time was thus passed very pleasantly. On reaching Troy, where they were to take the cars for the West, they stopped at the first hotel in the place, and whilst seated at the supper table, Mrs. Robertson noticed her husband in conversation with a gentleman opposite to them, who appeared to be an old acquaintance of his, for the manner of both was so familiar.

"My dear," said she, when they were seated in the parlor, "who was that gentleman you were talking with at the table?"

"I am sure I don't know. He belongs to the Order, and that was all I cared for knowing."

"How on earth did you know he belonged to the Order? Did you ever see him before?"

"Never; but we found each other out."

"Well, I must say, I don't really like this picking up of strangers wherever you go, because they belong to the Order. How do you know but he was a pickpocket?"

"Because he *does* belong to the Order."

"Pshaw! Charles. You are a perfect monomaniac about your Order. I wish you had never heard of it. It will bring you into some trouble yet, I'll engage."

"Have no fears on that score, Julia," replied the husband. "If I never get into more trouble than is brought to my door through my connection with the Order, I shall feel thankful. But come, don't pout so about it. I won't pick up any more strangers 'till I have left you with your friends."

But Julia would pout, and did pout, for she thought it very ridiculous for grown men to be making signs to each other across the table at strange places; but the real truth was, she began to feel that possibly the advantages of belonging to the Institution *might* be extended beyond the walls of each Lodge room, and no person likes to yield a long conceived prejudice, no matter how thoroughly convinced that it is unfounded. So it was with Julia, and she was rather too self-willed to give up any long cherished opinions with perfect readiness.

In the morning, the trifling *disagreement* of the previous night seemed to have been forgotten, and Julia's face was wreathed in smiles, and the journey was re-commenced with the best spirits, and in the most pleasant mood. In the evening of that day, Mr. Robertson left his wife among her friends, prom-

ising to return home by the same route, and stop for her.

He prosecuted his journey as far west as Chicago, without meeting with any occurrence of special note, and, after transacting the business which called him to that vicinity, he took the stage for his next stopping place. For two days he pursued his journey in this way, passing the time agreeably, for he had found out two "two brothers" among his traveling companions.

On the morning of the third day, he had completed nearly the whole of his journey, and the stage was stopped at a country tavern in one of the small towns, to water the horses. While the driver was gone in search of a bucket, or perhaps to refresh himself with something stronger than water, the horses became affrighted at something in the road, and started off at a tremendous pace. All of the passengers had stepped out of the stage when it stopped, except Charles and two elderly men, who had entered at the last stopping place. The horses dashed along the road at a fearful rate, and the occupants of the vehicle remained seated, in mute terror. To attempt to get out while the horses were going at such fearful speed, was almost certain death; and perhaps it might be as certain if they remained within it. Charles had made up his mind to risk leaping out, and was in the act of moving toward the door for the purpose of making a spring, when the stage was suddenly brought up, with a fearful concussion, and he was thrown to the ground with stunning force. What became of the stage, the horses, or his fellow passengers, he knew not, for the violence of the shock had rendered him insensible.

How long he remained in that situation he knew not, but when consciousness returned, he found himself on a bed in a strange apartment, and surrounded by faces, none of which he had ever seen before, except that one of his fellow travelers, whose acquaintance, by right of brotherhood, he had made. He was in dreadful pain, and utterly unable to move, but in reply to his feebly uttered question, "Where am I?" the words "in good hands, my brother," gave him comfort, and with a look of gratitude to the speaker, he closed his eyes and gave himself up to thought. The remembrance of his wife, from whom he had parted but a few days before, in all the pride of health and buoyant youth, came to him, and he thought that he might never see her more, even the intense bodily pain he was

suffering, was for the moment forgotten in the agony of that thought. He knew that he must be seriously injured, and he was about turning his head, to inquire if a physician had been sent for, when the door of the apartment where he lay was opened, and those who were gathered around the bed-side of the sufferer, moved aside, to make way for the new-comer, who was a hearty, open, frank looking man, of about forty-five. He proved to be the physician, who had been summoned, and who, informed of the nature of the service required of him, did not pause to address any useless inquiries to those about him, but proceeded at once to examine into the condition of his patient. He ascertained that his right collar bone was broken, and that his right leg was badly fractured below the knee, besides which he had received some very severe contusions, but none of the injuries were considered dangerous.

"Now, my fine fellow," said the kind-hearted doctor, "I shall have to put you to a good deal of pain, and to swaddle you up like a baby, but you must bear it like a man."

"You do your duty, sir," replied Charles feebly—"I will not shrink."

Before he commenced operations, the gentleman, whose countenance Charles had recognized as one of his fellow travelers, approached the doctor, and whispered something in his ear.

"Is he indeed, poor fellow? Well, we'll take good care of him."

The fractures were set, and with as little pain as the doctor could possibly inflict, but enough to draw from the patient some good hearty groans, which only elicited from the skillful practitioner an approving nod, and a "That's right, my fine fellow. Don't try to smother your groans—it weakens the nervous system. I once cut a man's leg off, and he was so obstinate he wouldn't groan, and he died just as I removed the tourniquet."

Charles, amid all his suffering, could not restrain a smile as he listened to his Job's comforter, and when the settings were complete, and he was told to lie still and have patience, he drew a long breath, and inwardly thanked God that the worst was over.

"Now, George," said the doctor, turning very familiarly to the traveling friend of Charles, "see that you take good care of our friend. Just let me know if he does not obey the directions I leave, and I'll fix him."

"Never fear, doctor—he shall want nothing here, I promise you."



"Do tell me," said Charles to his traveling companion, "to whom am I indebted for so much kindness—in whose house am I?"

"In mine, brother," was the reply—"where you may command all we have. I live within a hundred yards of the place where you were thrown out of the stage, and when the horses ran away, we all started after them, calculating they would bring up just in the spot they did—for it is the worst place in the whole road. As soon as I saw you, I remembered that you were a brother, and instead of allowing you to be carried to the tavern, I had you brought here."

"For which I am sufficiently grateful, I assure you. But what became of the others in the stage?"

"Oh, they escaped with a few scratches, and so would you had you not tried to jump out of the door. But it won't do for you to talk too much now—it may bring on a fever. Is there anything I can do for you?"

"I should very much like to write to my wife, but my right arm is useless. May I ask you to do it for me?"

"Most certainly, but you had better leave it until morning—you need rest and quiet now. I will have the room darkened, and perhaps you may get some sleep."

So saying, he closed the window shutters, and wishing Charles relief from his sufferings, left the room.

Left thus alone, and suffering too much pain to think of enjoying peaceful sleep, Charles gave himself up to busy fancy. He thought again of his wife, and felt that could she see him now, surrounded with every comfort which his situation demanded—cared for with a brotherly kindness by an utter stranger, and tended with the affectionate sympathy of a sincere and feeling heart, she would acknowledge how unjust were her prejudices, and how groundless her fancied cause of opposition to the Institution which she has often made the subject of ridicule.

He was thankful that he had fallen into the hands of so good a Samaritan, and already enjoyed, in anticipation, the delighted surprise of his wife, as she learned from him the history of his adventures. He thought too, of his Lodge, and of the glorious Institution of which it was a part, and he raised his heart in fervent aspirations for its continued welfare and prosperity. He had mentally imbibed some of the prejudices of his wife, altho' he was not conscious of it, and had entertained a doubt whether the principles of the Or-

der would be carried out to the extent which in his own case had been done; and he felt a glow of pride within, as he remembered that he, too, was a member of that Institution.

At length, wearied and exhausted with pain, he fell into a heavy sleep, from which he was not awakened for several hours.

## CHAPTER II.

Turn we now to Mrs. Robertson, whom we left enjoying the society of her friends, at one of the interior towns of the State. Her husband had made such arrangements as to writing, that by the time he had been absent from her one week, she was to expect a letter from him.

The week had elapsed, and no letter had reached her; but when she expressed her disappointment to her friends, they laughed at her for her anxiety about her husband, and bade her remember that the mails were not quite so regular in the wild woods as in the vicinity of her own populous city.

With this she was fain to be contented, and suffered day after day to pass over without receiving any letter, and without yielding to any positive uneasiness.

One evening, when the second week had well nigh gone, and she had as yet heard nothing from Charles, she was sitting in the parlor surrounded by her friends. They were a merry, laughing, romping set of girls, and joked Julia unmercifully about her husband, who they insisted had run away with some pretty western girl, and predicted that he had by this time changed his name, and was on the road to New Orleans, as fast as steam could urge him, with his new wife.

Julia bore their jokes with the most commendable patience, and was even glad to have their thoughts run in such a current, as her own were thereby divested of their melancholy character, and she willingly suffered herself to derive consolation even from their jesting.

While thus engaged, a servant came into the room, bringing a bundle from a neighboring store, containing some purchases which one of the young ladies had made just before nightfall. It was wrapped in a newspaper, which was unrolled and cast upon the floor. One of the girls snatched it up, and turning to Julia, said:

"Here, Julia, I dare say this very paper contains an account of the elopement. Let me look first at the marriages and deaths. Who knows but my beau has died or got a

wife? He is out west somewhere in the vicinity of your husband."

Julia laughed at the nonsense, though she could hardly restrain her tears as she thought her husband very careless and heedless not to write to her, when he knew how anxious she must be to hear from him.

An exclamation of surprise from the girl who had taken up the paper, caused Julia to turn to her, and inquire what she had read.

"Nothing, dear, only a dreadful stage accident at L——."

"A stage accident," exclaimed Julia, all her fears for husband's safety at once excited, and mentally convinced, she knew not how or why that the accident must be somehow connected with him—"Let me see the account."

"Oh, no, never mind—I'll read it to you," replied the young lady, now actually turning pale with apprehension, for while Mrs. Robertson was talking, she had finished reading the statement, and had discovered that it did very nearly concern Mr. Robertson, being the account of the very accident by which he was so seriously injured.

"I *will* see it," exclaimed Julia, with a vehemence she could not control, for she *felt* that it concerned her husband, and she seized the paper from the young lady who beld it, and searched eagerly for the paragraph which had attracted her attention.

But her young friend, fearing that the too sudden annunciation of such direful news might have a serious effect on Julia, managed again to rescue the paper from her, assuring her that she was only joking, but now Julia would not be convinced.

She felt that something had occurred, which in kindness her friend wished to conceal from her, and she was now determined to know the worst at once.

"You need not try to deceive me," she said, with forced composure—"I dare say it is nothing very serious, so you might as well let me know it first as last. You see I am not at all alarmed."

Her manner reassured her friend, and the paper was, without hesitation, handed to her, and she ran her eye eagerly over it, in search of the paragraph which she instinctively knew was in it, concerning her husband. It was soon found, and was read by her with cold calmness, which surprised all.

It was, as she conjectured, an account of the accident by which her husband had been injured; but the editor of the paper, not hav-

ing ascertained the full particulars, as is too often the case, had very much exaggerated the extent of the accident, and his statement was so worded, as to convey the impression that Mr. Robertson was injured so severely as to be beyond the hope of recovery. The intelligence had been communicated to him by a person who had seen Charles in a state of insensibility, and without waiting to learn the real state of the case, he had conveyed the information to the paper in which it appeared.

Julia did not swoon or faint, but she gave way to a violent burst of grief and tears, which no offer of comfort or sympathy from her friends could subdue.

"I knew something would happen to him," exclaimed Julia, as if she really had known it. "I shall never see him again—I know I never shall."

But what boots it to attempt a description of what a grief-stricken woman would say or do under like circumstances? When her friends had succeeded in restoring her to comparative composure, she insisted on starting immediately for the village where the accident occurred, that she might have the melancholy pleasure of seeing his body, and conveying his remains to the city of her residence, for honorable interment. No inducement could dissuade her from such a course, and it was finally arranged that she should at once proceed to L——; and a cousin, who seeing her determined to make the journey, volunteered to attend her, but she rejected his offer, and on the morning following the receipt of the intelligence, she started alone on the journey.

While she is on the road, weighed down with a load of grief, which defied the power of consolation to subdue, let us turn again to Charles Robertson, whom we left enjoying a sound and heavy slumber.

The kind friend and brother, who had so faithfully performed a brother's part, and who in this instance, acted upon the golden maxim, which is at once the pride and honor of our Order—"Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them,"—left his guest in the hope that rest and quiet would restore him to measurable comfort, and would hasten his recovery. On returning to the room, after the lapse of several hours, he found Charles awake; but inflammation of a very violent character had set in, and had affected his head, so that he was wandering in his mind.

This was a dreadful dilemma for the kind-

hearted brother, for he had intended to write to the wife of his guest, according to his request, and now he scarcely knew how to act. He felt that if he should write in his own name, it must give her unnecessary alarm, for there was really no very great danger to be apprehended, and it was now out of Charles' power to dictate a letter.

The physician was again sent for, and while the messenger was absent on that errand, Mr. Egbert, for that was the name of brother, made up his mind to write to the house of which Charles was a member, (as he had learned from him while traveling,) and inform them of the accident which had befallen him. Accordingly he put this into immediate operation, and dispatched a letter to the partners of his guest, and by the time this was done, the physician had come, in obedience to the summons.

He pronounced the situation of his patient critical, though not absolutely dangerous, but directed the utmost care and attention to be paid to him.

For ten days Charles remained in this melancholy situation, suffering very much from pain, but still disordered in his mind, and unable to afford any connected clue to that which he might wish to communicate. During these ten days he was watched with the most affectionate care, by day and night, by brothers of the Lodge located at a considerable distance, to which the information of his situation was made known by Mr. Egbert.

On the morning of the eleventh day after the accident, Mr. Egbert went to the village about the time the stage came in, for the purpose of getting such letters and papers as it might bring for him. He reached the tavern where it usually stopped a few minutes before it arrived, and when it came up, he stepped into the bar-room, to await the sorting of the mail, and while seated there, heard a lady inquiring in tones of evident distress for the gentleman who had been killed a few days since by the overturning of a stage.

Surmising in an instant that this lady must be Mrs. Robertson, the wife of his unfortunate guest, he arose and went out on the piazza, where she was standing. Approaching her with great kindness in his manner, he said :

"I heard you asking, madam, for a gentleman who was injured a few days since, at this place."

"Oh, is he alive? Is he not killed? I was sure he was dead."

"No, my dear madam, your husband—for

I doubt not you are Mrs. Robertson—is alive, and although not well, yet he is not in danger."

"Oh, take me to him, do pray, sir, take me to him at once. Where is he? Oh let me see him at once!" she exclaimed in hurried accents.

"He is in good hands, my dear madam. Do not distress yourself; we have taken good care of him, I do assure you, and I am sure he has missed nothing except your presence to cheer him in his suffering. He is at my house, not far from this place, and I will conduct you there at once. Allow me to give directions concerning your baggage, that it may be sent there."

These arrangements were speedily made, and in a few minutes Mr. Egbert was on the road to his house, accompanied by Mrs. Robertson, and while walking, he made known to her the melancholy situation in which her husband was now placed. This information increased her grief, for she could think of nothing which would render her more unhappy than not to be recognized by her husband. But she was wise enough to know that grieving could not restore him to reason, so she collected herself, and by the time they had reached the house, she had mustered courage enough to be able to see him with comparative composure.

But a surprise awaited her for which she was not prepared, for on entering the room where her husband was lying, he recognized her at once, and springing to his bed-side, she hung over and nearly smothered him with her affectionate embraces. She found him pale, wan, and dreadfully wasted, but she forgot all in the unexpected pleasure she derived in being recognized and addressed by him:

"And how, dear Charles, have you been cared for, without your own Julia?"

"In truth, dear wife, I do not know. I believe I have been wandering for some time. I am sure I must have been well cared for, however. But how did you hear of my accident? Did my good friend write to you? But no, he could not, for he did not know your address."

"No, I have not received any letter. I saw an account of the accident in the paper, and I was sure you were dead, for it said you were injured beyond hope."

"Then you came on here to see me buried, did you, Julia?"

"I certainly thought you were dead, Charles, but thank God you are alive, and I'm here to

take care of you. But whose house is this, dear Charles?"

"Mine, madam," exclaimed Mr. Egbert, at that moment entering the apartment, "mine madam, and entirely at the service of yourself and husband. We have taken good care of him, I assure you; for aside from every other consideration, 'He is a Brother.'"

Julia looked at her husband for one moment in speechless astonishment, then rising with her eyes filled with tears, she approached Mr. Egbert, who knew not what to make of her emotion, and taking his hand, she said:

"Oh, sir, I hope you will forgive me that I ever uttered one harsh word against your noble, glorious Institution."

"Indeed, my dear madam," he replied with a smile, "I never heard you utter a word on the subject, and I assure you, if you had said ever so much against us, it would in no wise deter us from the performance of our duty. The claims of Brotherhood are never denied, and I am thankful that the opportunity has been afforded to me, of illustrating in the case of your husband, at least one of our principles. Your husband, as an Odd Fellow, has a claim upon us, which we could not and would not refuse to acknowledge, and I believe we may all say, we have performed our duty cheerfully."

"Oh, sir, but you do not know how much I have said against them. I have ——"

"No matter, my dear madam, what you have said. If you have seen or known that which induces you to feel that you judged us wrongfully, I shall be happy, I assure you. But come, the Brothers who sat up with your husband last night, are just about to sit down to breakfast; pray, come down and partake of some, for I know you have eaten nothing."

Julia looked at her husband again, scarcely knowing what to say or do. This unlooked-for kindness from utter strangers, and that too at a time when kindness was so acceptable, went to her heart, and she could scarcely find words to express her gratitude.

"I hope, dear Charles, you will forget all I have ever said about your Order. I am sure I shall never forgive myself for it."

"Oh, do not distress yourself about that; only," and he made a long pause, "don't forget the gloves, dear Julia," he added with a faint smile.

"Come, Mrs. Robertson, I must hear about those gloves. I begin to see something in all this; but it seems to me, Mr. Robertson, it

was hardly worth your while to come so near losing your life for a pair of gloves."

"There, go along and get your breakfast, dear," said her husband. "I am too weak even to enjoy so much happiness."

Mrs. Robertson, after wiping her eyes, and arranging her disordered dress, went below with the warm-hearted host, and met there two Brothers, who had kept up with her husband during the previous night. From them she learned that during the whole time of his illness, he had been attended with the most anxious care by his host, and Brothers of his Lodge, which was located several miles distant from his residence, and that Brothers of this Lodge, though living at great distances, had come promptly to the bedside of the sufferer, and had watched him through the silent hours of the night, with the most kindly care.

She could scarcely realize it, that her husband, meeting with an accident so serious, at so great a distance from home and friends, thrown entirely on the kindness of strangers, should have been treated with such fraternal kindness. She knew that in New York, it was no uncommon occurrence for Brothers to perform acts of kindness and attention. She knew that there the sick were cared for—the deceased Brothers were buried with every mark of respect—the widow and orphan cherished as sacred legacies, from those whose care and affection could no more protect or provide for those they loved—and knowing all this, she had felt that beyond the immediate sphere of a Lodge, the claim of Brotherhood was not recognized—that the stranger claiming that title was turned coldly away; but she little knew the strength of the feelings, or the binding nature of the principles which cement in one bond, men of the most discordant natures, and brings, as it were, into the common family, all who could prove themselves worthy of the name of Odd Fellow. But now she saw all her prejudices overthrown at one blow. She saw the principles which she had ridiculed, carried out and adhered to, with a fidelity which she believed impossible, and while her heart beat high with gratitude to the noble, generous men, who had so cheerfully and carefully attended to the wants of her sick, suffering husband, even while he was unconscious of the kindness, she felt also a glow of grateful pleasure, that he was one whom they thought worthy of their care.

The recovery of Charles was tedious, and great attention was required to prevent a re-

lapse, for he was injured very seriously internally, but the Brothers were unceasing in their kindness, and from first to last, they came cheerfully and at all personal sacrifice to attend to one, who, though to them an utter stranger, was still bound with them in one common Brotherhood, one whom they had a right to feel, would act as each one of themselves had done, were he placed in a similar situation.

At length, he was sufficiently restored and after a confinement of nearly nine weeks, was pronounced in a fit state to renew his journey towards home. Charles, knowing that great expenses must have been incurred, had privately written to his partners for means to meet them, and they had been promptly forwarded.

The day before he was in readiness to leave the hospitable mansion of the worthy Brother, to whose unwearied kindness he was so deeply indebted, he spoke to him on the subject, and requested that he would have the physician's bill made out, so that he might settle it, as well as all other incidental expenses which must of necessity have been incurred during so long, and tedious a sickness.

"My dear fellow," was the reply, "Dr. B—— belongs to our Lodge, and I am sure you could not wish to offend him."

"Most certainly not, for to the kindness of a Brother, he has added the skill of physician, and I shall most gladly remunerate him."

"Well, you could not offend him more, than by offering to pay for his attendance. He is a new member, and would feel more than hurt, if you were not to accord to him the pleasure of having served a Brother, without expecting remuneration."

"But I am abundantly able to pay, and why should I not?"

"Simply because he does not wish it. More than that, my friend, there has been no other expense incurred, whatever. As my guest, you have had only such comfort as my house afforded, and I am sure you will not offer to pay me."

"How can we every repay such kindness?" exclaimed Mrs. Robertson, her eyes involuntarily filling with tears.

"Never mind that, madam," said Mr. Egbert, and turning to Charles, he added, "I took a liberty in the early stage of your sickness, for which you may possibly blame me, but I acted for the best."

"I should really like to know what you

possibly could have done to give offence to me," said Charles.

"Why, I found your Traveling Card in your pocket-book, and I wrote to your Lodge, giving a statement of your case, properly attested, and your weekly benefits have been sent regularly to me. Here they are," and Mr. Egbert produced a roll of bills, amounting to about fifty dollars."

Charles took the money in silence, and taking out his pocket-book, added a like sum to it, and tendering it to Mr. Egbert, said,

"Will you be pleased, sir, to place that in your widow and orphan fund, as a trifling mark of the deep and lasting gratitude which the kind attention of the Brothers of your Lodge, has inspired in me. Believe me, sir, I shall never forget it, and you have made me more than ever proud that I am an Odd Fellow."

This was a mode of disposing of the money, which Mr. Egbert had no right to refuse, and appreciating the motive which prompted the gift, he took it without hesitation.

"My husband," said Mrs. Robertson, "has left me nothing but thanks; but I pray you to convey them to the Lodge to which you belong, and you may add, sir, if you will receive a message from a lady, that I too am proud that my husband is an Odd Fellow, if such are the principles I have so often ridiculed. Oh, Charles, I wonder you never got angry with me, when I laughed so often at your Order."

"Oh, no, Julia; that would never have conquered your prejudices. They are now removed, and I believe when I get home, I shall call for my gloves."

"Do tell about these gloves," exclaimed Mr. Egbert; "I see there is some mystery, which I should like to fathom."

"Don't dear Charles, make me so much ashamed of myself," exclaimed Julia, putting her hand over his mouth.

"Yes, I will. You deserve it, and I shall lose half the pleasure of my victory, if I have to keep it to myself," and despite her remonstrances, he did tell it, causing a good natured laugh at her expense.

Charles Robertson and his wife arrived home in safety, and one of her very first acts after their return, was to procure from him the Traveling Card, which she had treated with so much contempt before he started on his journey. He gave it to her without inquiring what was her object in wishing it, but a few days afterward, he was surprised and

delighted, to find it encased in an elegant frame, and hanging in the most conspicuous place in his bed-chamber.

"Why, Julia," said he, when on entering the room he perceived the use she had made of it, "what earthly use do you expect to make of that piece of paper?"

These were her very words, when it was first exhibited to her, and smiling through the happy tears which forced themselves to her eyes, she replied:

"To show my husband that his wife is not too proud or self-willed, to acknowledge a wrong, when she has committed one."

That Traveling Card hangs there still, and it is never beheld by either husband or wife, without recalling to mind the kindness, care, and attention of the Brothers at the West, who ever command the first place in their grateful regard.

#### THE RELATION OF ODD FELLOWSHIP TO THE GOVERNMENT AND CITIZENS.

We have frequently heard raised against our Order the objection that it might be used as a means for destroying the liberties of the people; that being a *secret* institution, and having Lodges in every section of the Union, it might, by a concerted movement, influence and control the election of the officers of the State and National Governments; that the Judges of the Courts of Justice might be corrupted by this mighty secret power, and use partiality to the brothers against those who are not of the Order; or that members might consider their obligations to the Order paramount to their allegiance to the State. The same objections may be used with equal force, against any and every society and individual; for, whoever has *any* power to act, may use that power either for good or for evil. The principle that, because an association *has* power, and *may* use it for evil purposes, that therefore it *must* be dangerous, and should be shunned and destroyed, would abolish *all* society, *all* government!

Would the enemies of Odd Fellowship see the National or State governments blotted out of existence, because it is an association that *may* use its power to the injury of the masses, and for their own especial benefit?—would they have our Courts of Justice abolished because the Judges and Jurors *might* violate their oaths, and render false judgment for the purpose of aiding a brother of their church or other association?—would they take from the artisan his tools, for fear that he *might*

use them to decapitate some unsuspecting fellow-mortal?—would they separate, and bind all men in chains; annihilate domestic and wild animals, lest they, in the exercise of the power given them by the UNIVERSAL FATHER, should use it for the purpose of destroying others and injuring themselves? If not, let them croak no more about the dangers of ODD FELLOWSHIP. What is this hydra-headed monster of which they stand in such fear? It is an association of their fellows bound together by the ties of BENEVOLENCE and CHARITY, for the purpose of rendering assistance to each other in the hour of need—to minister to the sick and distressed—to support the widow, and educate the orphan—to assemble together, receive and give mutual instruction and advice in relation to our duties to each other, and to all mankind.

Instead of being dangerous, or a burthen to the State, the principles of our Order teach obedience to the laws of the country, and oblige us to render that assistance to a poor brother that otherwise would be required of the State; and yet it does not relieve us from any of the taxes or duties imposed on any of our fellow-citizens.

In conclusion, allow us to say that if there is an institution on earth that is sanctioned by Heaven, and that should be encouraged by man, it is that which teaches and *performs* the sacred injunction—"Do unto others as ye would that they should do unto you."

[Banner of the Union.]

NEVER GET ANGRY.—It does no good. Some sins have a seeming compensation or apology, a present gratification of some sort, but anger has none. A man feels no better for it. It is really a torment; and when the storm of passion has cleared away, it leaves one to see that he has been a fool, and he has made himself a fool in the eyes of others too. An angry man adds nothing to the welfare of society. He may do some good, but more hurt. Heated passion makes him a fire-brand, and it is a wonder that he does not kindle the flames of discord on every side. Without much sensibility and often bereft of reason, he speaketh like the piercing of a sword and his tongue is like an arrow shot out. He is a bad element in any community, and his removal would furnish occasion for a day of thanksgiving. Since, then, anger is use'less, needless, disgraceful, without the least apology, and found only "at the bosom of fools," why should it be indulged at all?

## ANNIVERSARY ODE.

BY MISS C. ALLEN.

Brethren and Friends! again we meet,  
 On this our natal day;  
 And pledge anew both heart and hand,  
 Our deeds of love to pay.  
 And first of all, let warmest thanks  
 From every soul arise,  
 To Him, who with a Father's eye,  
 Smiles on our mystic tie.

Be ours the pleasing task to soothe  
 The widow's grieving heart,  
 And guide the orphan's step aright,  
 With true "Odd Fellow's" art.  
 The poor, forsaken, destitute,  
 The erring child of scorn,  
 All have a claim upon our hearts—  
 Stronger, the more forlorn.

Let truth and kindness mark our path,  
 And numbers still be ours:  
 Onward! still onward be our way,  
 With spirit-stirring powers.  
 And may the Tree, "Odd Fellowship,"  
 Bear no decaying fruit,  
 Purer and stronger be its growth,  
 Through branch, and stalk, and root.

Then let us, in the sacred bonds  
 Of "Friendship, Truth and Love,"  
 Exert our utmost to deserve  
 Rich blessings from above.  
 And when our earthly tasks are done,  
 May every member meet  
 Together in that Lodge on high,  
 Around our Father's seat.

## BEAUTIFUL TRUTHS.

From an Oration delivered in New York in 1842.

BY P.G.M. JAMES L. RIDGELY.

It has often been observed by all who have paid attention to the springs of human action, and watched the workings of The Great First Cause throughout the innumerable forms in which his goodness and power are manifested, that the greatest results are frequently to be traced to causes which to human wisdom, appear totally inadequate to the production of ends so vast and so intimately connected with the prosperity of our race. As in the natural world, it is to the transportation of the tiny germ of the future forest tree, on the wings of the idle wind that bloweth where it listeth, that we are indebted for the gallant navies that ride the ocean, and bear the thunders of their country's vengeance to the earth's remotest shores, so in the moral world do we

find circumstances the most fortuitous, giving rise to changes in the temper and condition of the human family, calculated to excite our wonder and call forth our warmest admiration. Of the truth of this remark there is not perhaps a more striking illustration than the one afforded us by the origin and progress of Odd Fellowship. Comparatively but a few years have elapsed since an institution, which at the present day exerts a controlling influence on the destinies of millions, had its birth amid scenes, which however well calculated to promote good humour and kind feeling, were certainly the last to which a casual observer would look for the origin of an Order governed by the highest moral impulses, and adapted in a higher degree than almost any other to foster, cherish, and promote the cause of human happiness. The offspring of hilarity and amusement, Odd Fellowship has deserted the contracted limits within which its infancy was nurtured, and leaving the narrow confines of the social circle has soared aloft, bearing the blessings of benevolence to nations and communities, of the very existence of which its first advocates were in all probability profoundly ignorant. Nor are its benefits of a character entirely speculative and theoretical—they mingle themselves with every relation of life, and are intertwined with the best feelings of the human heart—avoiding the haunts of dissipation, and passing by the resorts of revelry, they enter the chamber of the careworn and the needy, and shed their vivifying and cheering light among the hidden recesses in which dwell the victims of disease and penury, binding up the wounds of the distressed, and carrying peace to the bosoms of the broken-hearted. Would you behold a brother in the practical observance of the precepts inculcated by the Order? you must seek him in the loathsome prison, or at the side of the bed of sickness; you must see him watching with glistening eye the first flush of returning health, or attending the remains of his departed fellow to the dreary abodes of death. Does the desolating breath of the pestilence sweep over the land? he is there—or does famine stalk abroad and scatter wo around its path? he is there—not to expatiate on the charms of health, or of the blessings of plenty, but with the cup of healing in one hand, and the horn of abundance in the other, restoring the strength and reviving the exhausted spirit of his brother. Hath deaths doings been there, and has the once happy hearth been robbed of the gray headed sire, convert-

ing it into the place of lamentation and wailing, it is the Odd Fellow that opens the deserted door, and becomes a father to the fatherless, and a husband to the widow. Nor is it only in the paths of suffering and disease you are to look for the votaries of Odd Fellowship; they are to be found with the young and the helpless, tending the desolate orphan and pointing out to him the way of knowledge and self-improvement.

Whilst such are the characteristics of the Odd Fellow, taken as an individual, there is still another point of view in which his relation to society becomes peculiarly interesting and admirable. He is a member of a great body politic, which has to a greater extent perhaps than any other illustrated the great moral power of the principle of association, as an agent for effecting the melioration of the mass of the community. In the times that have gone it appears to have been reserved for the hands of power alone, to extend aid to the distressed, and alleviate the sufferings of those who too frequently had been the victims of oppression. Under such circumstances it may be well supposed that dependence on the one hand, and assumed superiority on the other, rendered even the exercise of charitable influences capricious as well as oppressive. The minions of authority, accountable only for the discharge of their duties to those through whose instrumentality they were enabled to exercise their functions, estranged, and separated in interest from the recipients of their bounties, would be inclined to indulge partialities dictated by circumstances, and dole out their beneficence according to the investigations of selfish and narrow minded policy: nor had the objects of this one-sided benevolence opportunity, even had they wished it, to correct the abuses under which they suffered: as the humble subjects of gratuitous charity they could not prescribe the terms in which it should be extended, and were obliged to recognize its presence with all the degrading subserviency imposed by a sense of obligation. Whilst "man's inhumanity to man made countless thousands mourn," the hand of power was ever willing to take advantage of the self-abasement arising from destitution, strengthening itself and replacing want by slavery. How different a picture does the institution of Odd Fellowship, particularly when transplanted to the soil of universal freedom, and sheltered by the wide-spreading tree of Liberty, present to the view of the philanthropist and the statesman.

Founded upon the great principles of thorough equality and reciprocity, constructed of materials taken from the mass of society, and cemented by the affections that regulate and connect man in his daily intercourse, whilst all of its members *may* be the receivers of the benefit it disseminates, all of them *must* be the providers and bestowers of its bounties. Fellows in all respects, the sons of the Order can enjoy without shame the blessings which they unitedly provide and without violence to those feelings of independence which seem to constitute the natural basis of man's character. Joined in the holy league of Brotherly Love, they present a front before which the shafts of misfortune fall blunted and powerless, whilst sheltered by Friendship, and guarded by the imperishable ægis of Truth, they move thro' life in harmony and peace with one another, and defy the ills that hang upon their march and lay in wait to destroy them.

If there be on earth a place more suited than any other for the development and perfection of the principles of Odd Fellowship, it must be where political freedom and self-government have taken up their abode. If there be a clime calculated to foster its growth and draw forth its energies, it is where the glorious sun of knowledge sheds its light alike for all, and where the budding germs of virtue burst forth and expand under the genial influence of universal beneficence. Taking the sympathies implanted by the hand of the Creator in the bosom of man for its guide, the spirit of our Order spreads itself, and mingles in every modification of the social system, imparting grace and beauty to every relation in which we are placed by the force of circumstance. Do we want a brother, a son or a father, we find them all, *all* within the magic bond that encircles the brotherhood, and binds it together with an embrace never, *never* to be relaxed, unless at the command of Him who sends his viewless summoners to call his toil-worn wanderers home. Do I claim too much my brethren for our cherished Order, when I say that in it we find a substitution for all the affections that unite the human family? Certainly not. Look around and tell me where is the worthy Odd Fellow in this vast assemblage, who does not find in the hand which may grasp his own, that of a brother? Is there an aged sojourner among us who does not recognize in every youthful face, the countenance of an affectionate son, ready to soothe his sorrows and to comfort his age. Is there a stripling that wears the hon-



ored emblem of our moral faith, that does not regard the brow where time has gathered its harvest of years, and scattered the snows of many winters, with all the veneration and respect of a devoted son? No, not one—and should there be an individual by whom the ties of which we speak are not recognized, of him we say, he is not one of us. Let him stand forth an object of pity, and separate himself from men with whom he is not worthy to be associated.

If again we look to the happy era which is to behold the world at peace, on what means of promoting this desirable end can we rely with so much confidence as the spread of institutions which like Odd Fellowship advocate harmony and good will among men, and teach them to regard each other as brothers bound together by the ties of friendship, having one common object in view—the happiness and prosperity of our race. In our Order national distinctions are lost sight of, and sectional feelings are merged in the all-pervading principle of universal benevolence. Nor are we permitted to stop here, as Americans and Republicans; for if there ever was an association formed for the support and maintenance of popular government, that association is Odd Fellowship, where thorough equality of right and self-government is practically illustrated, the more beautiful because carried to its original and legitimate length. The honors and distinctions of our Order are the free gifts of its members, bestowed upon the worthy in token of high appreciation and confidence, without regard to what may be termed the patronage of rank, or the influence of place. Here are banded together the sons of every nation and of every clime, of every rank, faith and calling, rich and poor, humble and exalted; from the high places of power to the more virtuous and happy abodes of poverty. The chain of our love extends to all, embracing within its circle no man for his wealth, honor or fame, but estimating all, *all* alike by the pure standard of moral excellence and worth. Its form of government is congenial to the character of its constituents: from one fountain-head it sends forth its genial influence, disseminating its principles throughout the land, invigorating in all its details the lesser departments, and carrying countless blessings among the people. The governments of the earth may quake and totter to their deepest foundations, revolution may follow revolution in the war of strife, and the jarring discord of power against pow-

er upraised to strike down the fabric of the people's hate, may convulse the earth, still the banner of Friendship, Love and Truth floats aloft on the battlements of our Temple, unharmed by the mighty storm without, "glistering like angel's wings amid the darkness and sorrows of the earth."

Nor are the benefits that spring from this great moral agency confined to the afflicted. The centre of a vast moral and intellectual universe, it sheds its light on every side and spreads its influences far and wide among the abodes even of those whose prejudices would lead them to regard it with scorn and derision. Independently of the immediate effects of the genius of Odd Fellowship, in making its advocates love another, its power is felt indirectly in making all men better and happier. Can it be supposed for an instant, that an institution which teaches a strict observance of moral obligation, a thorough self-command and universal charity, does not make its members better husbands, better sons, better brothers, better fathers, and in a word better citizens? Can the man who spends his hours in works of practical beneficence, whilst in communion with his fellows, go forth from his Lodge unmindful of the lessons he has learned, and regardless of the precepts that make him contented and happy, by subduing the tempest of his passions and calling all his better feelings into active operation? Nor is this all. Behold the school rooms of our Order, in which the rising generation are taught to value the lights of knowledge and to follow the paths of virtue, where many a mind formed to aid in wielding the destiny of this proud country, is enabled to understand the lessons handed down by the iron race of men, by whom our glorious liberties were consecrated and achieved.

It has pleased those who are ignorant of the real character of Odd Fellowship, and are willing to decry an excellence which they neither understand nor properly appreciate, to open upon it all the batteries of their wrath, invoking at the same time the powerful aid of raillery and ridicule. One of the points with which these wise heads would find fault is the name of the Order, which they condemn as unmeaning and absurd. Now were I so disposed I might with little trouble prove the absurdity of opposing, or advocating any thing merely on the score of the appellation it bears—were such the proper standard of excellence it would only be necessary to call religion *infidelity*, and thereby to change their

respective natures : but I shall only remark in passing, that had an appropriate name been the especial object of our forefathers in Odd Fellowship, there could not have been one more peculiarly suited to the effects produced by the requisitions, forms and ceremonies of the Order, than that which perhaps in a moment of whim its founders have adopted. In the first place, being general in its character it operates on every rank and description of men, and is constituted of materials the most various and uncongenial, the most odd and unsuited to each other; and in the second, inasmuch as the spirit of the institution is such as to bring into the most harmonious union, "*men of the most discordant opinions*," and make them *fellows* or equals to each other, the mystic tie which connects them by the name of Odd Fellows could not have been better designated. Could any thing be more odd as they regard each other, than the Hindoo, the Mussulman, the Jew and the Christian, banded under the magic influence of this institution, and brought to act in unison as *fellows* in the great work of beneficence to universal man. Perhaps too much consequence has been attached to this absurd objection to Odd Fellowship and, but for my desire to meet it, even on the score of propriety, I should not have extended to it a passing notice.

Man being social in his nature we find in looking back to the earliest ages of his history, that societies were formed exactly in proportion to the increase of his race. No sooner were these societies drawn together than it became evident that the existence of the social compact was dependant upon the practice of certain cardinal virtues, the exercise of which had a tendency to promote individual as well as public happiness. Among the most early known and most highly appreciated of these virtues were Friendship, Love and Truth—the first indicating the relations of those who were not specially connected or related to each other; the second denoting the ties of a closer union, and the third, or truthfulness, the foundation on which the other two rested. Of the fidelity with which all three of these affections, or attributes, were cherished the Old Testament affords us numerous and touching examples. Who does not remember the story of the attachment of David and Jonathan, so beautifully narrated in the simple but forceful style of Holy Writ! Who is there within the sound of my voice that does not recollect the deep and absorbing

interest with which he first read or heard narrated the simple tale of the shepherd boy, who with his sling slew the great Goliath, and was thus made the instrument of the Almighty in rescuing his country from the thralldom of the Philistines? Nor was the interest in any way abated as the narrative of the subsequent life and adventures of the hero proceeded. With what delight did we trace his path amid the fascinations and allurements of the primitive court to which he was introduced, and how did we dwell upon the lovely simplicity of deportment, and freedom from the baser passions, by which he attracted the notice and won the affections of his devoted friend and protector, Jonathan the son of the king.

HOME AFFECTIONS. — The heart has affections that never die. The rough rubs of the world cannot obliterate them. They are the memories of home—early home. There is a magic sound. There is the old tree, under which the light-hearted boy swung many a day; yonder is the river in which he learned to swim—there is the house in which he knew a parent's protection—nay, there the room in which he romped with brother and sister long since, alas! laid in the yard in which he must soon be gathered, overshadowed by yon old church, whither, with a joyous troop like himself, he had often followed his parents to worship with, and hear the good old man who ministered at the altar. Why, even the very school-house, associated in youthful days with thoughts of tasks, now comes to bring pleasant remembrances of many occasions that call forth some generous exhibitions of noble traits of human nature. There is where he learned to feel some of his first emotions. There, perchance, he first met the being who, by her love and tenderness in life, has made a home for himself, happier than that which his childhood had known. There are certain feelings of humanity, and those, too, among the best, than can find any appropriate place for their exercise only at one's own fireside. There is a privacy of that of which it was a species of desecration to violate. He who seeks wantonly to violate it, is neither more nor less than a villain—and hence there exists no surer test of the debasement of morals in a community, than the disposition to tolerate in any mode, the man who invades the sanctity of private life. In the turmoil of the world, let there be at least one spot, where the poor man may find affection and confidence.

## ORIGINAL.

## JEWELS, AN INDEX OF THE MIND.

Physiologists tell us that every man's character is so plainly written upon his face, that whosoever will may read, and that correctly. Observation has taught us that something may be known of the character of man by the jewels or ornaments with which he is adorned. Most persons possessing some personal ornaments or other, in which they pride themselves, and which is indeed typical of their feelings and character, as well as in a great measure, influencing and governing them in their actions. The savage who adorns himself with some part of each animal he kills in the chase, or of his captured enemy, most certainly evinces, through them, his delight in hunting and his love of war. His ornaments of fishes teeth, colored pebbles, pieces of glass and various kinds of feathers, fantastically arranged about his person, are indications of his country, tribe and character; and by which he would be recognized as a savage in any part of the world. These are his jewels, and they wield a powerful influence over him. He has hazarded his life and all that is dear to him to procure them; hence they are priceless in his estimation. They procure him distinction among his own tribe, and in his own country are considered marks of honor, dignity and elevation. True, they frequently arouse the envy, hatred and jealousy of neighboring tribes, and are at times the pretext for wars, or kindles such bitter animosities between them as are only terminated with the destruction of one or other of the tribes.

Thus the savage can be recognized by his jewels, his country determined, his tribe pointed out, the extent of his vanity exhibited; his fondness for war, the nature of his ambition, in fact his whole character can be read from his external ornaments or jewels.

Nor has civilization, although materially changed the nature and character of the world, eradicated this criterion of the character of man. The fishes teeth worn by the savage have been converted into beads and necklaces; the pieces of colored glass are inlaid in metals, forming breast pins, buttons, &c.; the little pebbles have been cut and polished, and are now known as diamonds, rubies, sapphires and precious stones, all of which are now worn as jewels. Behold! that man or that woman, tricked out with a profusion of these ornaments, a walking jeweler's shop, a moving mine of wealth—what conclusion is ir-

resistably forced upon you by this array? Why, that this person is haughty, vain, selfish, with more money than brains; unable to attract attention in any other way, hangs upon their paltry self their glistening all to draw the attention of the gaping multitude. They too are courted and admired as well as envied, hated, and shunned. But again: behold that man who wears no jewels, and who cares not for external ornaments, yet is admired, esteemed, extolled; he ascends upon the wings of the wind, pierces the blue ether above, drives his way through the dark and dismal clouds, plants himself amidst the myriads of suns that bespangle the firmament, unravels their mystery, explains their phenomena, basks in the brilliancy of their light, rides triumphant o'er the threatening angry gale, binds the pinions of the storm spirit, seizes the elements, bows them to his will and purpose, plucks the lightnings from the heavens, plays with the thunders, rides upon the mirrored surface of the seas, glides upon the angry boiling surge, vauntingly floats upon the billows, walks upon their pearly bottom, plucks treasures from their watery bosoms—yet onward he goes with increased strength and renewed energies, and tames the beasts of the forests, moves mountains, bridges streams, opens the bowels of the earth, plunges into her mysterious arcana, gropes his way through her dark and dreary caverns, enters her mighty and magnificent storehouse, peeps into her occult chambers, seizes her precious metals, and grasps her golden harvests that have slept in solitude since the flood! These are his jewels; not a jewelled body, but a jewelled mind. From his bright, radiant eye, lit up with expression by the evanescent fires of a cultivated mind, from his brilliant animated countenance, a great focus of intelligence, bearing in unrivalled beauty with the transcendent rays of wisdom, (all of which are derived from his jewels,) we read in these plain and unmistakeable characters that he is a man of science.

Christianity has reared a tree whose circumference is unknown, whose roots are grappling with men's souls, whose top is in the heavens, and whose branches cover the face of the earth; view beneath its umbrageous foliage, the thousands proclaiming the glad tidings of the Gospel, and struggling to rescue from that awful and terrible fate that awaits the thousands involved in sin. How great the effort to bring them within the sacred pale! What zeal is manifested to pluck

them from the great stream of moral pollution, and by the benign influence of christianity, place them beyond the fatal effluvia of these obscene waters. What holiness, what purity, what philanthropic feelings are here evinced; they are the Christian's jewels, and tho' he weeps and wrings his hands in bitter anguish for those who will not heed his admonitions; the unrivalled lustre of his jewels are displayed in the complacency of his countenance, the tranquility of his mind; the God-like expression of his eye.

Behold again, a motley group plunging their course through the world, regardless of the jewels hanging in rich clusters over their heads, upon the towering branches of this tree of life. They know not its holy influence, nor have they tasted the inspired waters of its crystal fount; shall they be left to run their race of sin? Shall no voice be raised, no effort made to arrest their progress; shall no plan be resorted to that will harmonize these distinctions among men? Are there no jewels that will attract them, and not only firmly cement the many parts that christianity has been severed into; into one glorious whole, but check the many in their mad career, until the golden chains of the gospel have been thrown around them and they made to drink of the fountain of life freely. The plan is already on foot—the mantle of equality has been thrown over their shoulders, magic words have been whispered into their ears—a mystic language has been taught them. They have been hailed by the endearing title of brother—they have been adorned with new embellishments. Their wants have been attended to; their supplications heard! Did they require aid, the mighty hand of Friendship was extended to them. Did they feel forsaken, forgotten in their distress, the holy spirit of Love sought to bear a portion of their calamity. Do they need counsel? Truth in silvery tones and hallowed words, responds. These are jewels indeed! The wonderful effects of a jeweled heart. What do we learn from these. That the possessor is indeed different from others: that he is working assiduously to ameliorate the condition of man in a very singular and odd way; that he has long since achieved wonders—in a word that he is an Odd Fellow.

A. J. H.

I have heard many women complain of their husbands' neglect of home. A spoonful of honey will keep more bees in the hive, than will ten of vinegar.

## RIZPAH.

BY JOSEPH L. CHESTER.

And Rizpah the daughter of Aiah took sackcloth, and spread it for her upon the rock, from the beginning of harvest until water dropped upon them out of heaven, and suffered neither the birds of the air to rest on them by day, nor the beasts of the field by night.—2 SAM. 21, 10.

Hark! the voice of mourning soundeth,  
From the Gibeonitish plain;  
'Tis the voice of one despairing—  
Rizpah mourning for her slain.  
She hath spread the fearful sackcloth  
On the bare and flinty stones;  
There she sitteth, morn and evening,  
Wailing for her murdered sons.

Nor chill night nor sultry noon-tide  
Can her lonely vigil break;  
Heedless of the world's enchantments,  
Doth the mother watch and wake.  
Sackcloth round her form is woven—  
It but speaks the grief beneath—  
Grief that form and spirit wasteth  
As the sun the snowy wreath.

'Tis the mother there that mourneth  
For the idols of her soul:  
'Tis the mother's heart that bursteth  
All the bonds that men control.  
Ye who ever scorn the lessons  
Taught in language from above,  
Heed the picture here presented—  
Witness here a mother's love!

ENEMIES.—Have you enemies? Go straight on, and mind them not. If they block up your path, walk round, and do your duty regardless of their spite. A man who has no enemies is seldom fit for anything—he is made of that kind of material which is so easily worked that every one has his hand in it.

A sterling character, one who thinks for himself, and speaks what he thinks, is always sure to have enemies. They are as necessary to him as fresh air, they keep him alive and active.

A celebrated character, who was surrounded by very bitter enemies, used to remark: "They are sparks which if you do not blow, will in a short time go out of themselves."

Let this be your feeling while endeavoring to live down the scandal of those who are bitter against you. If you stop to dispute, you do but as they desire, and open the way for more abuse. Let the poor fellows talk—there will be a reaction, if you perform your duty; and hundreds who were alienated from you, will flock to you and acknowledge their error.

## BANNER PRESENTATION.

At a celebration of the thirteenth anniversary of Friendship Lodge, No. 4, at Rising Sun, Indiana, on the 22d of May, 1850, a very beautiful Banner was presented to the Lodge by Mrs. EMELINE LORING. We had the pleasure of being present on the occasion, and witnessing the interesting ceremonies of the celebration and presentation, and shortly afterwards gave a sketch of them. The oration and presentation address were delivered by the Rev. Bro. T. M. EDDY, and the reply on behalf of the Lodge, was made by Bro. JOHN TAIT, Jr. These addresses were not sent to us for a long time after their delivery, though we have had them on hand some time. We may hereafter copy portions of Bro. EDDY's address to the Order. At present we can only give the addresses concerning the Banner; and we do so with great pleasure.

At the close of Bro. Eddy's address to the Order, taking the Banner, and turning to Bro. TAIT, he spoke as follows:

And now, my Brothers, in behalf of Mrs. EMELINE LORING, I present to Friendship Lodge, No. 4, this magnificent and beautiful Banner. It is a present from the wife of a "true and trusty" Odd Fellow. It is a proof of female attachment to the principles of our Order. It is before you, and I need not say that it is worthy alike of the fair donor and the Lodge which receives it.

But it is not to the fineness of its texture, nor the tastefulness of its decorations, that I call your attention. I would have you look upon, study, and always remember the mottoes inscribed upon it. *There* you read those talismanic words so dear, so full of meaning, to the Odd Fellow in every land—FRIENDSHIP, LOVE AND TRUTH! Of these I need not longer speak. May we know them ourselves evermore! Fraught with meaning is that expressive EYE, that looks upon us from the canvass! It denotes the EYE of the ALL SEEING! Odd Fellows, ever is that eye upon us! In the Lodge—in the crowded street, among strangers, in the solemn midnight hour, it looketh forever upon us. "The darkness and the light are alike unto it." But the fact that thus God looks constantly upon us, may minister highest joy, as well as reverent awe! *Here* we read what *should* be

the *truthful* sentiment of every Odd Fellow: IN GOD WE TRUST! Well is it inscribed in golden capitals! Trust him evermore! said one who had seen much of human life, "Our fathers trusted in thee, and were not confounded." And "I have been young, but now I am old—but I have never seen the righteous forsaken, nor his seed begging bread!" If we obey Him, we may trust Him, and so doing, "shall be as Mount Zion, that shall not be removed, but abideth forever."

But look again: see that upper arch—there flame in shining characters the whole of revealed religion: FAITH—HOPE—CHARITY. May ours be a Faith that is "the substance of things hoped for," the glorious "evidence of things not seen." May ours be a hope that cheers in every dark hour—a hope well founded—ministering "strong consolation," and oh, may gloomy despair never, never destroy that hope. But here I read, "THE GREATEST OF THESE IS CHARITY!" Let it then be the great principle guiding and actuating our whole lives. But *here* is the open volume, and inscribed upon it, I read, "THE TEN COMMANDMENTS." Happy, thrice happy, he who in spirit and letter is governed thereby! No wrong will he ever do, which will call for vengeance upon him. No domestic bliss will be blighted, no orphan oppressed by him. Upon *his* escutcheon no disgrace will ever rest. And, my Brothers, remember, "All the law is fulfilled in these words—Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and thy neighbor as thyself."

And now you will take this Banner—you will place it in your Lodge, and will guard it as a sacred treasure. Should one of you ever be tempted to wander from virtue and right, go look upon it—turn it round and round—read its moving mottoes, and will you—*can* you do wrong!

And now, respected sir, into your hands as the representative of Friendship Lodge, I give this Banner. Soon, perhaps, it will be borne hither again, drooped in insignia of mourning! Soon, perhaps, it will be carried mournfully to the grave of a departed Brother. For, alas,

"There is no union here of hearts  
That finds not here an end."

God grant that when that hour comes,

"When coldness wraps this suffering clay,"

when the last farewell is spoken, that each of us may feelingly, joyfully exclaim, with the

atest strength, "In God we trust." Then shall we all, the fair giver of this rich boon, the unworthy speaker, all these Brothers, and those who mingle with us to-day, meet in that better land,

"Meet ne'er to sever."

So may it be!

P. G. TAIT received the Banner, and spoke as follows:

RESPECTED SIR AND BRO.—I have the honor of being appointed by Friendship Lodge, No. 4, to receive from the fair donor, through you, her representative, on the present occasion, this beautiful Banner, and to express their thanks, as well as my own, for this revivance of her high regard and esteem for them, and the Order to which they belong.

The presentation of Banners to associations or organized bodies of men, is a time honored custom, and especially when coming from a "lady fair," it is certainly calculated to inspire with confidence and courage those upon whom it is bestowed. It is often done to reward men who have performed heroic deeds upon the battle field, or excite in others a spirit for martial glory, and urge them on to make desolate the once happy home of innocence and helpless families. Their calling is blood, and they triumph over the tears of the widow and the cries of the orphan. Either exasperated by hate or encouraged by the ever memorable words of "beauty and booty," cities are sacked, and virtue is polluted by them.

But, sir, we are assured our fair friend presents this handsome gift to accomplish a higher, holier, and nobler purpose. It is not to excite the worst passions, but the finer feelings of our nature; not to make desolate, but happy and comfortable, the homes of the unfortunate; not to shed blood, but to heal the wounds, comfort and provide for the unfortunate; not to triumph over the tears of the widow, but to sympathize with her in her distress; not to cause the orphan to weep, but to guard, protect, and educate them; not to violate, but to defend virtue with their lives.

Sir, this costly Banner is more highly appreciated, as it comes from a lady of christian piety, and distinguished for the great benevolence of her heart. Blest by a kind Providence with ample means of doing good, and possessing a general knowledge of those virtues upon which our Order is based, this Banner, with its appropriate emblems, is presented, to remind us of the duty we owe to our-

selves, our families, and the Order of which we are members. To those unacquainted with the mysteries of our Order, these emblems may appear unmeaning, and can speak a language to the eye only, while to the initiated, they are more significant, and speak a language to the understanding. The motto which stands forth so prominent in the device, is well illustrated by the three links representing "Friendship, Love and Truth." It is that upon which Odd Fellowship is based, supported by these christian virtues, "Charity and Benevolence."

It has been remarked, sir, by an eminent writer, that no human work can prosper unless its object is so pure, as to command woman's prayers. It may be asked if I claim so much purity for Odd Fellowship. I certainly do, as no society, save that to which we all owe allegiance, (the church) has ever received so much countenance from our fair country women as our own beloved Order. Is further evidence required? I triumphantly point to this vast array of female beauty before us. Lovely and intelligent, their approving smiles cheer us on to do our duty in so humane a cause.

In conclusion, sir, permit me once more, for myself and Brothers, to return our kind thanks for this gift, made more valuable, as the name of Mrs. Emeline Loring is associated with it; and assure her that it shall ever call to mind one of their kindest and best benefactors.

For yourself, sir, you will please accept an assurance of their and my own regard.

LITTLE GRAVES.—Sacred places for pure thoughts and holy meditations are the little graves in the church yard. They are the depositories of mothers' sweetest joys—half unconscious buds of innocence—humanity nipped by the first frost of time, ere yet a single canker worm of pollution had nestled among its embryo petals.

Callous indeed must be the heart of him who can pass by a little grave-side and not have the holiest emotions of his soul awakened to the thoughts of that purity and joy which belong alone to God and Heaven; for the mute preacher at his feet tells him of life begun and life ended, without a stain; and surely if this be vouchsafed to mortality, how much purer and holier must be the spiritual land, enlightened by the sun of infinite goodness, whence emanated the soul, young sojourner among us!

ORIGINAL.

## THOUGHTS FOR ODD FELLOWS.

"Behold! old things shall pass away, and all things shall become new." Such is the irrevocable statute of God, as well as the immutable law and spirit of progress so prevalent in this utilitarian age. Although this sentiment was uttered in reference to a former age, the fitness of its application to this subject will be apparent to all.

So apparently dormant, but a generation since, had become most of the religious associations for active benevolence, so inoperative or defective the sympathetic feature in their affiliation even among themselves, that the wants of the age called loudly for some additional organization, really and operatively benevolent in its character, really beneficiary as well as sympathetic in its action, and *really* what it *seemed* to be; not religious, not charitable, not benevolent for mere purposes of power, self-aggrandisement and the possession of that influence sought after and frequently obtained through the instrumentality of religious prejudices. This desideratum was at length found, and in a very commendable spirit presented to the world for its consideration. A cursory glance at the past, and what do we see! A few men struggling to elucidate a new and humane problem. A few years elapse, and behold the present! The problem is solved! A vast, an illimitable throng have confirmed its elucidation by FRATERNITY!

So pure were its principles, so simple its parts, so chaste in its organization, so beautiful as a whole, that votaries were not wanting to worship at its shrine, wreathed in its emblematic character the evergreen, and on its pedestal inscribed in letters of golden brightness, FRIENDSHIP, LOVE AND TRUTH; being imbued with a religious tendency without any of its so called exclusiveness, fanaticism or dogmatical precision; charitable, because of its peculiar and commendable character founded on the command, "do unto others even as ye would that others should do unto you;" benevolent, because from its *heart* and its *treasure*, by consequence, flow sympathy in affliction, relief in distress, and encouragement in the pursuit of virtue and happiness.

\*The astonishing rapidity of its growth, the universal commendation it receives, save from a certain class, who, claiming to have and be

*the exclusively pious*, cry out against it in the bitterness of their hate, and charge it with producing craft, danger and evil, proves it to be founded righteously on the principles of truth and justice.

This latter class of persons to whom I have referred, not only abstain from our fellowship themselves, remaining consequently in wilful ignorance of us in regard to what they oppose, but deter others by their selfish and miserable wiles, as far as they can, from participating in the glorious work it is our destiny to accomplish; and when they assault us with their malicious and venomous spleen, they retreat for defence behind the shield of their self-styled religious organizations, avoiding an open field and a fair contest. It is doubtful which should blush deepest, but for different reasons; those who daily see pure and undefiled religion thus perverted, or those unmasked pharisees who claim all the religion and piety because of their casual union with, so called, religious associations, but who fill the measure of their iniquity by intolerance, uncharitableness and defamatory abuse of those who do not conform to their Procrustean theology.

Indeed, then, old things are passing away. Our heaven-born agent is destined to displace them in the world's affections, unless they too move onward with the times, and dispensing with bigotry and fanaticism, cheerfully aid in the work of the world's amelioration.

Pure religion, emanating as it does from God, must stand immutable, and claims as it receives our undivided devotion; but man-made religion, of which, by way of comparison I have but now been discoursing, can only stand, as experience instructs us, by frequent amendment.

Our institution is one of the firmest pillars of *true religion*, and is proud to be so, but with religious sects in a sectarian and partizan view, we hold no affiliation, and when *sectarians* villify and slander us, the most conclusive and cogent answer is to point the silent finger first toward their fading prospects, and then to our lofty fabric, strong and brilliant in the sunbeam of prosperity.

If we would enjoy ourselves, we must take the world as it is—mix up a thousand spots of sunshine—a cloud here and there—a bright sky—a storm to-day—a calm to-morrow—the chill, piercing winds of autumn, and the bland, reviving air of summer.

## LADIES' DEGREE.

We have already stated the fact that at the last session of the Grand Lodge of the United States a committee was appointed to prepare an appropriate honorary degree, with signs and password, to be conferred on the wives of Fifth Degree members, who are in good standing in the Order. The committee consists of Reps. COLFAX of Indiana, MARTIN of Mississippi, and STEELE of Tennessee. The committee is to report at the session in September next. We hope the Degree may be adopted. We can see no good reason why it should not. There are thousands of ladies who are devoted to the cause of Odd Fellowship, and many labor earnestly in its defence, and deserve to be remembered and recognized for their labors in an appropriate manner. We are very sure such an act on our part would do no harm, while it would tend greatly to advance the Order, and make us more and warmer friends.

We subjoin the report made by Rep. COLFAX at the late session of the Grand Lodge of the United States. It is ably written, and we commend it to the reading of all Brothers:  
*To the R. W. Grand Lodge of the U. S. :*

The undersigned, a minority of the Legislative committee, to whom was referred the resolution offered by Rep. Smith of Northern New York, relative to instituting appropriate honorary degrees for the wives and daughters of age of Scarlet Degree members; also one for the wives and daughters of Past Officers, begs leave to report:

That he agrees with the majority of the committee in reporting *against* a special degree for the wives and daughters of Past Officers, as distinguished from the wives and daughters of Scarlet Degree members. If a system of this kind is adopted, it should be as little complicated as possible, and avoid the error of attempting too much at once.

But in regard to the main question, that of instituting a Ladies' Degree for the wives of Scarlet degree members, he is compelled to differ widely from his associates.

The subject may be calculated to excite a smile, but he takes the liberty briefly, of presenting, in serious language, the reasons for the view he entertains. They are all governed solely, in the consideration of matters af-

fecting our system, by a regard for the prosperity and progress of the Order.

1. It would tend to increase the resources of Subordinate Lodges by the advance of members in the degrees. The experience of other Orders which have adopted kindred systems, have proved this. It affords an additional incentive for brethren, and an additional argument for those allied to them, to induce them to progress upwards in the Order. The undersigned is willing to test the correctness of this prediction, by the experience of the future, if the new degree is adopted.

2. It would complete the present imperfect system in force in most of the jurisdictions, by which wives and widow's cards are now authorized. By sections 12, 13 and 14 of Digest, p. 37, wives and widow's cards can be granted to run for a year, and to be signed by the officers of the Lodge, and countersigned by the recipient on the margin. This is for the purpose of affording protection in times of difficulty, to those who, by the theory of our Order, have an eminent right to claim their friendly assistance, and many instances are on record proving that this purpose has often and most happily been carried out. We thus consider them as enjoying a quasi membership in the Order. This would make the system more symmetrical, and render that connection more pleasant and honorable.

3. It would lessen and ultimately destroy the prejudice felt against the Order, by many of the fairer sex in various portions of the Union; and which undeniably, often tends to prevent accessions of members in subordinate Lodges. We appear to exhibit a distrust of them, which other prominent Orders do not. In many of the States, the Masonic Lodges are authorized to confer a similar degree upon those ladies connected with their members. The Sons of Temperance have a kindred branch of their Order, called the Daughters of Temperance, and the Rechabites have also their Daughters of Rechab. Others in addition might be named. It would seem to require no argument to prove that Ladies becoming connected with the two latter Temperance organizations, knowing that Odd Fellowship apparently exhibits no confidence, reposes no trust in them, would endeavor to induce those related to them to join the other more courteous Orders, while a different number, who are not connected with such, and do not desire to participate in the details and labor of business incidental to such organiza-



tion, but who would prefer simply to have a tie in common with the Order of which their companions are members, would strive to incline the undecided mind of such husbands to this argument, tending of course decidedly against the increase of our Order.

4. Such a degree could be made to assist Odd Fellowship in peculiar and difficult cases of brother's sickness. In many such, the kindly nursing of woman is needed far more than the assiduous and constant attendance of man, for she was formed to minister at the couch of affliction; and in the watching which our laws so strictly and properly provide for, we only strive to compel the observance by laws and penalties of what in her is instinct, the promptings of nature, the impulse of the heart. By making such assistance in cases of peculiar exigency, at the crisis of a tedious and dangerous disease, a *duty* known to be expected by the Order, as well as due in like cases to those of their own sex thus associated with them, a valuable and systematic aid will be secured. The promotion by this association of warm friendship between the lady members, thus afflicted, is not in addition, an unimportant consideration.

Other arguments might be presented, but these are deemed sufficient to justify the undersigned in presenting this report. If the adoption of this plan should, as it undoubtedly would, increase the interest felt in the prosperity and growth of the Order among that sex who wield an influence that few deny and all obey, the purpose of its friends would have been accomplished. Northern New York have unanimously approved of and recommended such a system. Indiana and Mississippi, without knowing of such a decision, have also, by a large majority, adopted similar views. Whether others have acted similarly, is not within the knowledge of the undersigned. But he has full confidence that, whatever may be the present decision of this question, this step of progress will ultimately be taken.

He presents for adoption the following resolution, which is intended simply to prepare the way for the definite consideration of such a degree at the next session.

SCHUYLER COLFAX.

*Resolved*, That a special committee of three members be appointed to prepare an appropriate honorary degree, with an accompanying sign or signs and password, to be conferred upon the wives of Scarlet degree members who are in good standing in the Order;

and that such committee report such degree for consideration at the next communication of this Grand Lodge.

Original.

### AN ACROSTIC.

BY BRO. C. BEADLE, M. D.

Of Presque Isle Lodge, No. 107, Erie, Penn.

Beyond the reach of mortals' gaze,  
Great, wondrous powers to thee belong.  
Beholding past as present days,  
Uplifting veils by distance drawn.  
Spirits appear—with thee converse!  
(How wonderful—mysterious!)  
Nothing hid to thee in universe,  
Ever so deep, so curious.  
Lo! mystic ties thou canst divine;  
Look!—ne'er betray—a friend of thine.

Original.

### LOVE.

BY MISS M. E. WILSON.

Love is a strange little god! His influence is unbounded! Even the coldest heart owns his power! The stoic feels his magic, though he confesses it not! The vandal, in his rude hut, is ruled by his charms! History, from the earliest ages of the world up to the present time, has frequently recorded this truth. The poet, the painter, each gathers from the fountain of Love their highest inspirations. The moon, as she glides through the immensity of space, has not a greater effect upon the ocean tides than the passion of Love upon the soul. If there is upon earth a happy heart, it is that heart that feels and knows of a reciprocal affection. Thus we should encourage the smiles of Love. He alone can gladden and warm the heart, and make e'en a desert "blossom as the rose."

Lexington, Ky.

It is not easy to lay down rules for the acquisition of correct taste, but, perhaps, the most effectual mode of obtaining it is by accustoming our minds to dwell upon the perfection of nature and art. Too much pains cannot be bestowed upon mental culture, which will refine the taste, and open an extensive field of rational entertainment. The love of excellence ennobles the mind, unfolds treasures for its refreshment, and strews flowers over the path of science. A person possessing a correct and delicate taste is not often deceived by counterfeit excellence; he has the power of acute discrimination, and feels both strongly and accurately.

## ODD FELLOWS' FEMALE COLLEGIATE INSTITUTE.

To the Lodges and individual members of the Independent Order of Odd Fellows in the United States of America.

*Respected and Beloved Brothers*—We make this appeal to you in behalf of the "Odd Fellows' Female Collegiate Institute," under a just sense of the magnitude and the importance of this great enterprise, to the permanent prosperity of our Order, and of its great value in promoting the truest and greatest interests of the community generally.

We have undertaken to establish at Rogersville, Hawkins county, Tennessee, an institute of learning, capable of affording the means of sound, thorough, and practical EDUCATION to FEMALES, who, as mothers, wives, daughters, sisters and friends, will, in successive generations, be called on, in all these important relations, to adorn the domestic circle, and elevate the social, moral and religious character of our people.

We bespeak your serious attention while we briefly present to you statements and considerations which seems to us to give this enterprise a just claim to your profoundest attention:

Perhaps it is not justly to be regarded as altogether surprising, if we carefully consider the peculiarities in the history of the earlier settlements of our country, that so disproportionate and so early attention should have been hitherto bestowed on the establishment of schools of every grade, by our governments and by all our religious denominations, devoted to the education of males, to the almost entire neglect of permanent, liberal and well-founded institutions for the education of females. But the time for this inequality in the means of education for the different sexes, we think, has already passed away, and every where it is beginning to be felt that mothers are not only the earliest, but the safest and best teachers, when properly educated, for the early training of freemen, as having better, if not, indeed, almost the only opportunities, as well as being more capable, of giving right and noble, and lasting impulses to the mind in infancy, and under God to mould the character and the destiny, while yet the plastic mind can know no other teacher; to impart that discipline so necessary for the mastery of the passions that otherwise lead to crime, wretchedness and ruin.

It is to the mother, more than to all others,

to whom we are to look for those lessons that inspire high and noble principles of action, which only insure permanency to any valuable institutions. It is the mother, whose gentle and loving spirit can inculcate a just reverence for authority—fix habits of industry, temperance and purity—of obedience to laws—of submission to wholesome discipline, and under whose affectionate training are formed in abiding strength, those domestic ties and home affections which are the sure foundations of citizenship—of true greatness and lasting piety.

It may be said of the mother, as it can be said of no other teacher, that she unquestionably is of divine appointment, the first and most eminently responsible teacher of the human race; how vastly important, then, that she should be adequately qualified for this high destiny, that she may form aright the vast body of mind committed to her charge; every effort therefore that tends to improve and elevate woman's character, approximates to the divine economy, and thus considered, the work of female education is of the very first magnitude, and gives to our enterprise incalculable importance.

A Lodge of Independent Order of Odd Fellows was first instituted in Rogersville, in the month of September, 1848, which speedily grew to be highly respectable, not only in numbers, but in the character and enterprise of its members. To this Lodge, placing, as it does, a high estimate on the great and useful principles of Odd Fellowship, a grave question arose, in what form those principles could be most efficiently and usefully embodied, so as tangibly to present the capacity of our affiliation to benefit the community; and after mature deliberation and careful thought, it was with great unanimity and cordiality determined to establish under the control of the Order, a school for the education of females, to be permanent and of high order, upon a basis of equality as to all the means for imparting a sound, thorough, and practical education; taking rank with the very best female schools in the Union: the Lodge pledged itself to raise three thousand dollars, in addition to which six thousand dollars has been secured from the surrounding country, and in less than a year, i. e., on the 4th July, 1849, the corner stone of the first edifice for the use of the Odd Fellows' Female Collegiate Institute was laid, and now, in about two years from the first institution of the Lodge, the institute has been opened under very flattering

auspices, on the 4th day of September, ult., and numbers already seventy young ladies as pupils, with four Instructors.

But the plan from its first inception, proposed that the Institute should be one worthy of the age, of the rapidly increasing importance of our great Republic, worthy of the young, but giant strength of the Independent Order of Odd Fellows. In undertaking such an enterprise, we have not failed to consider the cost and labor necessary to the accomplishment of an undertaking of such magnitude. It is not a school for a village or a county merely, nor for a day or a year, that we have commenced, but one, the circle of whose beneficent influence may be far more permanent and far wider. "EXCELSIOR" is our motto. We frankly confess the inadequateness of our own means to the accomplishment of so great an enterprise; but we bear in mind that the same noble impulses that warm our hearts, extend through every part of our wide-spread country: from Boston to New Orleans, and from Charleston to San Francisco; indeed, wherever our Order has planted the imperishable banner of FRIENDSHIP, LOVE AND TRUTH. We remember that our country was once struggling fearfully with strong, united and untiring foes, with the very feeblest means of resistance or defence save only in the justice of her cause and her unceasing confidence in God. We remember that our own Order but a very few years ago was in all the helplessness of infancy, and we feel that in this noble enterprise we do not stand merely in the strength of the numbers or ability of our own immediate Lodge, but we think that we may rely on the prompt, cheerful, and efficient co-operation of every Lodge, and of every Odd Fellow in the United States. According to the genius of our happy and beloved land there are, we thank God, no great hereditary aristocracies to which, as in other lands such institutions must owe their very existence, and from which they can only hope to find support, or else must wither and die. It was alleged as a radical defect in the character of our institutions by one born to princely honors and fortunes in England, when contrasting in conversation with one of our countrymen the institutions of the two countries, that there were no large hereditary fortunes in the United States, such as were found in the hands of the landed aristocracy of England, and the kingly governments of Europe, to which benevolence and patriotism might look with confidence for

the establishment of colleges and comprehensive and permanent institutions of learning and of public utility, capable of conferring dignity upon and giving importance to great nations, and which would secure the largest and most lasting benefits to them. "It is true," said our countryman, "that there are not, and may God in his mercy long avert the day when such may be found, but we have what is far better, millions of freemen whose hearts rejoice to meet with prompt and voluntary benevolence, every just call upon them, and as proof of it no land on which the Sun of Heaven shines, of corresponding age, can compare with the United States in its public institutions of learning and religion." It was a merited and just tribute to the spirit of our countrymen who are not only planting schools and churches, and public charities for her own people, but for the thousand suffering foreigners driven from those kingly governments of Europe to seek an asylum on our shores, but who are spreading the light of education and religion to the isles of every sea, and to the dark places of the earth by her missionaries and teachers who live and labor in voluntary destitution of all the blessed charities of home.

Brothers, do we misjudge the feeling and spirit of our people when we rely on your aid and co-operation as Odd Fellows, in the enterprise in which we are engaged? Do we over-estimate the value, the power, the benevolence, the far-reaching efficiency of the principles of affiliation and friendship of our Order? Are the claims of our Order mere high-sounding words without meaning; or are they living principles of truth, active, efficient and reliable, to all who are truly worthy of its membership, whether in Tennessee or Georgia, Maine or Massachusetts; so that to know, that one is truly and worthily of the Order will entitle him to the confidence and sympathy of the brotherhood? Relying on the justice of this confidence we make this appeal to you, and we come and present the enterprise to you as Odd Fellows, in which we are engaged as a great and good enterprise; having first done what we could ourselves, and ask your aid and co-operation.

We live in a bold mountain country, not rich in those resources of commerce and manufacture, which make money plenty around most of you; but where the hearts and characters of our people are no less noble than the features of our mountain home. In this enterprise your aid is necessary, and to you

we look for it with the strictest confidence, believing that a just appeal to liberal and just men, to our brothers, true and intelligent Odd Fellows, will be cheerfully met. The aid we ask of you is not such as will in any degree impair your means of usefulness or enjoyment, and can be neither a burden nor a tax, we ask each brother to contribute to this great and good work according to his ability, a dime or a dollar or more, and each Lodge in its its Lodge capacity, to give what it may conveniently spare to our funds; will you not esteem it rather a privilege to aid us in building up this institution, a proud and lasting monument of the worth and merit of the liberality and intelligence of Odd Fellows? By means of such contributions as we ask at your hands, the Missionary, the Sabbath Schools, and Bible Societies, are blessing thousands of our race; we send therefore well approved and excellent Brothers of our Order to gather your aid, to help us in the good work, that we may add your names to those who have already subscribed theirs as donors to the "Odd Fellows' Female Institute." To the wives and daughters of Odd Fellows, we have one word to say; this Institution is designed especially to be a blessing to your sex. We ask each of you to aid us in this good work—confident that no appeal was ever made to woman in vain in which was involved the happiness, the honor, the intelligence and the glory of her sex. By order of the Lodge,

A. HICKS, N. G.

E. M. FULKERSON, R. S.

#### INFLUENCE OF ODD FELLOWSHIP ON MAN AND SOCIETY.

Odd Fellowship aspires to restore equality, and bring man to a clearer recognition of his duty to his fellow men. In the world without, there are numerous artificial distinctions and arrangement, which most painfully constrain the soul. There are barriers in the most democratic societies, which separate man from man, and tend to erase entirely the sense of fraternal obligations. Odd Fellowship aims to introduce another order of life, where there shall be no honors nor distinctions, but such as are based on merit. All the arrangements of the outward life—our social organizations, to which we owe allegiance as citizens, have a materializing tendency, are the result of selfish calculation, and give to the more earthly portion of human nature, a most fearful predominance; whereas, our association, and all similar institutions, are calcula-

ted to develope, and make active, the social sympathies and affections, and thus make men feel that the sacred terms of Friendship, Love and Truth, are something more than illusions—empty names invented only to amuse or deceive!

Standing in the midst of the world, we do not see men as they are. Life is but a vast masquerade, where, each one seeking a personal interest, veils his real purpose, and appears what he is not; and where no one is certain of meeting a look, or of grasping a hand, which responds in sympathy to his own. Around us all is show, illusion, appearance! We wander among these shadows of men, and of things; often are we disappointed and deceived; we dream of a Friendship, a Love, a Sincerity, which will always charm us as an undying melody; sometimes, what to us appear to be friendly forms, and hear what to us appear to be words of Truth and Love, but Life! Life! the terrible deception is before, and around us; the vision dissolves—nothing remains but the ugly forms of deceit! In the very midst of society, this flaming pit, where bodies and souls are consumed—of society—this terrific abyss where fiery passions, and opposite interests struggle with hideous roar; society, this mysterious phantom-land over which roll everlasting shadows, and the wailings of an infinite despair; in the very midst of society so living, so incessantly active, man feels himself to be but a solitary hermit! Alas! that man, while surrounded by beings created in the same image, and pressed by them on every hand, should yet be compelled to mourn that he is a lone wanderer in the earth! But such is the gloomy destiny, which our imperfect social organizations hold out to man. They isolate the individual, and make him the natural enemy of his brother man, deceiving and deceived!

Now he who enters our fraternal association, rises above this life of selfishness, hypocrisy, and deceit. He moves in the midst of men, who have laid aside their masks, and sees himself surrounded by friends and friendly faces; and hearts into which he may look, as into the pure and cloudless sky. The mystic tie of sympathy raises, and binds him to the society of congenial spirits, on whose kindness and truth he may always rely; whose words to him, will be always true, and whose acts will always be open and sincere.

Here, it seems to us, we *must* see the need of Odd Fellowship, and its adaptation to the wants of the present times. It opens the new

temple, and erects a new altar, above all prejudice and dissensions and selfishness—a temple dedicated to Friendship, Love and Truth, where men of all parties are taught to lay aside their differences, and their hypocrisy, and meet on the common ground of Truth and Charity. Our Lodges are the asylums of Peace and Charity; political or religious disputes can never enter there, and within their peace-inspiring walls, men of antagonistical faiths, meet as brothers, and bind themselves, by solemn vows, to fulfil the christian law of love, and to do good to all men as they have opportunity or ability. There may the lone wanderer, weary and discouraged in his search for friendship, find repose in sympathizing and loving hearts. We ask then if there is not a need, and a pressing need, of an institution like this? An institution which will re-combine the scattered elements of society, recall men to a sense of their fraternal relations and duties, and revive the almost extinguished faith in Friendship and Virtue? Our association is peculiarly adapted to this end; nay, unity, Love, Friendship, are the very objects it seeks to promote. We affirm, then, without any qualification, that there is no human institution, which has so many legitimate demands on our reverence and sympathies. There is no institution existing, save this, whose only aim is to promote social harmony.

But we would not be unjust. We would not say one word against those charitable and philanthropic associations, in which the present age is so remarkable and rich. There are Peace societies, Temperance and other societies, all which spring from a laudable desire, to improve the condition of man. These are all very good, but Odd Fellowship not only embraces all the excellencies of each of these, it goes far beyond them. It asks not only that justice be done—it demands Friendship and Love. Thus it towers above them all, stands pre-eminent in beauty and splendor, as the bright moon amid a heaven of stars.

(Manchester (Eng.) Monthly Gem.

**A MOTHER.**—How little do we appreciate a mother's tenderness while living. How heedless we are in youth of all our anxiety and kindness. But when she is dead and gone—when the cares and coldness of the world come withering to our hearts—when we find how few will befriend us in misfortunes—then it is that we think of the mother we have lost.

#### HOW JENKS JOINED THE ODD FELLOWS.

'Very well, Mr. Jenks, you know my opinion of secret societies.'

'Perfectly, my dear, perfectly,' said our friend, thrusting his hands into his pockets, with all the energy he could sustain.

'And you will join.'

'Don't you think it best?'

'No, sir, once for all, I do not.'

'Consider, my dear, if you should be left a widow, with nothing to support—'

'Now, what a ridiculous argument. Do you suppose, Mr. Jenks—'

'My dear?'

'Mr. Jenks?'

'Will you listen for a moment?'

'Certainly.'

'Well, then, must I respect your wishes, and you know I love you dearly, it will be impossible for me to oblige you in this instance. I have sent in my document, and to-night am to be initiated.'

Mrs. Jenks opened her handsome eyes in amazement, and for a moment was lost in wonder.

'And so you are actually going to be initiated?'

'Yes, my dear.'

'Well, will you tell me all about it when you come home?'

'Perhaps so.'

Comforted with this assurance, the lady offered no farther opposition, and our hero took his departure. About the hour of eleven he returned, a wiser, if not a better man.

'Well, my dear,' exclaimed Mrs. Jenks, 'what did they do to you—what is it like—were you much frightened? come, tell me all about it?'

'Don't ask me,' gravely replied our friend, 'I beg you won't ask me.'

'Why not? I'm your wife, you know, and wife and husband are one. Why not?'

'Hark!' said Jenks; 'did you hear any thing?'

'No, nothing.'

'Silence, my dear. Remember what Shakespeare says about sermons in stones, books in running brooks. If I should divulge he might hear it.'

'Who, my dear?'

'The patriarch of the lost tribes. Even now he may be at our window.'

'Mercy on us,' ejaculated Mrs. Jenks—'how you terrify me. I—I shiver all over.'

'If you don't want to be killed outright, ask no more questions.'

'Sure you can tell me something about it—an idea or two—that wouldn't be divulging, you know.'

'What if you should, in an unguarded moment, let the secret out?'

'Oh, trust me, it will be safe with me.'

'You will never tell?'

'Never.'

'Not even to your mother? You know how gossippy some old ladies are.'

'I'll never open my lips on the subject.'

'Hark!' exclaimed Jenks, with theatrical start, 'hear you nothing?'

'Nothing,' repeated his wife, with alarm.

'Tis only the wind,' mused our friend. 'I thought it might be the patriarch or his grand bashaw, armed with his circumventor, covered with curious devices of the Order. Now listen, and if you love me—for the sacrifice I am about to make is great—and you must seal your lips forever on this subject.'

'Well, my dear,' said the lady, with a long drawn sigh.

'You have often heard of the cat being let out of the bag?'

'Yes.'

'Well, I saw that cat to night.'

'A real, live cat?'

'Yes, and an immense cat at that—a monstrous cat. But you shall hear. You shall know all. Let me begin at the beginning.'

'That's right,' exclaimed Mrs. Jenks, breathless with interest.

'On my arrival at the hall, I was immediately seized by about four dozen smart fellows, and taken upon the roof of the building. Here I was tongue-tied, and compelled to answer about a hundred questions, all having a direct bearing on the science of astronomy.'

'What a queer proceeding,' exclaimed Mrs. Jenks.

'How I answered the questions, must ever remain, I suppose, a mystery to myself—certain it is, however, I did answer every one—although I did not know it till to-night, there's a great dipper, and a chair, and a four horse team and I don't know what else in the sky. Is it not a pity that this beautiful science is so sadly neglected?'

'Well, what then?'

'Why, the next question is too absurd to be repeated.'

'What was it?'

'They wanted to know whether I took a newspaper, and if so, how much I owed the printer. Fortunately, I had just then paid my subscription, otherwise I must have been

rejected, as no man can become an Odd Fellow who owes a cent to the printer.'

'Well, I never!' exclaimed Mrs. Jenks, 'what an influence those newspaperaers do exert, to be sure.'

'Exactly. But scarcely had I answered these queries satisfactorily, when an immense flame shot up, and we as quickly shot down.'

'What—through the roof?'

'Oh, no, I suppose we took the stairs; but I was so securely bound and tongue-tied, I hardly know how we got down. The apartment into which I was ushered was pitch dark, and a strong odor of brimstone pervaded the room.'

'Brimstone, my dear!'

'Yes, it must have been brimstone, for nothing else could have produced such a stifling sensation.'

'Well, of all things.'

'Then began the roar of artillery, with an occasional volley of small arms. In the midst of the tumult, I heard a low, sweet voice chaunting a hymn of peace. 'Man shall love his fellow,' sang this angel—'Cruel war shall be waged no more—peace shall reign—slavery shall perish—industry meet its reward—charity fill the hearts of men.' When this happy singer had ceased, a loud cry for cheap postage rent the air.'

'How very odd.'

'Yes, but just like those Odd Fellows, they are real reformers,' replied our friend.

'Well, my dear?'

'Why, then, lights were procured, and I signed the constitution.'

'Well, what of the cat of which you were speaking?'

'Oh, nothing, my dear, only they let her out, and for a minute or two she appeared quite bewildered. It was the first time I had ever seen the cat let out of the bag. But what struck me with the greatest awe was the appearance of the lost tribes and his double-jointed bashaw, who in a loud voice continually said—'Life is short—prepare for that which is to come. Let all men have charity, and love their neighbors as themselves,' whereupon the grand patriarch, armed with the tail-end of his great grandfather's authority, arose and impressively adjourned the meeting.'

'Well, I declare,' ejaculated Mrs. Jenks, 'and this is joining the Odd Fellows?'

'Yes, but remember to keep all I have told you a profound secret,' said Jenks, with a half smothered chuckle, as he buried his head in the bed-clothes to keep from laughing outright.

# The Ark.

ALEX. E. GLENN, Editor.

## TO OUR PATRONS AND FRIENDS.

We present you with the first number of the eighth volume of *The Ark*. In so doing we have but few remarks to make. To many of you *The Ark* is an old acquaintance, and we presume most of you know it by reputation, so that it is unnecessary to say to you what its character is, or in what manner it will be conducted. We have no promises to make, more than that we shall use our best endeavors to make it as useful and interesting as in past years. We have heretofore done all that our ability and pecuniary means would permit to publish a magazine which would be creditable to that Order in promoting the interests of which we have been for years most ardently and assiduously engaged; and worthy of an extended circulation. With the circulation, we have never found fault; as it has been all that we could wish, and obtained solely without any extra endeavors on our part. In a word, our circulation is *unbought*—the merits of the work alone being the *only inducements* held out for subscribers.

But we have just cause of complaint with very many who have received *The Ark* in past years, *without paying for it*. Hereafter, in a great measure, we shall put an end to this, and require *advance payments*. This is the only true and legitimate mode of doing business, and had we come to this conclusion some two years since, we would have been much better off, pecuniarily.

We have made strong appeals to our delinquents, which have been almost totally disregarded, and with from fifteen hundred to two thousand dollars due us, we commence another volume, determined that this delinquency shall not be very much extended; and those who receive *The Ark* must pay for it.

Our prospects look very fair at present. We have very materially reduced our list, though we have strong hopes that we shall receive enough of good paying subscribers to sustain the publication handsomely.

Our present number is not all that we could wish it, and has been issued under some embarrassments. Our official duties have required much of our time; and this will be the case during the next month, after which we hope to give our usual labors to the editorial department.

THE WAY TO DO IT.—The following is an extract of a letter from Cincinnati, dated December, 23.

“Having taken a safe passage on *The Ark* for the past three years, I am desirous to secure a berth for another trip; and as the conditions are to pay in advance, I send up the enclosed dollar to the Captain's office to settle. My address you have on your books. During the past year I have loaned my numbers to inquiring friends, (which I trust has proved an olive branch to their objections to Odd Fellowship;) and in so doing have lost the May number. Will you please send that one, as I wish to have the volume bound.”

We want the names of about two thousand *such* Odd Fellows on our list for 18' 1, and we shall be well satisfied. We would not object, it is true, to three or four thousand; but as we do not publish *The Ark* on *speculation*, we shall be content with paying expenses, and a reasonable remuneration for time and labor.

Our good brother at Cincinnati does not regard *The Ark* as a ‘fire-brand,’ but as an ‘olive branch.’ We think it deserves the latter appellation. We are not personally acquainted with the Brother, but thank him for his good opinion of our magazine.

FEMALE COLLEGIATE INSTITUTE.—We would earnestly direct attention of all Brothers into whose hands this number may fall, to the circular of the Odd Fellows Female Collegiate Institute at Rogersville, Tennessee, on page 25. Bro. EDWARD J. ASTON is Agent for the Institute, and will shortly visit our State for the purpose of obtaining such aid as the Order may feel disposed to extend. We bespeak for him a cordial reception, and we trust his mission may prove advantageous,

## CHANGING MEMBERSHIP—BENEFITS.

The subject of granting benefits to Brothers changing their membership from one Lodge to another, has occasioned much discussion. As at present, the law operates unjustly, in our opinion; and some plan ought to be adopted to secure to those who from necessity must change their membership, their just rights in case of sickness. We hereto subjoin some suggestions sent us by a Brother, who has given the subject some attention. We commend them to the consideration of all:

‘I propose to give you a plan for accomplishing a change or transfer of membership, so as to remedy some of the defects, or what are deemed such by many, in our present system. At present to change membership from one Lodge or Encampment to another, the brother has to withdraw his membership altogether by taking a final card, and then presenting it to the Lodge to pass the ordeal of a committee and a ballot, and if elected he is subjected to three or six months debarring of benefits, as the case may be; and this does seem in many cases to work inequalities and injustice. The question of a remedy has often been brought before the G. L. of the U. S., and before the State Grand bodies, but has never as yet been found.

‘I propose the following for consideration as one way of relieving us from the difficulty: When a brother wishes to change his membership from one Lodge or Camp to another, let him deposit his visiting card with the body which he wishes to join, with a notice of his object, and a petition for investigation and election in the prescribed form. Let it then be the duty of the Lodge so petitioned to investigate the character, &c., of the petitioner, and if found satisfactory, and be elected, then let notice be sent to the Lodge granting the card, with the request of the petitioner for a transfer of membership, which shall be granted, if the petitioner is in good standing; and no objections or charges be made against him; but should objections be found, the transfer shall be made as soon as the petitioner shall be exonerated, by trial or otherwise, from such objections.

‘I would suggest also that it be made necessary for the Lodge petitioned, to correspond with the Lodge from which the card is presented, and should the investigations had upon the petition, elicit anything improper in the conduct of the petitioner, not known to his Lodge, it should be made known to the Lodge in which he holds membership, as the basis for an investigation.

‘It seems to me that no bad results would follow from such a plan, and it would certainly relieve many from an onerous burden which the present system imposes. There are many whose residences are often changed, as some sects change their clergymen every year or two, and in such cases they are necessitated either to forego the benefits and pleasures that fraternal intercourse bestows, or they must pay largely and be deprived of the pecuniary benefits for a large portion of the time.

B. C. T.’

PROCEEDINGS OF GRAND LODGES.—We have received the proceedings of the Grand Lodges of Illinois, Indiana, Missouri, and perhaps others, which we have not noticed, owing to the want of time to examine them. Hereafter we hope to be able to take time to furnish a synopsis of the proceedings of general interest in State Grand bodies; and we trust our kind friends who have heretofore furnished us with proceedings, will continue their favors.

## GRAND LODGE OF OHIO.

The annual session of the R.W. Grand Lodge of Ohio of the Independent Order of Odd Fellows, will convene at Odd Fellow's Hall, corner of Third and Walnut streets, Cincinnati, on Tuesday, January 21, 1851, at 10 o'clock, A. M.

ALEX. E. GLENN, Gr. Sec'y.

✂ The February No. of The Ark may be delayed beyond the usual time a few days, in consequence of our necessary absence at the Grand Lodge. We also desire to give our friends and agents a sufficient time to send in their names and lists of subscribers.



### REPRESENTATIVE ELIGIBILITY.

The subjoined communication comes to us from a member of the Order at Cleveland; and we publish it at his request, backed by that of an esteemed friend. The Constitution, it appears to us, is very explicit in prescribing the eligibility of Representatives. They must "*have received, or be entitled to receive, the Grand Lodge Degree, and ALL the Past Official Degrees.*" If any Past Grand has not served as Secretary, or by virtue of having served as the first N.G. or V.G. of a new Lodge, be not entitled to the Past Secretary's Degree, he is not eligible for Representative. We know it disfranchises many good men, and regret it; and while many excellent Brothers voted for this provision, we must say we could not see the necessity for it. Such a qualification is not required of the Representatives to the Grand Lodge of the United States. We opposed the provision, but if our memory serves us, it was adopted by a large majority. As it is the Constitution now, we must support it, but we shall labor assiduously for its repeal.

Our Brother of Cleveland is in error in supposing there are Past Official Degrees for Past Grand Masters and other Past Officers of the Grand Lodge. There are no such Degrees.

BRO. GLENN—I have been informed that a question will arise under the new Constitution of the Right Worthy Grand Lodge of Ohio, at its next session, as to the eligibility of Representatives, and which will have to be disposed of by the construction given to section 5 of article 1st, which says, "*the Representatives shall each have received, or be entitled to receive, the Grand Lodge Degree, and all the Past Official Degrees.*" What are all the Past Official Degrees referred to and required? Many worthy members say it includes that of Secretary. If it does, I think it also includes Past Grand Masters, and all the Past Official Degrees granted to the officers of the Grand Lodge. My opinion, however, is that all the Past official degrees required are those which were necessary when the new Constitution was adopted, and that all who were then Past Grands and entitled to receive the Grand Lodge Degree, are members of the Grand Lodge and eligible as Representatives.

The section referred to should be fairly and liberally construed; and in so doing the fact that a large portion of the members of the Grand Lodge, who voted for the new Constitution, never held the office of Secretary, and never intended to disfranchise themselves; and I submit that if they are not eligible without having filled the Secretary's chair, they ought not to have a seat in the Grand Lodge, or a vote for Grand Officers.

If I am wrong in my views as above expressed, then the Grand Lodge ought to confer on all the P.G.'s. the Past official degree of Secretary, which they have power to do, and not compel them to fill the Secretary's chair, for if they have to fill that they will also have to fill the other chairs. I will admit many of them might be put back without detriment to the Order, but such a course would not be honorable or correct. I have taken the liberty of addressing you on the above subject, with the view of calling the attention of the Order to it through your valuable periodical.

A MEMBER  
of Cleveland Lodge, No. 13.

### IMPORTANT DECISION.

Our readers will remember (says the Golden Rule) that some months ago the officers of United Brothers Lodge, No. 52, of this city, were sued in the Marine Court, by the widow of a deceased member of that Lodge, upon a claim for benefits. The Lodge refused to allow the claim, because the deceased brother was in arrears and not entitled to benefits under their laws. The Lodge was beaten in the Marine Court; whereupon the case was promptly carried up to the Common Pleas, where, by the following it will appear that the judgment of the Marine Court has properly been reversed:

BENEFITS IN ODD-FELLOWS' LODGES.—Mary A. Haim, verses Frederick Trombach, and four others, officers and members of the United Brothers Lodge, No. 52, I. O. O. F. This was a suit in the Marine Court before Judge Lynch, to recover \$30 as widow of Frederick Trombach, being amount of funeral expenses allowed by the Lodge on the death of one of its members.

The suit was resisted on the ground that members of the society could not be sued collectively. [The Odd-Fellows being a secret society, cannot, under the statute, obtain

a charter.] And, secondly, that the plaintiff was not entitled to the benefit, the By-Laws of the society being that if a quarter's dues are owing, and not paid in four weeks thereafter, the member so owing is excluded from all benefits, and cannot again be entitled to them in case of sickness accruing till three months after the time of the dues being settled up. That deceased had owed a quarter, and did not pay in season to be entitled to the benefit, either by himself, or his widow.

It appeared that in June, 1849, deceased paid his dues, and in September another quarter was due. He was sick three months prior to his death, which took place in May, 1850. His dues were paid on the 25th April, 1850, eighteen days before he died.

In the trial in the Marine Court, the Judge charged the jury that the Lodge having notified the deceased to attend a regular meeting on the 23d of April to settle up his arrears, they were estopped denying his being a member, as it would be a fraud to accept from deceased the payment in full, and then deny the benefits to the widow, for which those dues were a consideration.

The jury gave a verdict in favor of Mrs. Haim, for \$30 and costs, and appeal was made to this court.

The Court in its decision, said to the point of suing members collectively, that it is not to be passed upon here, as the decision must be on other grounds. The defence upon the merit rests upon the neglect of the deceased in paying his dues, and the consequent forfeiture of his right to receive the benefits.

If the plaintiff is entitled to recover at all, it is on the contract between her husband and the Lodge to which he belonged; the Lodge had a right to make By-Laws and require their being fulfilled by the members belonging to it. According to these By-Laws, the payment on the 23d of April did not entitle him during his sickness, or his wife after his death, to and payment from the society. Judge ment reversed.

✂ If any one should receive this number, who does not wish to be a subscriber, and pay for the volume, we will thank him to return it, enclosed in a wrapper, with the name of the Post Office endorsed thereon.

✂ We have in Ohio, January 1st, 1851, one hundred and seventy-four Lodges and forty-two Encampments.

HANDWRITING. -- We have met with a paragraph in the newspapers, which says that "some time ago, persons inclined to an ambitious turn of mind thought it indicative of an intellectual or literary disposition to write an unreadable hand; and we have heard men boast that they have written so as not to be understood. This is an odd kind of success, and a very vulgar one to boot."

In addition to this notion, the idea is very generally prevalent that Printers can read any kind of manuscript. This is a great error. The experience they have in decyphering all kinds of writing, gives them some advantage in reading manuscript; but they cannot read every thing. They have the knack of substituting words, when one may be unintelligible, and which, perhaps is often a better one than the original. But speaking of plain writing, what we want to say is that every one should endeavor to write *names exceedingly plain*. It would, perhaps, be difficult for Printers to succeed so well in *substituting something for a name*, as for a word. Every one should sign his name plain, and without *flourishes*.

May we beg the attention of Secretaries of Lodges to this important matter? In making out reports, certificates, cards, &c., write every name as plainly as possible.

#### NEW LODGE IN CINCINNATI.

CINCINNATI, Dec. 22, 1850.

BRO. GLENN — Under a commission sent me by the M.W. Grand Master, I had the pleasure of meeting the petitioners for America Lodge, No. 170, at Odd Fellows' Hall, corner Third and Walnut streets, on Thursday evening, the 19th inst., and assisted by P.G.M. Clark, and P.G's. Chidsey, Nold, Winchell and Luckey, said Lodge was duly instituted. The officers for the present term are Wm. Z. Reese, NG; John Reese, VG; H. A. Buss, Sec'y; and J. Goodwin, Treasurer. I think this Lodge will be an ornament to our beloved Order.

Yours fraternally,  
A. R. FOOTE, Sp. Deputy.

✂ The R.W. Grand Encampment of Ohio will hold a quarterly session at Cincinnati, on the third Saturday, (the 19th) of the present month.

NEW LODGES.

LETTER FROM THE GRAND MASTER.

MASSILLON, Nov. 16, 1850.

DEAR BRO. GLENN—I embrace this the first leisure time to give to the Order, through *The Ark*, an account of the institution of sundry Lodges. And first, my attention must be given to a subject that by some means had entirely escaped notice. I know not how it occurred, but it is nevertheless true, that I have wholly neglected to notice the institution of Rural Lodge, No. 157.

On the 13th of June, assisted by Bro. S. Porter, and a number of other brothers from Zanesville and McConnelsville, I instituted at Rockville, Muskingum county, Rural Lodge, No. 157. The following were the officers elected and installed: J. P. Smith, NG; W. A. Hawley, VG; J. B. Millhouse, Sec'y; and C. H. Trimble, Treasurer. The location of this Lodge is truly described in its name. It is in a rural district, which is settled by good and substantial men, who take an interest in the Order, and I have no doubt that they will establish and sustain a good Lodge.

Having thus done justice to Rural Lodge, I will proceed to detail as briefly as possible, what I have done since last I wrote you from Cincinnati.

On the evening of the 13th of Oct., I had the pleasure of meeting with Magnolia Lodge, No. 83. I had but little to correct here. It is a good Lodge, and works well.

On the 14th, I met the petitioners for a new Lodge in Cincinnati, at the Hall of Wm. Penn Lodge, No. 56, for the purpose of instituting it. I was much gratified by the large attendance of the brotherhood. It showed that they took an interest in the Order. Unfortunately, however, it proved that most of the petitioners were without the password, and I did not therefore feel myself authorised to perform the ceremony for which I had met them, and the Lodge was not instituted. This shows the necessity of care on the part of Lodge officers, when issuing cards. No officer should deliver a card to a brother without instructing him in the A.T.P.W., and its use.

On the 16th, I visited Relief Lodge, No. 148. This Lodge was instituted by me in February last, and I was gratified to find that it was in a most flourishing condition. By Bro. Patton and his lady, whom I am proud to call my personal friends, I was treated most kindly, and sent on my way rejoicing.

On the 17th, I visited Eden Lodge, No. 147, which had also been instituted by me in February. It, too, is in a prosperous condition. I was warmly and kindly received by the brothers, and treated in the true spirit of Odd Fellowship.

Oct. 18th.—This night I visited the brethren of Dayton. It was a union meeting of the three Lodges of that beautiful city; was fully attended, and was as pleasant a meeting as I have been in for a long time. They have in their city many good Odd Fellows—men who take a deep interest in the good cause. Long shall I remember the friendly manner in which I was received there.

Oct. 19th.—This night, assisted by a good number of brethren from Dayton, Troy, Piqua, and Salem, I instituted at Milton, Miami county, Stillwater Lodge, No. 165. The officers elected and installed were as follows: J. H. Randall, NG; John Covert, VG; J. Coffman, Sec'y; and Dan'l. Newman, Treasurer. The petitioners are all good men—they have a neat hall, and I trust will build up a Lodge worthy of the Order.

Oct. 21st.—This evening, assisted by Grand Secretary Glenn, and a large number of visiting brothers from the surrounding Lodges, I instituted at South Charleston, Clark county, Clark Lodge, No. 166. The following officers were elected and installed: Isaac P. Paist, NG; John A. Skinner, VG; Wm. Paist, Jr., Sec'y; and Michael Lidigh, Treasurer. From the kind of men with which this town and its vicinity is settled, it seems to me that it will not be possible for them to build up anything but a good Lodge. Bro. Skinner, who has long been well and favorably known in the Grand Lodge, is an ardent and devoted Odd Fellow, and will be ably sustained by his associates.

Oct. 22d.—This night, assisted by a number of brothers from Urbana, West Liberty, Marysville, London and Dublin, I instituted at Woodstock, Champaign county, Woodstock Lodge, No. 167. The officers elected and installed were as follows, viz: Cyrus F. Wait, NG; Warren Sibley, VG; Hiram Smith, Sec'y; and T. J. Wilcox, Treasurer. The petitioners are all good men, and will do all they can to sustain the reputation of the Order. They have, however, a violent and unscrupulous opposition to contend with, which may, if they are not extremely careful, prove troublesome to them.

Oct. 23d.—This night I visited Logan Lodge, No. 72, at Bellefontaine. It affords

me much pleasure to say that here I found some of the most ardent and devoted Odd Fellows with whom it has ever been my fortune to meet. They are attached not only to the name, but to the *principles* of the Order in an eminent degree. Never have I seen the beautiful teachings of the Fifth degree produce such a marked and decided effect upon an individual as upon one brother who received it this evening. He seemed to drink in and appreciate the spirit of the lecture, and to recognize in it the teachings of the genuine principles of Friendship, Love and Truth. Would that we had more like unto him.

Oct. 24th.—This day accompanied by Bros. Gardner and Scarff, and one whose name I cannot remember, I traveled from Bellefontaine to Wapakonetta, Auglaize county, where this evening, assisted by a number of brothers from the Lodges at Sidney, St. Mary's, Bremen and Bellefontaine, I instituted Auglaize Lodge, No. 168. The officers elected and installed were as follows, viz: J. B. Craig, NG; John Walkup, VG; J. H. Bowman, Sec'y; and H. J. Holt, Treasurer. This Lodge is in a new part of the country, but it is in the hands of good men who will labor, and I trust successfully, for the good of the Order.

Oct. 25th.—This night, according to previous appointment, I met with Amicitia Lodge, No. 79, at Kenton, Hardin county. I was grieved to find so little apparent interest was taken in the cause here. After considerable delay, about a half dozen members assembled, to whom I talked for a short time; gave them such advice as I thought they needed, and urged them to go to work with renewed energy and zeal, and endeavor to rouse their Lodge from its lethargy.

Oct. 26th.—This night, assisted by a goodly company of brothers from Delaware, New Lexington and Mansfield, I instituted Mt. Gilead Lodge, No. 169. The officers elected and installed were as follows, viz: John W. Place, NG; J. D. Rigour VG; Wm. Johnson, Sec'y; and David Smith, Treasurer. I think the prospects of this Lodge are good. From here I wended my way home, which place I reached on the 28th, having been absent 24 days.

I cannot close this communication without tendering to the brotherhood my warmest thanks for the kind treatment and valuable assistance which was every where extended to me.

Yours in F., L. & T.,

W. C. EARL, *Grand Master*.

#### DEDICATION OF ERIE LODGE, NO. 38, AT CARLYLE, ILLINOIS.

A Lodge of Odd Fellows was organized in this place on the — day of March, 1848, with only five in number, and since that time forty has been added to our number, comprising men of high moral worth, and among the most honorable and intelligent in the community. Our Lodge is now in a prosperous condition. We have just erected and completed a large and commodious Hall, situated on one of the most beautiful and elevated spots in our quiet little village, which stands unparalleled in the West for the beauty of its natural scenery, and its picturesque and romantic appearance, which was dedicated on 12th, by Bro. John M. Davenport, D.D.G.M.; after which a very concise, appropriate and beautiful oration was delivered by the Hon. Sidney Breese, one of the members of our Order.

All objections in this section of country are speedily disappearing, and violent opposers of secret institutions are not only becoming converts to the object, end and aim of true Odd Fellowship, but are among its warmest supporters and most enthusiastic admirers. That unanimity and harmony of feeling that are seen to exist among the various members of our Order, and that universal benevolence and unbounded philanthropy that characterizes our fraternity, are effecting wonderful revolutions in public sentiment, and it is to be hoped that the time is not far distant when, by the united efforts of all true Odd Fellows, its influence shall be known and felt in every zone, and in every corner of the civilized world.

#### INDIANA.

SCIPIO, IND., Dec. 9, 1850.

DEAR BRO. GLENN—I will now do what urgent business has hitherto prevented me from doing, namely, giving the brethren, thro' The Ark, an account of the institution by the undersigned, of Adair Lodge, No. 84, at Brownstown, Jackson county, Indiana, on the 9th of October, assisted by a number of brethren from Rockford and Salem Lodges, (to all of whom I am under obligations for their assistance). The following brethren were elected and installed in the various offices: E. Dunham, NG; G. W. Robinson, VG; S. W. Smith, Sec'y; Geo. H. Murphy, Treas. Brownstown is but a small place, but I have no doubt that the Lodge there will do honor to the Order. Yours in F., L. & T.

KENNEDY BROWN, D.D.G.M.

# OBITUARY OF XENIA LODGE, No. 52, FOR THE YEAR 1850.

Died, on the 18th of January, of consumption, Bro. JOHN WILDS MERRICK, aged 34 years. He was a native of Massachusetts; had resided in Xenia since 1832. He was originally a member of Montgomery Lodge, No. 5, Dayton, and was active and efficient in establishing Xenia Lodge, of which he was a zealous, whole-souled member. He subsequently passed all the chairs, and was Treasurer at the time of his death. He dearly loved the Order, and labored for its prosperity. His heart was true and faithful; his disposition generous and benevolent; his impulses were warm and ardent, and cordially did he practice those fraternal principles upon which our noble brotherhood is based. His situation in life was favorable to its enjoyments. He had been nine years Teller, and at the time of his death was Cashier of the Bank of Xenia, with a sufficient salary, unembarrassed in circumstances, with a character of spotless integrity, an affectionate wife, promising child, and numerous friends. All life's comforts and enjoyments were his, and the future bright and promising, when that insidious disease which baffles all efforts, and defies all skill, fastened on his system, and sent him to an untimely grave. By his death society has lost a worthy and useful member, and the Lodge one of its brightest jewels.

At Piqua, Miami county, on the 1st day of May, of disease of the lungs, Bro. JOHN UXTON, aged 23 years. He was a worthy and estimable young man, of a friendly disposition, correct conduct, and well established integrity. He was much respected by his brethren and friends, who cherish him in remembrance, and regret his untimely loss.

On the 21st of August, of flux, at his residence in Xenia, Bro. JAMES DAVIS, aged 35 years. He was a man of correct morals, steady habits, and exemplary moral character, discharging all his duties as a citizen and a member of the Lodge, in a praiseworthy manner. He has left a wife and child, and many relatives to deplore his loss. "He rests from him his labors, and his works do follow him."

On the 5th of September, near Byron, of flux, Bro. MARCELLUS NORBORNE LAFONG, aged 29 years. He was a native of Spottsylvania county, Va., but had resided most of his life in Greene county. Like Bro. Merrick, his situation was favorable for the enjoyment of life—independent in circumstan-

ces—successfully engaged in the practice of medicine in one of the best neighborhoods in the State, with a wife and child upon whom he had garnered all the strongest affections of his heart, yet his sun went down at noon. It seems hard to leave this bright and joyous world, with so many strong attachments and tender ties to bind one to it—

"For who to dumb forgetfulness a prey,  
This pleasing, anxious being e'er resigned,  
Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,  
Nor cast a longing, lingering look behind."

Still he bore his illness without a murmur, and met his doom with calmness and christian resignation. His amiable companion, who was afflicted with the same complaint, at the time of his decease, followed him in eight days, to the final resting place of all living. There side by side, in the village church-yard "Where heaves the turf in many a mouldering heap,"

sleep the dust of the affectionate pair, while charity and hope, with the eye of faith, see them happily reunited in a brighter world.

On the 16th of July, in Xenia, of flux, Bro. ROBERT A. SHIRRELL, aged 27 years. He was a member of Phelps Lodge, New York. He came to Xenia an entire stranger, but his good conduct and correct deportment had won for him the respect of all who knew him. His traveling card was a passport to confidence, employment and trust, and well did he sustain the character his brethren had endorsed for him in that card. The members of Xenia Lodge watched with him, tended and soothed his sufferings to the last, and buried his remains in their ground in Woodland Cemetery, which they have consecrated for the last resting place of strange brothers who may chance to die amongst them. W.

## MARRIED.

At Zanesville, Ohio, December 12, 1850, by the Rev. Granville Moody, Bro. A. W. PERLEY, P.G. of Moxahala Lodge, No. 144, to Miss JULIA, daughter of Judge H. J. Cox, both of Zanesville.

At Burckville, Texas, November 12, 1850, Bro. JOHN A. HALL, N.G. of Aies Lodge, No. 16, San Augustine, to Miss MARY LAURA, daughter of Col. John R. Burk, of Burckville, formerly of Nashville, Tennessee.

## DIED,

At the junction of the North and South Forks of Platte river, on his way to California, June 20, 1850, Bro. AARON L. MILLER, aged 24 years, late of Wadsworth Lodge No. 119, Wadsworth, Ohio.

At Newport, Ind., November, 25, 1850, of congestive fever, Mrs. SARAH J. COOKE, consort of Bro. Jos. C. Cooke, M. D., in the 24th year of her age.

# THE ARK.

VOL. 8.

FEBRUARY, 1851.

No. 2.

ORIGINAL

## CHARLES STEDOM; OR, THE WEALTHY ODD FELLOW.

BY REV. SAMUEL L. ADAMS, F.G.H.P.

### CHAPTER I.

"Have you a letter for me?" asked Charles Stedom of his room-mate, as the latter entered their apartment in Yale College, who had just returned from the Post Office.

"Yes," replied John Loomis, "and I judge it to be from your father, from the postmark and the handwriting. Come, pay me for it, and I will hand it over to you. It is only five cents."

"O, John, give it to me; you know I have been looking for that letter more than two weeks," said Charles, rising and approaching John, whose mischievous air had convinced Charles that he was disposed to try his patience before he gave him the letter. John, seeing the anxiety of his companion to get the letter, gave it to him, and seated himself to read a newspaper, while Charles, in perfect extacy of hope and pleasure, sat down to read his letter.

We must leave them for a moment or two, for they read in silence, and we will employ the time in telling something of them.

Charles Stedom was the only son of a plain Massachusetts farmer. Charles had two sisters, both older than himself, who had been kept at school in Boston for several years, and Charles was kept at home for company for his parents. This had caused Charles to be rather late in commencing his collegiate course, and at the period we have introduced him to our readers he was a little past twenty-one. Their commencement exercises were to be in a short time, and Charles was to graduate.

Charles was a young man of remarkably good character, and industrious habits, for his father, fearing the fate of too many "only sons," had determined not to spoil him; hence Charles had been inured to labor on the farm,

and while his sisters were in Boston, he was the constant companion of his parents, particularly his father, who was very careful on all proper occasions to point out the danger of being an only son, and the necessity of vigorous enterprise in order to enjoy life, and be blessed and be a blessing; which latter expression was a great favorite. Charles's parents had not failed to improve every opportunity for his moral and religious culture. In an intellectual point of view, Charles was very much above mediocrity. Indeed he was looked upon as being the firmest and most reliable intellect in his class, although it was very large and unusually talented. In person he was near six feet; tall, well formed, rather of dark complexion, long smooth hair, and very black whiskers. Taking him by and large, he was a good looking young man.

John Loomis was an orphan boy, who was being educated by the generosity of his maternal uncle, whose name was Case. He was a little inclined to be mischievous and playful, but he was of a vigorous intellect. He was one of those who see the propriety and rationality of things almost by intuition. He had been Charles's "chum" for four years, and they were very dear friends. Anything concerning the future course and prospects of either, was of great interest to the other.

"Pa must be reading you quite a lecture, judging from your looks," said John, who had finished his paper and found Charles with his letter loosely clenched in one hand, leaning his head on the other, and looking steadily into blank space through an open window, looking out upon the beautiful bay.

"Yes, truly a lecture of vast importance," said Charles.

"What about? Bills too heavy this session," replied John.

"Oh, no, nothing of that kind. I wrote Pa, as you know, in my last, pressing him to come down and be present at the commencement, and bring Ma or sisters with him, as I thought that my ardent desire to please and honor them, would perhaps inspire me so that

I might deliver my oration with more firmness and ease than I fear I shall be able to without something to inspire me. As to the matter of my speech, the presence or absence of the King would not alter that, as I have it all written, and know it all just as well as I know your name. I selected the theme I did so as to please Pa, and hoped he would come."

"Well, I suppose he is not coming," interrupted John.

"No. He says that he thinks not. In giving the reasons, he opens wide the door of future life to my mind. He wants to know what I am going to do for a living after commencement. He says he will give me five hundred dollars—two hundred of which is to be in a library, either legal, medical, or theological, just which I choose; and the three hundred to aid me in getting a profession; or if I choose, he will give me the money and let me go out West and open a farm."

"Well, Charley, I will tell you what I would do. I would take the law library and plant myself in the practice of the profession. On the three hundred, with what you can make by drawing deeds, mortgages, and other instruments of writing, you can live two years, by which time you will be sure to work yourself into a good practice."

"No, John," responded Charles, "I am not well enough qualified for that, and it would take me longer to live down one blunder my ignorance would cause me than to pursue my studies much farther; and then I am saved the disgrace, to say nothing of the dishonesty, of the thing of undertaking a calling for which I am not qualified."

"True enough, Charles; but if you spend all your money in getting more knowledge of the law, how will you live until you get into practice?"

"Well, since I have read the remarks of Pa about it, I am convinced that I had better associate some profitable employment with my studies, and save my money for a more needy day than the present. No, John, I have a plan in my head. I will give it to you and see how you like it.

"I shall go down south into Mississippi or Alabama, and get to be the private instructor of some wealthy gentleman's family; and as I understand French, and can give instruction on the piano forte, I have no doubt but I shall be able to get a situation that will pay well. Added to this, I shall make it an object to get with some one of those distinguished lawyers, with which the South abounds,

some Judge of their courts, and have the advantages of his legal lore. In this way, by behaving myself properly, if I have any talent, he will discover it, and by the time I have knowledge enough to practice he will introduce and recommend me to his friends; and thus I shall get into practice and have a little money to bless myself with."

"Good! good!" exclaimed John, "King Solomon would not have devised a better plan in a month of Sundays. I would do that; submit it to your father immediately for his consideration, and go ahead."

"It is scarcely worth while John, for Pa wants me to make my effort for a start in the world just as if I had no one to look to, for he thinks the experience in the affairs of life thus gained will be very valuable to me all my life."

"True enough, Charles; and the sooner you make the experiment the better. I would start just as soon as I could get ready, if I were you."

"And then," said Charles, after a short pause, "I should have the advantage of the winter to become acclimated, if I go this fall, which you know is of great importance to one going from the North to the South."

"Since you speak of it, Charles, there are many risks to run in going South; the climate is truly dangerous to one of our climate and habits. There are many diseases to which you would be exposed if you were to go there, that do not rage here."

"I admit all that, John; but 'nothing risked, nothing gained,' is a truism in this world's affairs. But in God is my trust. In Him I will rely. He is our only safety any where, for as the good old hymn has it,

"Dangers stand thick through all the ground  
To push us to the tomb;  
And fierce diseases wait around  
To hurry mortals home."

Unless the blessing of God is with me I shall not succeed anywhere."

"Oh, Charles, you possess a philosophy in your religion that I cannot obtain in any of the mottoes of the learned of earth."

"John, it is not philosophy; it is Faith in God," responded Charles. "In all my study of natural or moral science, I have always been able to discover a round higher of sublimity in the added consideration that there was a Supreme God, who ordained and gives efficiency, power, and perpetuity to the laws of nature and science."

"Well, does your faith amount to a fatality?" asked John.

"No; it is simply this, that God will bless and prosper my honest and faithful endeavors. It is the sentiment of the apostle, who said, 'Paul may plant, Apollos water, but God giveth the increase.'"

After some moments in deep reflection, John Loomis broke silence by saying,

"You will be gone two or three years, if you go."

"Yes, if I should succeed and have my health."

"But, Charles don't speak of being sick away down there among strangers. I confess that that very thought drives away every pleasant feature of your plan. O, horrible! to be sick away from home, among strangers, and thinking of the kind parents and truly affectionate sisters you have at home, who would come to you if you were in any reasonable distance from them. To die and be buried by the officers of the town in Potter's Field."

This last picture, drawn by John, whose manner was very earnest, produced a long silence, which, however, was broken by John himself by exclaiming, with almost as much delight as did the celebrated mathematician when he cried 'Eureka, I have found it.'

"I will tell you what I would do, Charles; I would join the Odd Fellows."

"Join the Odd Fellows! What would that be for?" exclaimed Charles, in great surprise, to which John made the following reply.

"You know, Charles, my uncle Case is an Odd Fellow, and when I was in Boston last I heard my uncle and some gentlemen talking about them at his house, and he gave this as the advantage of being a member. For instance, now if you are traveling and are taken sick, they will nurse you, and if you get out of money they will aid you on to your home. In a word, he said it was to furnish brothers in every town to the Odd Fellow. My uncle related some incidents, illustrative of their character and designs, among them I will speak of two. One of them was where a gentleman, a merchant from Georgia—his name I believe was Roux—was murdered in Baltimore. He was found dead in his bed, most shockingly butchered, about noon one day. His trunk and property were robbed of all valuables. A coroner's jury was called, and in examining his papers they found two certificates of his being an Odd Fellow. One of the jury being an Odd Fellow, discovered

a brother in the person of the murdered stranger. The signal of distress among the brotherhood was given. Suspicion immediately fell upon a lodger, who it was ascertained had started that morning for New York, and ere the tardy wheels of justice could be put in motion by the city authorities, his brethren had placed three hundred dollars in the hands of a Mr. Ridgely, an Odd Fellow, who chartered an Express locomotive, and pursued the murderer, and singular enough overtook him in New York. As Ridgely did not know McCurry, (for that was his name,) he could not identify him certainly, but on searching him he found a gold watch which had engraved on it a number of Odd Fellow's emblems. This convinced Ridgely that it was Mr. Roux's watch; he took it to a watch maker, who identified the watch, and by looking at his warranty book, he found that just six months before he had sold that watch to Mr. Paul Roux, of Macon, Georgia, for the number was the same, and he remembered having the emblems engraved for Mr. Roux. This was satisfactory, and the wretch McCurry was carried back to Baltimore, where he was afterwards tried, condemned and executed. In the mean while the body of the unfortunate Mr. Roux was taken charge of by his brethren, laid out in great state in the hall of the Grand Lodge of the United States, and visited by hundreds of Odd Fellows and their families; and it is said that the very pillow on which rested his murdered head was wet by the tears that fell from the eyes of his brethren and their wives, who came to respect his memory and to sympathize with his distant family, who knew not that he was dead. At last his body was followed to the Odd Fellow's vault by one of the most solemn and beautiful processions that ever passed through the streets of Baltimore. His family were informed of their loss, in the kindest and most sympathetic terms, by the Odd Fellows, and the correspondence between them was of a most interesting kind. Thus ended the first great illustration of the practical workings of Odd Fellowship.

"The other incident he read out of The Ark, an Odd Fellow's Magazine, of a Mr. Nigh, who was a man of wealth, and had taken cattle from Ohio to New Orleans, and while there died of some of those dreadful diseases which infect that city. He had his card there, and called for his brethren, the Odd Fellows, and soon they were with him, and did all they could; furnished the very best physicians and



attentions that could possibly be obtained. A few evenings after, in one of the Lodges, the presiding officer announced to the Lodge, that Bro. Nigh, of Ohio, was very sick, and he feared unto death. Immediately a stranger rose and hastily walked across the room to the officer and enquired, and soon found that it was an intimate acquaintance of his, and a member of the Grand Lodge of Ohio. This stranger was a Mr. Spooner, of Ohio, who had been Grand Master of the State. That night Spooner was at the bedside of his brother, and thus they were thrown together, while but for the Odd Fellows they would not have known that either was in the city. Poor Mr. Nigh died; his body was put in a tin coffin, packed properly, and sent home to Urbana, to be buried by his brothers, and wept over by his bereaved family.

“These are but samples of quite a number of similar incidents he related.”

Charles listened with great delight and astonishment to these narratives, for he knew very little of their society. At length he said,

“Truly, John, these are very praiseworthy acts; but to join them just because I am going South, and shall be greatly exposed, merely to receive their kind offices, looks entirely too much like selfishness for me.”

“There is no doubt, Charles, but they are organized for mutual relief in times of sickness, and that to join them from merely selfish motives would be entirely wrong, without one single noble impulse to palliate its guilt; but we must remember that *it is reciprocal relief*. It is not that they engage to relieve you if you are sick, but that ‘we will relieve each other in the struggles and afflictions of human life.’ Now, Charles, suppose you had been that Baltimore juryman, or Ridgely, or Spooner, in the above incidents, instead of imagining yourself the sick one, I think the table would be turned, and instead of that supreme selfishness which you thought you saw in being an Odd Fellow, would be changed into a proper regard for provident self-protection and benevolence, so happily blended as to rival the beautiful rainbow, as she sits calmly upon the storm in the atmosphere above us, telling the inhabitants of this sorrowful world that notwithstanding all appears dark and heavy, yet the Sun shineth, and there is hope of a brighter day.”

“Well, John, I declare that your statements have changed my views altogether about the objects of the society; but it is a secret so-

ciety, and you know how much has been said and written against them.”

“I am aware, Charles, of all that, and I am not competent to defend or explain much about them, but I am pretty sure that all this hue and cry about their secrets is all nothing but the humbug of demagoguery, and is ten times meaner than the secrets of the Odd Fellows. And then, Charles, this fact scatters all my fears and objections on that score, viz: that the very best men in all the land are members of secret societies; and then there is my uncle Case, you know him well, and that he is an oracle with me, for can I believe that the man who has supported me three years at the grammar school, and four years here at a heavy expense, is a secret foe to the orphan boy, or that he has stolen this kindness to me as a mere

“Livery of Heaven  
To serve the devil in,”

so that he may the more successfully cheat and defraud me? I won’t believe it; and uncle says that just such acts as his to me is the very heart of Odd Fellowship.”

“I declare, John, I’ll join.”

Just at this moment the tea bell rung, and the boys had to go.

#### CHAPTER II.

Time passed away, and in the time Charles and John had many conversations upon their future plans and purposes, in which the propriety and prospect of Charles going South were duly canvassed, and especially his joining the Odd Fellows. At length, the day so anxiously looked for by every college senior, arrived, and the exercises opened with great brilliancy. The last oration was yet to be delivered, when Charles Stedom might have been seen passing slowly but in a very dignified manner up the steps of the rostrum, pale with excitement and anxiety to excel. He knew from the rapturous manner the orations that had preceded him had been received, that much depended upon his manner for the few moments he occupied his position as orator. His address was to his classmates.

Charles was such a man as would likely be loved by all; for it was his motto to love all mankind.

As Charles Stedom announced his subject, some were surprised and many pleased—‘The way to be happy, and its reward.’ While he delivered his address, which occupied some forty minutes, the audience breathed cautiously, lest the harmony of ideas, which were fal-

ling so eloquently from his lips, should be disturbed. Tears fell fast from many eyes, and when Charles sat down all was still for a moment, when an elderly gentlemen rose from the front seat and said in a distinct, but tremulous voice, tremulous with emotion, 'I move that the thanks of the parents and guardians of the students of this college be tendered to Mr. Charles Stedom, for the very wholesome address he has just delivered to them.' This opened the gate, and the floods of approbation which had been pent up in the hearts of the audience, came forth in loud and long applause. The exercises closed, and as the audience passed out, a gentlemen was heard to say, 'That young man would make a prince of an Odd Fellow.'

In an hour more John and Charles were seated in their room once more. John had not made an address, therefore could feel no jealousy of Charles.

Charles said, "John, I loved you more this afternoon than I ever did before; and to think that to-morrow morning we shall part, perhaps never more to meet, almost kills me." They both burst into a flood of tears, and in an instant they were in each other's arms, weeping for each other like Jonathan and David at the stone Ezel.

That evening the degrees were conferred, and after a happy interview with their fellow graduates at the President's house, John and Charles hurried back to spend their last night together. We shall not attempt to describe it; suffice it say, that it was sleepless and full of affection.

The next morning, Charles was early up, and after a hasty farewell to the faculty and students, and some few particular friends, he started home. As the stage bore him away, an old man stood by and with marked feeling remarked, 'a purer nor more promising flower never left old Yale.'

John tarried a few days in New Haven, and then went to his uncle's in Boston.

Farewell, John Loomis; we shall see thee no more.

The next day soon brought Charles Stedom to his father's mansion. As the rumbling noise of a stage-coach passing over a bridge a short distance from the stately farmhouse of Mr. Stedom, was heard, the whole family with some near relatives ran upon the portico to meet Charles and give him a hearty welcome. A white handkerchief now appeared from the window of the coach, which Charles had taken from his pocket, more to brush the un-

bidden tear from his eye than to use it as a signal of his approach. Instantly it was responded to by all upon the portico, and they all ran to the road gate. Charles was out of the coach ere the horses could be entirely stopped. 'A father's best blessing upon you, my son,' said Mr. Stedom, as he clasped Charles in his arms, while his mother stood with one corner of her clean beautiful check apron to her eyes. A mother's fond kiss wiped from his manly cheek a tear. Sisters love overflowed in kindest salutations, while all around seemed to vie with each other in, 'God bless you, Charles.' As soon as the first gushes of pleasure had found utterance, all was still. Mr. Stedom read the twenty-third Psalm, and then in humble, grateful prayer, acknowledged the goodness and mercy of God to them as a family, and especially for the safe return of an only son.

We shall attempt no description of the scene of true pleasure that filled that house that afternoon and night.

The next morning, Charles and his father rode over to his uncle's to spend the day, which was about seven miles off. As soon as they were started, Charles began and laid all his plans before his father, all of which was approved.

"But," said Mr. Stedom, "I do not know how you will stand a southern climate; and it is a horrible thing to be sick, and perhaps die away from home, among strangers, and be buried by the officers of the town in Potter's Field. Why no longer ago than the day before yesterday the officer came along with a corpse going to the county poorhouse, to bury it. A man had died in town at the tavern, and it was said just because he had not proper watching. He had the measles, and in a fever delirium he went out in a shower of rain, and took cold and died. He had plenty of money, and the servant he had hired went to sleep and let him go out in the night, which no doubt caused his death."

"I have no doubt of it," replied Charles. "Poor fellow, I wish I could have been here to have been a brother to him. But, father, I have had that all over; and as a protection against any such mishap, I am going, with your approbation, to join the Odd Fellows."

"Join the Odd Fellows, my son. How on earth can they afford you any relief? I have heard of the society, and when I was in Boston a little over a year ago, they had a great parade, and a man from Baltimore made a great speech that the papers spoke very high-

ly of, as an eloquent affair, but I did not know that they could be of any service to any one who was a member."

Charles went on to explain the matter to his father, as John had explained it to him; to which Mr. Stedom replied, "But, Charles, you will I hope always manage it to keep between two and three hundred dollars by you, and that will always be enough for any emergency, until you can write home, and I have always plenty that I can send you. A man's money is his best friend; if a man has money he has always plenty of friends."

"Not so, Pa. Did you not say just now that the poor fellow who died in town had plenty of money, and that it was the neglect of the hireling that caused his death? Now the object is by means of the Odd Fellow's society to provide, not hireling's, but Brothers to watch with them in sickness; for you know that 'when the wolf cometh the hireling fleeth.' Not so with this voluntary brotherhood."

"Well, Charles, join them; I really believe that if I was not so old I would join them myself."

"Suppose you do; you may never be benefitted in the least, but you may some time have the opportunity of aiding some poor brother that might not otherwise call on you, as, for instance, Mr. Spooner, of whom I told a while ago; and if, as you say so often and so truly, if it does not bless you it may enable you to bless, which is far better; as it is more blessed to give than to receive."

"But how can we join? There is no Lodge near here."

"Yes; the gentlemen who came up yesterday in the coach with me, were on their way to Springfield, to attend the organization of a Lodge there to night."

"Is it possible? Suppose we start early from your uncle's and go by Springfield—it will not be more than two miles out of the way, and we will be able to see all about it."

Accordingly it was agreed upon, and accordingly done. On arriving in town, they found that in view of the Grand Master's presence they could be initiated that night by special dispensation. So they agreed; they stayed, were initiated, and at eleven o'clock at night started home to tell their odd adventure of having joined the Odd Fellows.

On arriving at home, their adventure was related, Charles's plans all explained, and approved by the whole family; and it was agreed that Charles should start about the first of Oc-

tober, for his sisters were both to be married about that time, and he must needs stay and see them off.

Charles obtained his degrees and a recommendation from his Lodge to join the Encampment in Boston, on his way South.

All other arrangements being complete, wedding over, Charles in possession of a visiting card from the Odd Fellows for two years, in company with his father he set out for Boston on his way South. So as all the family has bidden Charles farewell, so will we for a little season.

We must now tell the reader that Mr. Stedom, Charles's father, was a man of about fifty-five years, wealthy, prudent, and happy, but because of his universally acknowledged good character and common sense, he had been solicited and consented to be elected to Congress, and was to be in Washington City the first Monday in December following Charles's departure.

The reason Charles was put on so short allowance was merely to develop the energy of his nature, in attending to the affairs of life, and to let him understand that there was no true dignity without labor; and that by experience he might learn the value of money before he was put in possession of the large estate that his father had to divide among his children.

In our next chapter we shall go with Charles South, and instal him in his position there, for which he will show himself happily qualified.

To be continued.

THE WAY TO MAKE LODGE MEETINGS INTERESTING.—An experiment has been tried by several Lodges of Odd Fellows in this vicinity, to keep up an interest in the meetings, which has proved eminently successful, and we confidently recommend it to the notice of our brothers generally, and hope they will give it a fair trial. It is this: after disposing of the usual and necessary business of the meeting, a subject of debate is introduced, and the members participate in the discussion in the same manner as the ordinary lyceum or debating societies. As the subjects selected are those of general interest, and as the discussions are conducted in the most orderly and fraternal manner, much useful information is elicited, and the time agreeably spent, which would otherwise hang heavily on the patience of those who make it a point to lend their aid to the cause, and render it an interesting duty to be in attendance at all the meetings.

Original.

GOOD BYE.

ADDRESSED TO ———

BY REV. BBO. C. HARTLEY:

Is there a heart that never spoke  
Out of its deep recess,  
These words, which as the sentence broke,  
Through tears of tenderness—  
Felt not a link in Friendship's chain  
Was severed from its tie—  
While from the heart that heaved with pain,  
Burst sadly forth, Good Bye?

None but hath felt in life's dark vale,  
Some pang of parting grief,  
And found that tears would not avail,  
And gave but poor relief,  
To the full soul that throbbed with fear,  
While grief's dark wave ran high,  
Causing affections bitter tear  
To gem the heart's Good Bye!

\* \* \* \* \*

'Twas midnight, and the summer sky  
Was glittering and serene,  
The moon in silver splendor high,  
Cast o'er the earth her sheen.  
At that lone hour when all was still,  
And not one solace nigh,  
Did my poor spirit drink its fill,  
From that sad cup, Good Bye!

Thou never canst forget that hour,  
O, no! for memory bright  
Has thrown around it all her power,  
And gem'd it in her light!  
Thy mind no doubt doth often dwell,  
Upon that scene gone by;  
For deep in memory's magic cell,  
Is graven that Good Bye!

But when the last and only tear,  
That grief has left is shed—  
"When all that pains or pleasures here,"  
Is o'er and we are dead;  
O may my spirit then with thine,  
Commingle upon high,  
Where never in that changeless clime  
Is heard the words Good Bye!

Canal Dover, Ohio.

CEREMONIES OF ODD FELLOWSHIP.

Many of our ceremonies, derived from high antiquity, have an import which every Odd Fellow should seek to comprehend. Beneath some of them, lie the profoundest mysteries of man and the universe. They teach us that life's chief work, or duty is to sacrifice the brief interests of time and self, to immortality and God. They teach us that through darkness and difficulty, in the midst of obstacles and opposition, we should ever struggle upward and onward—onward from the dark and shadowy vale of doubt, and fear, and perplexity, to the golden orient whence comes

the eternal truth—that we should labor unceasingly, by science, literature, religion, and art, to disengage the soul from the trammels of matter, to exalt it, to unfetter it, to perfect it. They teach us that labor and progress are of nature's own ordaining—that we should strive after wisdom, goodness, Truth—cultivate generous affections, and holy and truthful thoughts. It is very manifest, that a being who is created for perpetual progress upward, must be subjected to the necessity of toil. Born weak and ignorant, and blind, but with the arching heavens shining above him, he *must* advance, do battle with the foes which obstruct his way, and overcome the difficulties which oppose his onward course. At every step which he advances in science and virtue, a new and higher revelation of truth and Beauty is made to his soul. Hence the duty which is imposed upon him, of approaching, unceasingly, the divine perfection, by the practice of a more perfect charity, and the right discipline and development of all his faculties.

The pilgrimage of life is often dark, and gloomy, and difficult, surrounded by sorrow, and fear and doubt. Nevertheless, over this dark, perplexed and fearful course, lies the way of man's glorious destiny. Thro' night to day, through death to life, through earth to Heaven, must the earth-pilgrim work his way. But by constant struggles, by severe toil, by earnest endeavors, he may overcome every obstacle, conquer every foe, master the world. He may free himself of every fetter, and in "light and liberty," stand face to face with the mighty secrets of the universe. In science, religion, morals, as a Newton, a Fenelon, a Penn, he may soar to lofty heights, whence he may look backward over the gloomy and tortuous path in which he had been marching, and *forward* to sublimer elevations, to more glorious ideals, which seem to say to him, "On, on forever!"

We are taught, then, by our mysteries, that we should march ever forward in the way of wisdom, and virtue—ever aspire to higher, and still higher perfection. Odd Fellowship not only surrounds us with temporal convenience, but if her solemn teachings are heeded, will lead us to those moral and intellectual treasures, without which, although possessing the world's wealth, we are poor and miserable.—*Manchester (Eng.) Paper.*

Never turn a deaf ear to the pleadings of the unfortunate -- misery may overtake you.

## THE TWELVE GEMS.

BY REV. BRO. B. B. HALLOCK.

It is said of a pious man of old, living in the East, having three sons and an immense fortune, that he made the following proposal to his sons when they were grown to manhood: "Go," said he, "my sons, from my roof for one month, and return; he that performs, during his absence, the best and noblest deed, shall receive the one-half of my estate, and the other half shall be divided between the other two brothers." They went and returned at the stipulated time. The eldest began the story of his month's philanthropy. "I was walking along the banks of one of our native streams, and I heard the shrieks of a female. I hastened to the spot, from whence the cry proceeded, and lo! it was a mother in the very act of leaping into the flood to save her boy, an only child of four years old, who had unfortunately fallen in, and the waters were choking the avenues of life. Had the mother made the desperate leap, they both must have perished together. I bade her desist, and I plunged into the roaring current. By hard struggling and mighty efforts, I saved the drowning child, and restored him to the arms of the frantic, but now enraptured mother."

"Thou hast indeed done nobly, my son: the pen of immortality shall record that deed, and the mother shall cherish thy memory with tears of gratitude. My second son what hast thou to say?" "Father," said he, "in my journey, I found an old man lying on his couch, feeble and decrepid; he could not walk nor rise up. Two little children were left with him; their parents had gone to a neighboring town, about ten miles distant; the old man was sighing heavily, and the children wept bitterly. The bleak winds murmured through the trees, the ground was covered with snow, the cold was piercing and terrible. 'And will your parents return to-night,' I inquired of the lad, as he stirred up the little fire on the hearth, which his flowing tears might have quenched. 'They have been gone four days,' was the reply, 'and we are starving, and can neither go for food, nor for father and mother!' I hurried back to the nearest house I had left to obtain food for these famishing ones, and information of the parents. The former I procured, but of the latter I could obtain no tidings. I went in search of them, and when within a mile of the vil-

lage, I was informed to my amazement that they had been found *dead*, having perished in the snow! I need only say these orphans and the more helpless old man are to share in my patrimony, whatever it may be."

The father burst into tears, and could only say, "the youngest brother." The youngest son now began: "On my return homeward, having almost despaired of accomplishing my wishes, I found a man prostrate and bleeding on the cold ground; he was my *bitter, deadly enemy*! He must have perished in a few hours, had there been no assistance. I took him to a hospitable shelter, and he is rapidly recovering." "My dear boy," said the father, "to *thee*, to *thee*, belongs the reward! Were it the world, thou shouldst have it. Thou hast sanctified humanity, and spread the antepast of heaven. Thy brothers have done well, nobly; but thou hast acted God-like! Thine is the spirit of heaven; half my wealth is thine, and well may I entrust it to such a son."

We have now prepared the way for the "mass meeting" of our twelve "gems," and it need not be wondered at if we should have the "good, better, best."

1. **FRIENDSHIP**—The union of sentiment and affection existing between two generous and magnanimous minds. It fears no storm; grows strong by age, grows and thrives in the rich soil of a refined and cultivated heart, and is the bond and cement of society and associations.

2. **LOVE**—A fiercer flame than Friendship, and according to common acceptance, more fickle and less discriminating. But a true friend must *love* us, and if friendship may be called more constant, they are both lights in this dark, wicked world.

3. **TRUTH**—That which abominates and shuns a lie. "Above all things (says Sir Henry Sydney) tell no *untruths*, no, not even of trifles." Love the truth, speak the truth; let "the truth make us free."

4. **HOPE**—The compound of expectation and desire. "A bright star on life's tempestuous ocean." The enchanted ground of the young; the staff of the old; our solace in adversity; the light that gleams above the storms of affliction and sorrow, the comforter that goes with us down "the dark valley." It is forcibly described by the figure of an *anchor*; as that is the means for securing the ship, and holding it in a safe place, so Hope is the security and refuge of the soul.

5. **FAITH**—The corner stone on which the

fabric of a Christian life is reared; it receives and believes the truth, and produces corresponding action. Faith recognizes and adores God, and makes us godly; accepts and acknowledges Christ, and makes us Christians.

"Oh, for a strong and lasting faith,  
To credit what Jehovah saith."

6. JUSTICE—This has regard to the rights and privileges of our fellow-men, and teaches us to hold these rights as sacred, and unharmed. If it is inflexible and undeviating in the judge, absolute and rigorous in the king; so should it be in the plebeian and the peasant. It prevents power from becoming tyranny, love from degenerating into weakness, and requires every man to do his fellow no wrong.

7. VIRTUE—The ornament of the young, the crown of the old; a name for all the moral graces which adorn humanity. "I am found in the vale, and I illuminate the mountain. I cheer the cottager at his toil, and inspire the sage at his meditation. I mingle in the crowd of cities, and bless the hermit in his cell. I have a temple in every heart that owns my influence, and to him that wishes for me, I am already present. Science may raise thee to eminence; but I alone can guide thee to felicity."

8. REFLECTION—The moon in her glory, the earth in her beauty shines by a reflected light. The enchanting colors that beautify the flowers, and make "the brook almost murmur down the painted landscape" are intimately connected with *Reflection*. How important then, to have a pure, cultivated, and well-stored mind, that our own meditations may be pleasing and useful, and that they may reflect light and joy on those around us.

"Peace rules the day, when reason rules the mind."

9. FIDELITY—True to your promises, faithful to perform all our duties in the several relations in which Providence has placed us. The mother shows fidelity in her love for children; the father in the provision which his hand supplies; God shows his fidelity, for "his promises in Christ Jesus, are yes and amen." We cannot trust one who has no fidelity; with him who has it, in its fulness and its power, we may trust the best treasure we have on earth. "Be thou faithful unto death."

"Sooner should solid continents decay,  
Than our unbroken word should pass away."

10. BENEVOLENCE—This is of God. It shines in the sun; drops in the refreshing

shower; whispers in the gentle breeze; flows in the running stream; sparkles on "the diadem of night;" crowns the year with goodness, and our lives with blessings. It is so in man, in *kind*, but differs in *degree*. It would relieve all, heal all, save all, bless all forever. Wherever there is sorrow, there it would be present with its balm; where there is suffering, there it sheds its benign and healing influence. It is good-will to all; and all may feel its gracious and tender emotions.

"The heart, benevolent and kind,  
The most resembles God."

11. EQUITY—An eternal rule of right, implanted in the heart. What it asks for ourselves, it is willing to grant to others. It not only forbids us to do wrong to the meanest of God's creatures, but it teaches us to observe the golden rule. "All things whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, do ye even so to them."

12. CHARITY—We have now come to the "youngest son." We may say with Solomon, "many have done virtuously, but thou excellest them all." Oh, how shall I describe this beaming of the Divinity! "Some angel guide my pencil" while I write of that without which, "*angels* would be men," and with it *men* are as angels. "And now abideth Faith, Hope, Charity, these three; but the greatest of these is Charity." "By Faith, the eldest obtained a good report; by faith, Enoch was translated, Noah was warned, and Abraham was righteous." Yet Charity is greater than this. Faith and Hope bring to view immortal blessedness, waft us over the cold stream of death, and "we fear no evil;" and yet Charity is *greater* than these.

"Charity, decent, modest, easy, kind,  
Softens the high, and rears the abject mind:  
Knows with just reims, and gentle hand to guide  
Betwixt vile shame and arbitrary pride.  
Not easily provoked, she easily forgives:  
And much she suffers, as she much believes.  
Soft peace she brings, wherever she arrives;  
She builds our quiet as she forms our lives;  
Lays the rough paths of peevish nature even;  
And opens in each heart a little heaven."

How do we "draw nigh to God?" By being like Him; by exercising Charity; for "God is Love." How do we become religious? By having Charity; for "Love is the fulfilment of the law." How do we complete and finish the Christian character? With Charity; for after the enumeration of several virtues, the apostle tells us, "Above all these put on Charity, which is the bond of *perfectness*." Thou best and brightest gem in the

catalogue, crown us with thy glory ! Without thee, Friendship is a meaningless name; Truth is a philosophizing word; Hope is a flame without light or heat; Faith is dead and Justice is a revengeful despot. Come thou "fount of every blessing!" pour thy softening, and subduing radiance into the heart of bigotry; open the clinched hand of avarice, and guide aright the arm of malice. Come, dwell with the "blood avenger," humanize and assuage the passions, reign and rule and sublimiate humanity, till the seeds of rancor, and hatred shall be blasted and destroyed and man cannot look on man without beholding and recognizing a *brother*; nor contemplate his God without viewing a *Father*.

### WIDOW'S AND ORPHAN'S HOME.

A noble project has been set on foot in Philadelphia, in furtherance of one of the great commands of our Order. Bro. George R. Gliddon, of No. 200, the celebrated Egyptian Archæologist, and proprietor of the panorama of the Nile, has volunteered his services as lecturer, and the use of his splendid panorama, now on exhibition at the Chinese Museum, for twelve nights to a number of brethren, for the purpose of starting a fund to erect in that State an Odd Fellows' Widow and Orphan Asylum. These brethren have issued a circular to all the Lodges in the city and districts, and are preparing tickets to be sold to the brotherhood and their families at twenty-five cents each, per night—the usual price of admission to the panorama and its accompanying paintings, drawings, engravings, models, mummies and other wonderful and interesting curiosities. As there are about 12,000 active Odd Fellows in the city and districts, and as the exhibition and lecture, aside from the charity, are well worth the price of admission, it is fairly presumable that nearly *double* that number of tickets will be purchased by those 12,000 Odd Fellows, and their families and friends. Indeed, thrice, and even quadruple that number *should* be disposed of for *such* a noble object. But *double* the number can easily be disposed of with a very little general effort.

The fund thus raised will be placed at the disposal of the Grand Lodge of Pennsylvania, to be carefully guarded and increased for the great object. With such a beginning, the Lodges throughout the State will surely agree to lend their aid, and by a tax of one cent per week on each of their members, three or four

years, at most, will witness the creation of a fund amply sufficient to erect a home for the honorable employment and efficient education of every destitute widow and orphan of our Order in this State.

The last annual report of Grand Secretary Curtis stated the membership to be about 38,000. Assuming 40,000 only as the average number of members for several years to come—which is certainly within the mark—then an increase of the minimum weekly dues of three-fourths of one cent for each member, to be applied to this purpose, would yield a semi-annual revenue of \$7800, or \$15,600. Suppose the exhibition to yield but \$3000; this sum, and the semi-annual contributions, properly placed at interest for accumulation, would in four years only, (from now, at 6 per cent,) amount to \$80,000. It is certain that with this sum to start with, the ground could be purchased, the buildings erected and furnished and fitted up for the reception, employment, and education of its inmates. After this was done, with the interest of the surplus on hand, a tax of 12 1-2 cents per annum on each member, would be amply sufficient to keep it in operation, and even enlarge it sufficiently for all future wants. For nearly all the homeless and friendless widows would be able to support themselves there by their own industry—thus greatly lessening the expense of the institution.

In this manner, and by these means—and even in a much shorter period and a lesser sum than we have named above—could a real comfortable home be provided for every widow of the Order in the State, whose bereavement had left her destitute of a home, and who was without friends to aid her in life—a home in which suitable employment, at a fair compensation would be afforded her when she was able to work, and good attention and kindly sympathy when rendered unable. And here the children under the mother's care (if any were left them,) would be tenderly nursed and reared, until old enough to be placed in the schools provided for them in that same comfortable and cheerful home.

No definite plan for the institution—no calculation or estimates of cost or size of the grounds and buildings even, has yet been suggested. Any plan, almost is better than none—and we have none at present. All cases of the kind are now left to individual Lodges, and in many cases are very inadequately provided for. So that all the suggestions and details may be left to the Grand

Lodge for decision and execution, should this first essay to begin the work prove successful. And successful it **MUST** be—it will be disgraceful to the brotherhood to allow it to fail. We should be accused of casting a most unworthy imputation on the Odd Fellows of the city of Brotherly Love, were we to express a doubt on that subject.—*Golden Rule.*

A.B.G.

## PRESENT CONDITION OF OUR ORDER.

It is well, at the commencement of the New Year, for us to look around and see what is the present condition and prospects of the great Order, of which The Token claims to be an humble organ. From all that we are able to learn, we can safely affirm that it is now enjoying the varied elements of substantial prosperity, and that it never afforded brighter tokens of continued progress and usefulness, than at the present time. During the past year, says the Editor of the Boston Odd Fellow, the Order has been gradually extending itself in all the States and Territories under the jurisdiction of the Grand Lodge of the United States, and large accessions in some, have been made to its membership. Though the Order in this country is comparatively in its infancy, having attained its present size mainly by the growth of the last ten years, its increase has been healthy, and its benign principles have been developed with a uniformity and efficiency astonishing and satisfactory to the observer. In spite of the fears of its friends, or the cavils of its enemies, it has advanced with rapid strides to the accomplishment of its divine mission. We would not speak boasting in the matter, but we think we can state, without fear of successful contradiction, by a comparison of statistics, that Odd Fellowship has given more money to the poor, has relieved more distressed widows, has educated more orphan children, has paid more attention to the sick, the suffering, and the poor, than any other institution of its age and means on the continent of America; and furthermore, that its members are as true to the principles by which they profess to be governed, as moralists, as are the members of any other institution, numbers considered, throughout the world—and we challenge the comparison.

Follow the brilliant track of the Order's march through the length and breadth of our country, and on every hand will be seen sparkling in the reflected light of charity, the trophies of its victory. They may be seen in

the vigil at the sick couch, in the lighting up of joy around the hearth-stone, rendered desolate by poverty, in the replenishing of the widow's cruse and barrel, in the cheerful and happy countenance of the orphan, from whose mind it is chasing the shadows of ignorance. The influence of Odd Fellowship is now felt in every part of this great republic, not excepting the recently acquired territory, now forming the State of California, for there the Order has taken deep root, and its branches have already sheltered the weary and fainting heads of many brothers, adventurers thither, overtaken by misfortune, and on whom disappointment and disease pressed heavily. The Order must of necessity exert a powerful influence on the interests and destiny of man, uniting, as it does, in its wide embrace, men of almost every shade of religious and political faith, with philosophers, poets, legislators, judges and orators to plead its cause. With such an array of respectability, wealth, talent and enterprise to sustain it, what reason have we to fear of the perpetuity of the Order, to distrust its prosperity, or its intentions and ability to achieve a still greater amount of good in the sacred cause of humanity?

The principles of the Order have been widely proclaimed, and the means adopted for their development have been freely and fully exposed to public scrutiny, and no substantial objection has been made to either, while its membership, in the aggregate, has been such as to command the respect of all classes of community.—*Token.*

**BEGIN FORTHWITH.**—It will avail you nothing to stop and consider. Make a beginning and do something forthwith. You may wait a twelvemonth and consider still, without being any nearer taking hold. In the meantime you will be a year older, your family will have suffered, and you will have less heart to take hold and go ahead. What if you fail at first, begin again—even seventy times seven and then you have no right to be discouraged. We would rather die trying to do something, even if we accomplish nothing with a sluggish body and a faint heart. Give us energy and perseverance, though riches may not glitter in our path, and we are satisfied. With this disposition we are prepared for any emergency; can sleep soundly at night, eat heartily of whatever is placed before us, enjoy all the beauties of nature, and fight our way through all the trials, sorrows, disappointments, and even sicknesses of life.



## GRAND MASTER'S REPORT.

GRAND LODGE OF OHIO—JAN. SESSION, 1851.

*To the R. W. Grand Lodge of Ohio :*

By the first section of the fifth article of the Constitution of your R. W. body, it is made the duty of the Grand Master, amongst other things, to "keep a record of his official acts, and at the expiration of his term make a written report to the Grand Lodge, upon the condition of the Order in the State." In pursuance of this provision, I now proceed not only as a duty, but a pleasure, to recount to you such things as have occurred within the sphere of my duties, since by your kindness I was placed in the responsible and honorable station which I now hold.

I have not before me the data to determine definitely, the increase of membership in this jurisdiction, but from the rapid increase in the number of Lodges, and other facts that have come to my knowledge, I have no doubt but that the past has been the most prosperous year for our beloved Order that has passed since its introduction into the State. The number of Lodges instituted under my administration is greater, I believe, than has ever been instituted by any one of my predecessors.

[Here follow the names of thirty-two Lodges instituted during the year.]

There was a charter granted at the July session for a Lodge at Melmore, in Seneca county, and it was my intention to have instituted it on my way here; but just before leaving home, and when too late to supply the defect, I discovered that I had no Charter, and was therefore compelled to defer it. That duty will therefore devolve upon my successor.

Owing to the great amount of business which I found demanding my attention, I have failed to comply with an order of the Grand Lodge, which required a special visit to Sylvania Lodge, No. 120. I am gratified however in being able to inform you that from the report of the Deputy from that Lodge I learn that it is in a more prosperous condition than heretofore.

In pursuance of a resolution passed at your July session, I visited Georgetown, Brown county, on the 11th of October, for the purpose of examining into the condition and prospects of Sewanie Lodge, No. 95. Before starting from home, I had written to a prominent and worthy member of that Lodge, in-

forming him when I would be there, and requesting him to get together as large a number of the members as possible. I also wrote to P. G. Alex. P. Lewis, of Lamartine Lodge, No. 118, requesting him to meet me there, and render such advice and assistance as I well knew he was competent to give. Prompt as he always is, in every duty that appertains to the Order, Brother Lewis met me, and together we proceeded to investigate to the extent of our abilities the condition of the Lodge. Contrary, however, to my anxious wishes, I was unable to get even a quorum of the members together. The brother to whom I had written, had used his exertions to get a full attendance, but in vain. With a strong desire to save unimpaired the perfect chain which has hitherto bound the circle of Lodges in this jurisdiction, I talked calmly and earnestly to a few brothers, who were assembled, and at last suggested a plan for their adoption, which I fondly hoped would restore harmony, and enable the Lodge once more to go on in the discharge of its duties. This plan, altho' in some points exceedingly objectionable, yet appeared to be the best that could be adopted. In short, it was my conviction that they must adopt that, or I must take away the charter. My proposition was, therefore, after consultation, adopted by the members present, and I made a record of it upon the minutes of the Lodge.

I then left them with the assurance, on the part of the members present, that they would use all possible means to secure a full attendance at their next meeting, and endeavor to secure the approbation of all to the measure then adopted.

My advices since, however, have failed to render me the cheering intelligence that I had fondly anticipated. Although the members, when they examined my proposition, acquiesced in it, as perhaps the only thing that could be done; yet they said that there were some members in whom they could in the future repose no confidence, and that therefore they would not attend the Lodge. There has not therefore been a meeting since. It is now nearly two years since a regular meeting of the Lodge has been held, and in view of that fact, together with all the circumstances in the case, which it is needless to give in detail, I am forced to the conclusion, that the only course left for the Grand Lodge to pursue, is to order the Grand Master to reclaim the charter, and withhold it until he shall be satisfied that a suitable number of the members

of the right stamp, are willing to undertake the resuscitation of it.

It may not be amiss for me here to state, that the whole of the difficulty in this matter has grown out of a looseness—a carelessness in the management of the financial affairs of the Lodge. In the outset, each, reposing full faith in the beautiful teachings of our Order, was disposed to place entire confidence in the other—never doubting but that every duty enjoined by our precepts would be faithfully performed. Unfortunately, however, experience proved that there were those amongst them who were regardless of their sacred obligations—who heeded not the promises to which the honor of each stood pledged. The consequence was, that in a short time, over one hundred dollars of the funds of the Lodge had disappeared, without leaving any positive evidence as to where they had gone. The eyes of a large portion of the members, however, were immediately directed to a few individuals—prominent for their wealth and influence in society, and hitherto active in the Lodge, as the ones in whose hands were the lost funds. Under these circumstances it is then that things are placed—and while those men retain their membership, the others refuse to meet for the transaction of Lodge business.

I earnestly hope that the experience of Sewanie Lodge, No. 95, may prove a useful lesson, and a warning to all others. May it teach them to guard with strictest care, their funds, which form the nucleus around, and upon which is based the permanency of our institution.

In the month of November last, the Hall of Lamartine Lodge, No. 118, together with all the Lodge fixtures, books, charter, regalia, and a portion of its funds, were consumed by fire. Immediately upon receipt of this sad intelligence, I issued, and caused to be forwarded to the members of that Lodge, a Dispensation, authorizing them to continue in the prosecution of their duties, in the absence of a charter. The Grand Secretary also caused them to be supplied with a new set of books. It will become your duty to provide the Lodge with a new charter.

It has been my earnest endeavor to discharge the duties appertaining to my office, to the fullest possible extent, in person. I have, therefore, as you will see, instituted by far the greater number of the Lodges chartered by you myself. In pursuing this course, I believe the interests of the Order have been

benefitted. I have found, wherever I went, a cordial reception and the most kindly attention. I am satisfied that there is a deference paid to the Grand Master, which would not be extended to any other. In short, I am fully convinced that the presence of that officer does more by far to create an interest in a Lodge, than the same individual could effect if he appeared in any other capacity.

That the interest of the Order requires annual visitations of the Executive head of the Order, I fully believe. I concur most heartily with my two immediate predecessors upon that subject. Those who have not been placed in a position to experience the demands of the Order in this way, may theorize as much as they please, but I venture the assertion that no man can fill the post which I have now the honor to hold, without arriving at the same conclusion. In my trips to institute Lodges, I have made it a point to visit Lodges already instituted, whenever and wherever I could do so without material loss of time, or additional expense, and I have the gratification of believing that my visits were always welcome. And wherever I travelled I was met on all sides by the most urgent solicitations to visit Lodges in various directions. To have complied with these requests would have been most gratifying to me, had my time and the provisions of the Grand Lodge permitted. Under the circumstances, however strongly urged, and frequently with the earnest assurance that Lodges would be benefitted by my presence and advice, I was compelled to decline.

There are a few points to which I deem it my duty to call your attention, as being matters in which the whole Order is interested.

I would most earnestly recommend to your consideration, whether it would not be policy for you to pass a law in reference to funeral regalia. The Grand Lodge of the United States has provided a funeral regalia; but, so far as I know, it is not used. Would it not be well to provide that that, and that alone, shall be worn at funerals. It is neat, expressive, and would be gratifying to the feelings of many good and worthy members, who are opposed to display, when following the remains of a well beloved brother to his last resting place.

The edition of Lodge and Degree books, which has for the past year been sent out by the Grand Lodge of the United States, is extremely incorrect. Some of the most gross errors have been, by some means, permitted to creep into the work. Words occur in some places,

having no relation to the subject whatever; and some convey a very different impression from what is intended. These errors must all have obtained a place through the negligence of the Grand Secretary of the Grand Lodge of the United States, or such other officer as may have had in charge the revision of the proof. I trust, therefore, that the Grand Secretary will be directed to write to the proper officer, and request that more care be taken in this particular.

I have found much difficulty and inconvenience arising from the negligence of Lodge officers, in not imparting to brothers, to whom final cards were granted, the necessary instructions to make their cards available. In this matter I have given very particular instructions, wherever I have visited or instituted a Lodge.

Upon the subject of Temperance I have felt it to be my duty to take strong and decided grounds. Although not a member of any temperance organization, yet there is to me nothing more disgusting than a drunkard. How any man, who has listened to the teachings of our ritual, and taken upon himself the sacred obligations which our Order imposes, can go out from our halls and debase himself to the level of a brute, is something that I cannot comprehend. With such, however they may be called, and, although they may wear the *name* of Odd Fellow, I will not affiliate. They are to me objects of loathing and detestation; and yet we may not deny that there are such in our midst. The number of that kind of members I trust is but few—yet we have them, and in too many instances they are permitted to retain their position by reason of some external influence which is thrown around them. Such men are dead weights upon the Order, and do more to retard its onward, upward movements, and prevent its universal dissemination, than any other cause. I am gratified in the belief that, during the past year I have done something towards awakening a proper feeling in regard to this matter. My earnest wish is, that its force may roll on, gathering strength as it goes until not a *drunkard* shall be found in our ranks.

It has appeared somewhat strange to me, that after the constant refusal of my immediate predecessor, to grant dispensations to confer degrees upon members not entitled to them, that I should have been so often solicited to do so. I have in every case refused, except to enable Lodges to fill their offices.

The constitution, adopted by you in July last, providing for an enlargement of the Districts, not having become a law until approved by the Grand Lodge of the United States, in September, I did not deem it necessary to re-appoint Deputies for the then short unexpired portion of the year; and, therefore, permitted the matter to remain as it was, with a Deputy in each Lodge. And, in order to meet the contingency which required the Deputy to certify to the election of Representatives, I directed the Deputies in each District, (as newly constituted,) when there were more than one Lodge in a District, to certify the number of votes, and for whom polled, to the Deputy of the *oldest Lodge* in the District, who should issue the necessary certificate.

Under the new constitution, various new and responsible duties will devolve upon you. Amongst other things will be that of districting the state for Representative purposes. As that must be an arduous and laborious duty, I would suggest the appointment, at an early period of the session, of a committee for that purpose.

Under a resolution, passed at your January session of 1850, the question of removing the Grand Lodge to Columbus, received the affirmative vote of a majority of the subordinates in this jurisdiction. The Grand Lodge of the United States did not see fit, however, to grant the prayer of your subordinates, but referred the matter back to the Grand Lodge of Ohio, with power to decide the question. That subject will be, therefore, for you to consider.

I present herewith a certified copy of the proceedings of the Grand Lodge of the United States, upon the appeal of P. G. Jacob Levi, of Magnolia Lodge, No. 83, from your decision. From it you will discover that the appeal was sustained.

It would be useless for me to enter into a statistical account of the condition of the Order. That will be laid before you by the Grand Secretary, by the Deputies, and through the reports of your subordinates, in a much more perfect manner than it would be possible for me to place it. It is sufficient for me, therefore, to say that generally the Lodges are prosperous. There are some exceptions, however, most of which have been caused by a too liberal disposition, on the part of the Grand Lodge, in granting charters. I would impress upon your minds the necessity of more care in the examination of propositions for new Lodges. Whilst I would offer no

obstacle to the onward march of our Order, yet I would throw around it all the protection in our power to bestow.

I am constrained by a high sense of duty

the funds of the Order from their proper objects.

I cannot close this communication, without expressing my warmest thanks to those Past Grands who have been called upon to aid me in the discharge of the trusts committed to my care. My calls have ever been responded to with zeal and alacrity, which gives evidence of the just appreciation of the principles of the Order. Nor are my thanks due alone to those with whom I have been associated in an official capacity. From all, and in all points of the State which I have visited, I have uniformly experienced the most marked kindness and respect. In innumerable instances have I witnessed practical illustrations of the principles which we profess.

Lodge, No. 15, and Seneca Lodge, No. 35 had each committed acts violative of the ninth article of the general laws, I immediately called the attention of those Lodges to the report and resolutions presented to you on the 20th day of January, 1849, by P.G. Crane, from the committee on Grievances, which report and resolutions were adopted, and directed them to comply with that decision. They have not seen fit, however, to comply with my directions, which were founded solely upon the law and upon your decisions. I presume they will appeal to you for directions.

I also received notice and complaint from Harmar Lodge, No. 115, against Marietta Lodge, No. 67, of conduct precisely similar to the case above cited. My directions to Marietta Lodge were of the same tenor, but up to this time my communication has not been thought worthy of an answer. It will be for you to decide whether subordinates shall be permitted to treat the mandate of the executive head of the Order with contempt, or whether they will be required to obey a plain and positive law.

Just before the last communication of the Grand Lodge of the United States, I received a letter from Grand Representative Olds, resigning his seat in that body. In accordance with a resolution passed at your July session, I appointed P.D.G.M. Thomas C. McEwen, to fill the vacancy, and he was duly accredited and received as a member.

Stability in legislation is at all times desirable. In days past, so frequent have been the changes in law, and so different have been the decisions upon the same points, that many have been at a loss to know what was really the law. The uniform constitution is now so shaped as to meet the general wants of the Order, and as it has been printed for a large portion of the Lodges, any change, which would make a re-print necessary, will only be creating unnecessary expense, and diverting

In most portions of the jurisdiction, our Order has been blessed with health, although in a few places that dread scourge, the cholera, visited our members with fearful ravages, bringing sorrow and mourning into many families and Lodges; upon the whole, however, we have abundant grounds to return thanks to the Divine Ruler and disposer of all things for his mercy and goodness towards our fraternity. Let us take the exemplification of his mercy as a token of his approval of our purposes, and, impelled by such encouragement, press on, until the work of our hands shall have relieved the distress of all the land, and until the beautiful teachings of our ritual shall have been disseminated throughout the kingdoms of the earth. Let us not rest until the law of universal brotherhood shall bind all nations, tongues, and kindreds of the earth.

To the members of your body, in whatsoever capacity they may have been engaged, I tender my warmest thanks for the kindness, courtesy, and assistance, which I have ever received at your hands.

That there will be appeals presented to you from my decisions I have no doubt. In the discharge of my duty I have uniformly acted upon my own convictions of law, and it is not to be supposed that others would not view questions differently from myself. The natural consequence of such difference must be, in some cases, at least, an appeal.

In the whole course of my official career, I have given the Order the benefit of my best judgment, and for any errors that I have committed, I ask simply the leniency that I am entitled to as an erring member of the great family of man.

W. C. EARL,  
Grand Master.

Original.

## FRIENDSHIP.

BY MRS. B. G. BUSHNELL.

The most precious of earth's treasures is friendship. Other professions are to be esteemed, but none will compare with this -- the tie that binds kindred hearts in one. Of all that is earth's, it alone can yield us solid pleasure or enduring comfort.

Wealth may attract others to us, and they may minister temporarily to our happiness; but like the butterflies of summer, the flower attracts them only to sip its sweets.

Misfortune assails us -- our riches vanish, and we look about us for our lively and gay associates to obtain consolation, but to our sorrow we find that they have deserted us.

Friendship however is still true, and her sun, like the stars of heaven, after being hid by the dazzling glare of some meteor, now are seen and are our support.

Honor for a while engages our pursuit, and promises us fullness of happiness in the admiration and applause of the world; but sleepless nights, declining health, and envy's unsparring tongue, teach us that it is only a delusion; and we learn that though fame, when the Hero is gone, may trumpet his glory while living, only by friends will he be properly appreciated and esteemed.

Love, with his impassioned strains, may enrapture the fair one, but youth passes away and the rose fades from her cheek, and his note is hushed. His wing is spread, and he is away. Cold indifference fills his place; and unless she is blessed with the smiles of Friendship, comfortless indeed are her moments.

Thus, turn where we will on earth, then to friendship, seeing the joy of being admired and esteemed, the consolation of sympathy, the happiness of being beloved and not from interested motives, or, indeed perhaps any thing worth enjoying, and we meet with only sad disappointment. Friendship therefore let us cherish. The dispositions favorable to its development, let us cultivate with constant care. It is not a creature of chance; no one can have friends without being a friend. We should then do to others as we would they should do unto us, and affliction may mark us as his own the storms of adversity may assail us -- but we will find a healing balm for the wounds of the one, and a shelter from the fierce blasts of the other, so that they will be unheeded in the dear circle of our particular friends, and it will be sweet to live in the bonds of Friendship.

Original.

## FRIENDSHIP—AN ACROSTIC.

BY C. BEADLE, M. D.

## BE KIND TO THE WIDOW AND ORPHAN.

BY MRS. SARAH T. BOLTON.

Be kind to the widow -- her hopes are all crushed,  
The light of her spirit has flown;  
The dear voice that ever consoled her is hushed,  
Her pathway is dreary and lone.

Be kind to the widow -- the rainbow that cast,  
Its beautiful hues on life's stream  
Has vanished away, and the joys of the past  
Are nothing to her, but a dream.

Be kind to the widow, for sorrows and fears  
Have stolen the light from her brow,  
Her cheek once so lovely is faded with tears,  
Her heart is all desolate now.

Be kind to the widow, who toils thro' long hours  
Alone by her emberless hearth,  
Whilst others are wreathing gay garlands of flowers,  
And winging the moments with mirth.

Be kind to the orphan and teach him to meet  
With firmness the snares he must brave --  
The heart that to his, once responsively beat  
Sleeps now in the night of the grave.

Be kind to the orphan -- he cannot forget  
The dear ones who loved him of yore,  
And far from the home and the hearth where they met,  
He weeps that they meet never more.

Be kind to the orphan, for many a lure,  
Will tempt him to wander astray.  
O! teach him that virtue alone will endure,  
When life with its dreams fades away.

Be kind to the orphan, the lone one apart,  
Bowed down by the chastening rod --  
O! guide his young footsteps and teach his young heart,  
To trust in the promise of God.

TRUTH.—There is a passage in Tillotson that should be perused by all those notorious for what is called "drawing the long bow." He observes that "Truth is always consistent with itself and needs nothing to help it out. It is always near at hand, and sits upon our lips, and is ready to drop out before we are aware: whereas a lie is troublesome, and sets a man's invention upon the rack; and one trick needs a great many more to make it good."

ORIGINAL.

FURNITURE OF THE LODGE.

On entering a fully furnished Lodge room, an uninitiated person would be struck with the character and arrangement of the emblems of our Order, and being unable to decipher their signification would unquestionably regard them as mere ornaments, designed to please the fancy alone. But to an Odd Fellow, particularly one who has passed through the various ramifications of the Order, they present another and a very different aspect. They are to him a great volume, filled with truths and rich with wisdom's choicest gems, whose contents he can read at a glance, and whose beauties are so forcibly portrayed and brilliantly illumined, as to make a lasting and indelible impression upon his mind. They teach him how to launch out into the angry, threatening storms of life, and avoid the rock bound coasts upon which others have been wrecked; how to shun the great maelstrom of iniquity, into whose bosom thousands are plunging headlong, and point out with unerring precision the true and only path to happiness, fortune and renown. They are to him silent yet impressive monitors that at all times and under all circumstances, knocks at the door of the heart for admittance to drive therefrom all corrupt feelings and improper affections; finds the way to its inmost recesses, forms bountifully in its secret chambers the inspiring cordials of Friendship, Love and Truth. They impart to him great moral lessons, arouse his noblest feelings, and stimulate him to deeds of praise and merit. They proclaim the solemn truths that One supremely good, supremely great and wise, the Creator and Giver of all things, has gifted him all the innumerable blessings by which he is surrounded, and graciously bestowed upon him faculties and capabilities to convert all these things towards promulgating his own happiness—that neither the dark mantle of night, nor the thick walls of the cavern can exclude his actions from God's all-seeing eye, which is ever upon him, and that for these and all other blessings, every knee should bow and every heart filled with gratitude and adoration, offer up prayers and thanksgivings. They teach him brotherly love, and prompt the workings of the spirit by whisperings in his ear, "In union there is strength"—that alone he can accomplish but little, but that great and mighty objects may be accomplished, wonders may be achieved by man's united

strength, and energies; but that at the same time they herald in plaintive notes that without continued industry, frugality, prudence and economy, harmoniously blended together and bound about and about with the giant like cords of Friendship, Love and Truth, their greatest efforts will come to nought, and mightiest monuments crumble, or remain as lasting, unwithering testimonies of their shame and folly. They tell us all men are on a level in the cradle and the grave; that titles, rank and power, are in and of themselves nothing; but wisdom and virtue, which go hand in hand as twin sisters, alone constitutes and entitles man to superiority. They admonish him to beware, for the highest of earthly excellencies frequently inspire a spirit of covetousness, that blots from existence human kindness and generosity. As a beacon light to the mariner they tell him how to guide his little barque of life upon the stormy sea of passions, without suffering it for a moment to quit the channel of rectitude and integrity. They proclaim temperance, chastity, prudence, honesty, truth and love, as cardinal virtues, and promise unceasing streams of happiness as the reward for following the promptings of these God-like attributes. They teach him man's proper course is in sympathetic feelings one towards another, uniting the hearts and cementing the affections of man, who, from the beginning, is one universal brotherhood. They teach him to be neither an enthusiast nor a persecutor of religion, and condemns the toleration of infidelity; but to be firm to the allegiance of his country, obeying her laws, and ready at all times to secure peace and order within her limits. They make those who have lifted the veil, learnt their secrecies and mystic language, to walk uprightly before heaven and men, to urge on the powers of philosophy and religion, to mete out justice unto all men; to clothe the naked, feed the hungry, sympathise with and aid the afflicted, and to always walk in the ineffable light of reason, clothed with the immaculate mantle of Friendship, Truth and Love; and thus exhibit to those who have locked up in their bosoms a spirit of antipathy against our beloved Order; that to be a man, in the image of God, embodying all the perfections of our nature, to be noble and God-like as it is possible for mortals to attain, is to be an Odd Fellow. A. J. H.

Fort Wayne, Indiana.

Carrying pleasure to a great excess, carries the pleasure seeker to an early tomb.

## THE STATE OF THE ORDER.

We now and then are in the receipt of letters from distinguished brethren of the Order belonging to different State jurisdictions, as well as from brethren belonging to our own State, complaining of the thin attendance of members at the stated meetings of Lodges, and from this state of things argue that Odd Fellowship is deteriorated, and express their fears that the Order is on the decline. It is needless to attempt disguising the fact, that in the particular above noticed there is a marked difference between the past and the present. The lamentable indifference and inattention of brethren to the regular meetings of the Order has been observed with deep and unaffected regret by those having the interests of the society at heart. That this state of things ought not to be, all will admit—that it may be remedied is apparent to those who have kept themselves well and truly advised of passing events. There is a cause, or rather causes, producing this condition of things so much to be regretted. The evil will not be cured until these causes cease, and they will continue unless the causes are ascertained, and suitable correctives applied. Who shall commence the work of reformation? What remedies for this existing evil are to be proposed? And who shall apply themselves to the good work? These are important questions. They come home to the bosom of every considerate, consistent Odd Fellow. They should be answered, and every brother should come up to the work, and contribute his part of labor to accomplish the object. Perhaps this duty devolves more especially upon those who control the presses of the Order. They are looked up to as watchmen or sentinels upon the walls of the Order. It is their duty to watch against intruders from without and perils within. This is no easy work, nor is it by any means a pleasant duty to perform, and we may add, that faithfulness is not always rewarded with attention on the part of those for whom the labor is performed. Still it must be done, and those who are not wearied in well-doing, will reap in due season if they faint not.

Before we inquire particularly into the causes of brethren absenting themselves from the stated meetings of their Lodges, we will promise one remark, or rather give it as our opinion, that so far from the Order being on the decline or that it has reached the zenith of its usefulness and glory, we consider it in a

more healthy and prosperous condition than heretofore, even admitting the fact, that the meetings of the Order are not so large as formerly in some sections of the work, at home and abroad. It must be borne in mind that the *novelty* of the subject excited the curiosity of hundreds to unite with us in the earlier stages of the existence of our Order. They supposed from the *oddity* of our name, that there was more of fun than seriousness in our meetings, and hence when they were admitted, they found nothing in our Lodge rooms to please their idle curiosity or to produce mirth and merriment, but everything intended to produce a contrary effect. They naturally left our fellowship. This accounts for the withdrawal of numbers throughout the respective jurisdictions of the Order. They united solely from motives of curiosity, and when satisfied in this respect, they retired to gratify themselves in other places more suited to their tastes and inclinations, and habits. "To visit the sick, to relieve the distressed, to educate the orphan, to protect and provide for the widow, and to bury the dead," were matters of too grave and serious a nature to meet their idle and visionary expectations. These are matters suited for differently constituted minds and hearts. Their withdrawal, as a matter of course, was a thinning out of the Lodges, but so far from weakening the Order, a contrary effect was produced. It was something like that which follows the scientific skill of the gardener, pruning off the redundant branches of trees, or plucking up superfluous plants. Others united (and not a few,) solely with a view to their own selfish interests. The mere fact of our Lodges being beneficial institutions, induced them to slide in amongst us. But when they found that our laws required of them to tarry at the bedside of an afflicted Brother during whole nights, and attend to his wants—when they ascertained, further, that they must serve on sick committees and perform other offices of relief, they had no minds for this kind of work; there was nothing in the duties to be performed, corresponding with selfish and mercenary motives, and they soon drifted out of the current of charity, and sought other associations more congenial to their views and feelings. They for a time lessened the number of attendants on Lodge meetings, but in other respects they were no loss. Many others, having united with several societies, established upon beneficiary principles, found it convenient to be present only at stated times,

and these so far apart, that they lost their interest in our association, and became identified more closely with other societies. These persons, however, are not to be classed with the others we have mentioned, for although they have gone from us, they are not gone from our work. True, they serve the race under other names, but they are entitled to our fraternal regards. They have been a loss to us, but they are not lost to the service of suffering humanity. There are other matters connected with this subject which we shall notice. Enough is said this week in the way of accounting for the lessening of attending members in some Lodges. We shall resume this subject hereafter.—*Mirror of the Times.*

### PRACTICAL HINTS TO THE ORDER.

The flourishing condition of our Order, the multitudes that are constantly applying for admission into our Lodges are matters of gratitude to every good Odd Fellow, and should lead us to consider well the course of action to be pursued on the different applications that come before us. We would not have our Lodges thrown open to the admission of *all* indiscriminately who apply; nor would we knowingly bar the door to any man of good moral character. In balloting for applicants we should act from principle, and not be swayed by any petty jealousy or private pique. To the upright, honorable man, a rejection by our honorable society is truly mortifying, and is calculated to arouse suspicions against us, and injure the Order. His friends will be dissatisfied—*aye* grieved, and perhaps withdraw from an institution whose object is the promotion of honesty, benevolence and good-fellowship. But on the other hand, we should scrutinize well the character, and if it be such an one as the wise and good do not approve—such as we are confident would not be benefited by, but be an injury to our Order, it becomes our duty to refuse his application.

Doubtless there have been men of good moral character and fair standing in the community, who have been prevented from enlisting under the banner of the Order, in consequence of some false supposition or private pique, engendered in the bosom of a member. It becomes us all to be cautious in this particular, lest we abuse our privilege, and injure the Lodge by an act which is extremely unpleasant, to the applicant, his family and friends, and perhaps to a great mass of the brotherhood. The man of honor, of good mo-

ral character, considers his reputation safe in our hands—no matter whether he be rich or poor, if he entrusts it to our decision, let us not take advantage of the confidence he reposes in us, to injure him. It may be, that during a long acquaintance some trifling dispute or hasty word has intruded to mar for the moment our good feeling, and that this is all we know against him. It is not wise, it is not proper, then, that we should cherish a remembrance of that and allow it to outweigh all his good actions, and overbalance the virtues of his character. It may have been our fault or his, that the dispute arose—the hasty word was uttered—and if his, it may have been deeply regretted. How wrong in us then to harbor ill-will, and manifest it when he voluntarily places himself in our power? Let us remember that if

To err is human,  
To forgive is divine.

and convince him that we that mercy show, which in turn, we would desire from him.

I have often been inquired of, if it is proper to reject an applicant on account of some private pique, or personal hatred, for which a reason cannot be given. And I have as often enjoined upon Lodges and brothers that it was not. Such a course would create unfriendly feelings among the brethren, and jealousy and suspicion in the minds of men without the Lodge. It might prevent many good men and true, who would be an honor to the Lodge, from allowing us to judge and decide upon their fitness to enter. A few such instances would be sufficient to bring the Lodge to a stand-still, if it did not cause its decline. The writer has often said in different Lodges, that he would not cause an applicant to be rejected without he had what he deemed a sufficient reason, and that reason not of so trifling a character, but that he could lay it before the Lodge. In all honesty and sincerity he would inform his brethren what were his reasons, and if they were not sound—let them be explained away, and let no false supposition bar the door against the worthy and the true.—*Covenant.*

**BE NOT PROUD.**—Never laugh at any one who does not dress as well as you do. They may know a great deal more than you. They probably are better far to their parents or little brothers and sisters. Treat them kindly. Don't look at their clothes and then at yours, as if to say, "see how nice I am dressed," Such conduct is mean and ill-bred.



## ODD FELLOWSHIP IN OHIO.

The *Columbian and Great West* newspaper, Cincinnati—of which Bro. E. Penrose Jones, P.G. of Franklin Lodge, No. 4, is publisher—contains an article headed as above, which we extract to our pages. It contains matter of very general interest to the Order in Ohio: and we thank the writer for saving us the labor of penning an article on the same subject, though we should perhaps differ as to the necessity for and the results of the system of laws adopted at the late session, for the government of the Order in Ohio. It did not meet our approval, but it was passed by a large majority, and of course we acquiesce, and will abide by it.

The Right Worthy Grand Lodge, which is a representation of the members of the Order in the State, held its annual session in this city, commencing on the 21st of January, and adjourned on the 28th; the session having been one of great harmony and good feeling. In our last issue we gave the names of the members in attendance, and a few items of prominent business.

The Order in the State, at the present time, numbers some 12,000 contributing members, with a revenue of \$86,000 per annum. The number of Lodges in the State, on the 1st of January, was 170; nearly every county in the State having one or more; some 17 or 18 additional charters were granted at the recent session.

We believe the Order in no other State of the Union, has increased so largely, and yet present an unbroken link; not a single charter having been reclaimed, of the 170.

The growth of the Order in the State having rendered the former system of government by the body of Past Grands, impracticable, the Grand Lodge, at the late July session, with great unanimity, adopted a representative system. By this the legislation of the highest branch in the State is vested in seventy-five Representatives, elected by Lodges, composing districts, and five officers, elected by the Past Grands of the State at large. Under this arrangement, the Grand Lodge holds but one session in each year, viz: the third Tuesday in January, and remains in session until all the business before the body is disposed of.

Under the old system the Grand Lodge met quarterly and transacted all the local business of the different Lodges in the State. That no difficulty might arise, or injury accrue to the subordinate local business, in consequence of the representative system and annual meetings, the Grand Lodge at the same time adopted an intermediate power between herself and subordinates. This department is composed of the R.W.D.D.G. Master, and the Past Grands of the district, with appellate, supervisory, and legislative power in their immediate district. Their power is defined to be—"to hear and determine, to legislate upon and in accordance with the laws and usages of the Order to redress all appeals and grievances originating in their immediate jurisdiction; to grant dispensations for the admission or reinstatement into Lodges in the District of expelled members, or members of expelled or suspended Lodges; to authorize a re-ballot for persons who may be black-balled when the objections are withdrawn; to permit public lectures, addresses, or processions in the district; also to recommend the granting of charters in the district."

This provision is intended, and will, no doubt, prove effectual in keeping the legislative department of the Order in the hands of the Past Grands most immediately interested, and making the Grand Lodge what in reality public opinion desires, viz: not of a legislative character, but merely supervisory, and appellate with full executive power to enforce all the local and general laws.

To take part in this local legislation it is not necessary for a Past Grand to have attended the sessions of the Grand Lodge, but the qualification necessary is to be in possession of the Past N.G.'s degree.

Another important feature was introduced and adopted at the recent session held in this city.

In 1846 the Grand Lodge adopted a uniform system of constitutions for subordinate Lodges; but since then has been twice changed. Under this system the subordinate Lodges made their own by-laws, subject to the approval of the Grand Lodge. The frequency of revision and time consumed in the examination of subordinate by-laws, induced the Grand Lodge to appoint a committee to prepare such laws as they deemed necessary for the entire government of the Order in the State.

The committee appointed for that purpose submitted a very full report of laws, containing the constitution, laws and rules of order

of the Grand Lodge, laws for the government of the District Past Grands assembled in committee, Subordinate and Degree Lodges, and laws and decisions of a general application, together with all necessary forms and ceremonies. The report of the committee was adopted with but very few changes.

This action is opposed by many on the ground that it is an innovation on the rights of subordinate Lodges. The opinion of a large majority, however, is that it will be quietly acquiesced in, and the laws adopted at least have a fair trial, and be tested on their merits alone.

These laws, whatever may be their defects, will accomplish two points which has been long prayed for by many a good Odd Fellow, viz: make one uniform and known system of laws throughout the jurisdiction, and dispense with legislation upon and frequency of changes in the subordinate department.

Another result which cannot fail of proving beneficial, will be attained. Having but one book of laws for every department of the Order in the State, each member must become better acquainted with the laws.

One other feature is worthy of notice. The Grand Lodge is to furnish these laws, in sufficient quantities, to all the subordinates, thereby saving to them the expense of printing their laws in small quantities, whenever changes are made.

The Order of Odd Fellowship occupies an important position as the pioneer of the benevolence of the age. Its history, rise, progress, and results, are actively inquired for by the most intelligent of the community. The world looks on and beholds its silent, unobtrusive alleviation of distress; its watchings at the sick bed; its care of the distressed; its succor to the helpless, and wonders at its benign and successful mission, little dreaming of the energy, watchfulness, perseverance, and care bestowed upon it by those who are now approaching the sear of life. The pioneers of this benevolent Order are now leaving the stage of action, like the dying ember that has diffused its genial heat within its circle; but unlike the ember the warmth of their benevolence will be felt so long as the heart of man shall feel for the woes or distress of others.

Some of the sublimest exhibitions of human virtue have been made by women, who have been precipitated suddenly from wealth and splendor to absolute want.

## ODD FELLOWSHIP AND KINDRED INSTITUTIONS.

Since the rapid increase and spread of Odd Fellowship has demonstrated the beneficent operation of its measures for the inculcation of fraternal affection, and for the mutual aid of the brotherhood, a great variety of kindred associations have arisen in our land, all adapting them to the promotion of certain peculiar objects and principles. In examining them all, so far as opportunities allowed, we have found our admiration increased for our own beloved Order. We are an advocate of most of the reforms proposed by some of these societies. We heartily commend the general aims and objects they have in view. But with one or two exceptions we find no important improvement over Odd Fellowship, either in the principles inculcated, the great objects sought to be obtained, or the means devised to inculcate the former or attain the latter.

We can conceive at present of no better mode to inculcate on the minds and feelings of our members a knowledge and practice of the true fraternal relations existing between man and his fellow man.

Some few improvements might be made here and there, adapted to special cases and particular localities; but for the Order at large, as a means of teaching and training so vast a membership, embracing every grade of intellect and every shade of character, it is probably as full and definite as it can be made to be practically useful. To particularize more would be to weaken its general power over comprehensive minds—and to make it farther and higher reaching, might be to send the teacher out of the reach and even out of sight of the learner. The great principle of God's fatherhood and of consequent human fraternity is there distinctly and emphatically taught and enforced in a variety of lessons. And while the application of these principles to the initiated is specially enjoined in a few practical particulars where such application is generally most needed, its constant and uniform application to all other circumstances is generally inculcated. Nor does the lesson end here. Not only fellow members of the Lodge or even of the Order are declared to be our brethren—fellow children of the Great Parent—but we are distinctly taught that we sustain this important relation to all mankind. The general injunction to act on this relationship to the human family at large, is frequently impressed on our minds,

but here it leaves the doctrine or principle to be specially developed and applied by the mind of each individual member for himself.

Now to apply this great principle more minutely in all its bearings on the various systems of theology, philosophy, morals, &c., would be at once, to interfere with the private opinions, feelings, and actions of the members. This would introduce strife, discord and disunion, which would rend almost every Lodge asunder, and utterly subvert the institution, and defeat the numerous operations of the great principle of fraternity, already established. The same effect would attend any effort to carry it out to any ultimate extent which different minds and feelings might conceive to be desirable. One would contend for its extension to a conclusion in the particular direction toward which HE looked, and would limit its extension toward any other point; while his neighbor, theologically, philosophically or politically adverse to him, would as zealously contend for running it out in an opposite extreme, and limiting in every other.

This may serve to show the happy medium—the universal generality—in which our leading principles are propounded and their practice inculcated. All are happily agreed in what is taught as doctrine, and what is enjoined as precept. And each one is at liberty to develop the idea presented and apply it in practice in private life as his own judgment and conscience shall direct—while he is taught that his brother is left the same freedom.

And as public opinion becomes further enlightened, and the public heart more purified and humanized, there is the great principle still, capable of further extension, of minuter and more varied application, even to the utmost telescopic extent, and to the most microscopic minuteness. None can ever travel beyond its light and guidance—none can find a specific case not embraced in its inculcations.

So with every question of morals brought before the Order for adjudication or scrutiny. Its principles being all general and universal, will ever be in the reach of the members for application. The limited standard of society now may be enlarged *ad infinitum*, as a better knowledge of our relations to God and man sheds its light on human duties and human responsibilities, and it will be found that our disciplinary moral code will grow with every growth and strengthen with every accession

of vigor made by the moral sense of the brotherhood. It is not a cast-iron standard, cooled in the moulds of contracted antiquity—not a petrification of past ages—but a living principle, capable of expansion, growth, and indefinite application to all future wants.

There can be but one cause for fear. As the extension or increased application of our principles depends upon the improvement of our new membership, we must guard against any ultra conservative or bigoted spirit. The world around us is rapidly progressing in ideas of humanity and benevolence—in morals and refinement. If we move not onward with it, in all these things, it will sweep past us, and ultimately leave us all behind. Our p ogressive members will not willingly be thus distanced: and if they cannot induce the Order to quicken its pace, they will quicken theirs, and leave the Order in the control of those who cling to abandoned customs and reprobate practices.

For this (by some, greatly apprehended) evil, our Order is forewarned and forearmed. It very wisely has provided that our offices of humanity and mutual relief in seasons of distress, shall not constitute the main aims and objects of our Order. Even *they* are to be considered only as a *means* to accomplish a higher and greater end.

The improvement and elevation of the character of our members—to imbue their minds with a higher and proper conception of their own capacities and powers for good, and to fill their souls with increased feelings of filial reverence for God and fraternal love and good will to man—these are the *great* aims and objects of Odd Fellowship. And if we steadily keep these in view, and follow on to attain them, we shall soon be and continue in advance of the world around us—free from all danger of standing still or retrograding in purity of life or benevolence of action. Let us never forget this high and holy end, but strive for it constantly as our greatest safeguard from all danger.—*Golden Rule.*

## OUR RESPONSIBILITIES.

BY REV. BRO. B. B. HALLOCK.

It will not be questioned that every citizen of the United States owes his government the allegiance of a true and respectful subject; every parent of a household owes his family protection and support. We would not conceal the fact from the members of our Lodges, we would not keep it from any who are about

to become members, that there are high and important duties and obligations connected with the Independent Order of Odd Fellows.

We wish no one to be deceived in this matter, or to deceive himself. A reception into this fraternity *does* increase our responsibilities; we become a member of an institution in which sinecures or drones should have no place; we are a band of "working men;" and every new member adds another link in the great chain of moral power and physical strength which is destined to encircle the globe and draw into one bond the whole human family. We wish then, that every individual who is expecting to become a member of our Order, would ask himself, seriously, something like the following questions: Am I willing to devote any time and labor to the alleviation of the sick and the dying? Can I keep a secret? Am I willing to take on myself new and higher responsibilities than I should have without this connection? Can I watch with the sick, aid in the protection and support of the widow and orphan, and sacrifice a portion of my time in promoting the interests of the institution? Can I meet with equanimity, the reproaches of my friends, the opposition perhaps of my own family, the railings and hard speeches of those who are my brethren in the church? We would not, for our right hand, be the means of keeping out from the Order *one* good man, but we wish to deal plainly and truly in this matter. We cannot promise to those who contemplate joining with us, nothing but ease and pleasure in health, and the best of attention when they may be sick and in distress, we have *work* for them, and there is ample opportunity for the exercise of talents of the best order, patience of the best kind, forbearance the most enduring, and fortitude the most unflinching. Is one a *lawyer*; we have business for him, "to plead the cause of the fatherless and the widow," and in regulating the business matters of the Lodge. Is he a *clergyman*; we want his example in all that dignifies and adorns the human character; we wish his services in promoting a cause which we consider second only to that which came down from Heaven to man, the *gospel Revelation*. We desire him to unite with us, because it may remove many of the prejudices of his pastoral flock; "like priest, like people," and if he dare venture to be an Odd Fellow, they may do the same. Is he a *physician*, he is the very man for us; we wish we had more of them; it would be a good plan to have all

our "Sick Committees" composed of this class, for they can judge better than others who should receive benefits. They might preserve our Lodges from any attempted imposition. Whoever may be disposed to join with us, whatever his profession or avocation, we wish it to be understood that he will find *employment*; not that kind which is always of the most lucrative nature; for he must calculate on doing much without any reference to the "dollars and cents." When called on, he must watch with the sick, "the livelong night," and perhaps he will need to bestow some attention in the day time; he may find it necessary to leave his business to attend the funeral of a deceased brother; he may be required to visit the sick once or more during the week; he will be required to attend his Lodge meetings, not once in three months, simply to pay his dues; but transact its business, attend to all its affairs, and aid in keeping it in a healthy and thriving condition. These are, then, responsibilities resting on every Odd Fellow which he should feel and appreciate; they who unite with us will take these responsibilities; let them be seen where they are not known; let them be attended to by all concerned where they are realized and recognized.

### ONWARD BROTHERS.

ONWARD BROTHERS! Duty calls you —

By the mystic word and sign —

Onward! evil ne'er befals you,  
In a warfare so divine.

Onward Brothers! There is sorrow

That your hands can surely quell;

Onward! wait not till the morrow —  
Do it now, and do it well.

Onward Brothers! There is mourning

Which your voices may assuage —

Onward, mercy's path adorning,  
Be the prop of drooping age.

Onward Brothers! There is weeping —

Wipe from every eye the tear;

Many poor are vigils keeping —  
Go, there sorrowing hearts to cheer.

Onward Brothers! Are you weary

Of the charge you did assume?

Onward, though the path be dreary,  
Onward! rest you in the tomb!

"FRIENDSHIP, LOVE AND TRUTH" shall light you,

In a path by brothers trod —

There no dangers e'er shall fright you —  
Onward! 'Tis the path of God.

One kind act does more towards softening man's stubborn nature than all the sour looks and harsh language ever used.

# The Ark.

ALEX. E. GLENN, Editor.

## GRAND LODGE OF OHIO.

ANNUAL SESSION.

The Right Worthy Grand Lodge of Ohio held its annual session for the year 1851, at Cincinnati, commencing on the 23d of January, and closing on the evening of the 27th, having been in session six days.

This was the first session held under the new Constitution, by which the legislative power of that body is composed of seventy-five Representatives, and the five elected Grand officers. By an error in the apportionment, but seventy-four Representatives were elected. All were present except one, who was kept at home by sickness in his family.

A large amount of business was transacted, a synopsis of the most important of which we propose to give.

The first day was devoted chiefly to the reception of certificates of Representatives, and of Past Grands. An important decision was made concerning the eligibility of Past Grands for Representatives, affecting many Past Grands in the State. The Constitution requires Representatives to have received, or be entitled to receive the Grand Lodge Degree, and all the Past Official Degrees. The objection was raised to the seat of a Representative, on the ground that he had not received, and was not entitled to the Past Secretary's Degree. A resolution was passed declaring that this provision did not affect Past Grands who had not received all the Degrees prior to the adoption of the present Constitution, and those who had not served as Secretary were permitted to retain their seats. An appeal from this decision was taken to the Grand Lodge of the United States.\*

The Grand Master submitted his annual report. This is an interesting paper, giving a detail of the proceedings of that officer during the year; the condition of the Order in the State, and making such recommendations as he deemed for the benefit of the Order. The duties of the Grand Master have been

very laborious, but Bro. EARL has discharged them in a manner highly satisfactory to the Order, and honorable to himself, and he retires with the best wishes and good-will of all.

During the year thirty-two Lodges were instituted, making one hundred and seventy-three in the State.

The report of the Grand Representatives was presented. This is another interesting and important paper, and reflects great credit upon our Grand Representatives. It gives in detail all the transactions of the Grand Lodge of the United States, of a general character.

The Grand Secretary also presented a report on matters connected with his office.

On the second day of the session Grand officers were elected. The result of the election was the choice of the following officers:

SAMUEL CRAIGHEAD, of Dayton, M.W. Grand Master.

SPENCER SHEARS, of Ashtabula, R.W. Deputy Grand Master.

WILLIAM F. SLATER, of Urbana, R.W. Grand Warden.

ALEX. E. GLENN, of Columbus, R.W. Grand Secretary.

MARK P. TAYLOR, of Cincinnati, R.W. Grand Treasurer.

WM. CHIDSEY, of Cincinnati, R.W. Grand Representative.

After the installation of the Grand Master he made the following appointments:

Rev. JOHN HAMILTON, of Massillon, Grand Chaplain.

CHARLES B. STICKNEY, of Norwalk, Grand Marshal.

ALEX. P. LEWIS, of Ripley, Grand Conductor.

L. JEFF. SPRENGLE, of Ashland, Grand Guardian.

STARK R. REED, of Cincinnati, Grand Messenger.

A select committee was appointed to which all matters relating to a removal of the Grand Lodge from Cincinnati to Columbus, was referred. That committee reported on the subject, in detail, and concluded with a resolution removing the Grand Lodge to Columbus, and permanently locating it there. Several efforts were made to amend the report by stri-

king out Columbus, and inserting Cincinnati—to ask the Grand Lodge of the United States to make it a movable body—to refer the subject back to the subordinate Lodges—but all were rejected, and the vote taken on the removal, and carried by a vote of ayes 46, noes 23. So that hereafter all sessions of the Grand Lodge are to be held at the city of Columbus.

The committee appointed at the semi-annual session held last July, to report what changes were necessary to the General Laws in order to dispense with the uniform Constitution of Subordinate Lodges, reported at great length, in the shape of a small book, containing all the laws and decisions now in force for the government of the Order in Ohio. It contains the Constitution and General Laws of the Grand Lodge; laws for the government of Past Grands when assembled in District Committees; for the government of Subordinate and Degree Lodges; with all decisions of a general character; the necessary forms of certificates, &c., and the funeral ceremony—in fine, as already stated, all laws now in force for the government of the Order in this jurisdiction.

Much time was consumed in considering the report. It was well matured, and finally adopted with a few alterations. It was ordered to be stereotyped and printed at the expense of the Grand Lodge, and furnished to the Subordinate Lodges at the rate of one copy for each member, and fifty additional copies, free of expense save transportation. It is already in the hands of the stereotypers and will be printed with all possible despatch. The Grand Secretary will notify the Lodges when it is ready for delivery.

The State was divided into sixty districts for the election of seventy-five Representatives to the next annual session. The ratio of representation is one Representative for one hundred and fifty-six members. The apportionment we believe to be a very fair one, and the committee did all in their power to make it satisfactory to all. Some may be dissatisfied with their districts, but we question much if it could be made more satisfactory. It is a very difficult matter to arrange Lodges

in a manner to please all, and, indeed, in some cases strict justice may not be done; yet it could not be avoided.

Charters were granted for fifteen subordinate Lodges, to be located at the following places:

Jamestown, Greene county;  
Martinsville, Clinton county;  
Franklin Mills, Portage county;  
Dalton, Wayne county;  
Boston, Clermont county;  
Piqua, Miami county;  
Barnesville, Belmont county;  
Lockland, Hamilton county;  
Thornville, Perry county;  
Dresden, Muskingum county;  
Mersailles, Wyandot county;  
Four in the city of Cincinnati.

A number of Charters were granted conditionally. Those who have not obtained the recommendation and approval of the District Past Grands, are required to obtain the same and furnish it to the Grand Master before he institutes the Lodge.

The price of cards furnished to the Lodges by the Grand Secretary was fixed as follows: for travelling and final cards, 12½ cents; for cards for wives and widows of Odd Fellows, 6½ cents; and the Grand Secretary was directed to require cash for all cards, odes, &c., furnished to the Lodges.

The Grand Secretary was directed to furnish to the Lodges, within three months, a statement of their accounts, and require immediate payment from those in arrears.

A large amount of business was transacted, and more appeals and matters of grievance disposed of than at any former session. The committees on Appeals, on Grievances, on the State of the Order, on Apportionment, on semi-annual Reports, and on Elections, had a laborious task, and they deserve the thanks of the Order for the manner in which they discharged their duties.

One thousand copies of the proceedings were ordered to be printed, and three copies furnished to each Lodge, one copy to each D. D. Grand Master, and a copy to each officer and Representative of the session. Past

Grands are not to be furnished with copies as formerly.

The proceedings are now in the hands of the printer, and will be printed with all possible despatch.

The session was a harmonious one, and the proceedings characterized by as great a degree of brotherly love and good feeling as ever attended the deliberations of any body of men. The Representatives were very punctual in their attendance; and few were absent at any time. The adjournment and parting was one of great good feeling, such as was worthy of good Odd Fellows.

The exciting question of the session—the removal of the Grand Lodge—was disposed of without any particular excitement; and now, entertaining the hope that the deliberations of the late session will prove beneficial to our jurisdiction and tend to advance the onward march of the Order amongst us—having no questions to mar our harmony or disturb the good feeling that ought to prevail among us, we expect to see Odd Fellowship take rank the first and foremost in diffusing the principles of benevolence, charity and brotherly love in this great and glorious Buckeye State!

#### ENCAMPMENT MATTERS.

The Grand Encampment of Ohio held a session on the 20th of January. But little business was transacted except the granting of Charters, in which the Grand Encampment was quite liberal. Charters were granted for subordinate Encampments as follows:

One in the city of Cincinnati;  
Painesville, Lake county;  
Monroeville, Huron county;  
Upper Sandusky, Wyandot county;  
Marion, Marion county;  
Bridgeport, Belmont county;  
Ripley, Brown county;  
Amelia, Clermont county;  
Batavia, Clermont county.

Jabel Encampment, No. 41, at its own request, was removed from Mt. Pleasant to St. Clairsville.

There seems to be but little interest mani-

festated in the affairs of the Grand Encampment; and as a consequence they are in a very deranged condition. It seems impossible for the Grand Scribe and a committee appointed to examine into its financial affairs, so far as we can learn, to find "head or tail" to its condition. A former Grand Scribe, whose accounts are unsettled, and funds that came into his hands unaccounted for, is permitted to pass along unmolested, and no one has the courage to call him to account. No wonder under such a state of things, that those who really have the good of the Patriarchal branch at heart, and wish to see its beauty preserved, desire it merged into the care and keeping of the Lodges.

We are told that many of the subordinate Encampments have failed to comply with the urgent requests of the committee already named, to furnish a statement of their accounts with the Grand Encampment.

When we were elected Grand Patriarch we determined to use all our energies to create an interest in this department of the Order; but we find it useless to attempt it when we can have no aid from any quarter. Yet we still hope to see a better state of things—to effect which an interest must be created in the Grand Encampment. While whole evenings are consumed in debating some trivial questions, and no measures taken to bring delinquents to account, we imagine the work and interest of the subordinates will not be revived.

We make these remarks more for the benefit of those who have condemned us for advocating the abolishment of Encampments, than in any spirit of fault-finding. We wish they would advise how matters can be mended.

**APOLOGY.**—We stated in our last that the February number would be behind its time. We did not, however, expect it to be so late, but it is no fault of ours. We hope soon to be as punctual on the first of the month as in times past. We must apologize to numerous friends for neglecting their favors. Our official duties have required all our attention, and as soon as we can get a little leisure, we will bring up all our correspondence.

OUR CORRESPONDENTS.—The correspondents of The Ark have never been very numerous, but we can boast of a few excellent and able ones. Bro. S. L. ADAMS has enriched our pages with some superior productions, and we venture to assert that the story from his pen which is commenced in this number, is superior to any story on Odd Fellowship yet written. We hope no one will pass it by without a perusal.

Mrs. M. L. GARDINER has not, we hope, deserted us. We are under many obligations to her for past favors, and we wish it were in our power to testify this in a more substantial manner. No lady has written more articles in favor of our Order, nor better articles. Her productions are ever interesting.

During the past year we have had several excellent articles, in prose and poetry, sent us by Mrs. B. G. BUSHNELL; and our readers have not failed to discover that they have all been ably written. No pen has ever been wielded with a greater desire to promote the principles of Odd Fellowship, than the one wielded by this estimable and talented lady. At all times, and upon all occasions, she is ready and able to defend us; and no one could be more devoted to the Order. She sets an example that hundreds of Odd Fellows might follow without any disparagement to themselves. Mrs. B. is worthy the kind regard of all good Odd Fellows, and we commend her to their kindness and friendship.

Miss M. E. WILSON is another of our lady correspondents of whom we feel proud. Her productions are of the first order of talent, and give evidence of a gifted intellect. We hope to hear from her often, and we know our readers will all join us in this desire.

Bro. S. D. HARRIS has occasionally contributed excellent articles. We wish we could hear from him oftener.

A. J. H. of Fort Wayne, will please accept our thanks for the interesting productions of his pen.

We hope to hear again, ere long, from our good Bro. David. No one is more welcome to our pages. He has duties to perform that requires all his time at present, but we trust he will have more leisure by and by.

#### AN IMPOSTER ABROAD.

In May, 1850, a scoundrel of good address, succeeded in palming himself off upon some unsuspecting Brothers at Gallipolis, Ohio, and by false pretences, obtained two or three final cards, and went on down the river. We have recently heard that he has been imposing himself upon Lodges in Missouri, with the final card of *S. Bateman*, and obtaining funds. The card was issued by Adelphi Lodge, No. 114, of Ohio, and some of the Missouri Lodges have been writing to said Lodge to refund the amount advanced to this swindler. Lodges ought to be aware that they cannot claim the amount advanced on a *final* card. If they give any thing in such cases, it is at their own risk. If this card should be presented to any Lodge after seeing this notice, it should be retained, and the scoundrel arrested as a swindler. We regret we cannot give a full description of his person. We shall endeavor to do so in the next number.

THOMAS J. MELVIN.—This brother applied to us for an agency for The Ark, and gave good recommendations. He is or was a member of the Lodge at Terre Haute, Ind., and represented himself as a Mason—said he was agent for the Masonic Review, and was selling Masonic books. We have not had a word from him since we sent him the agency; but we have a letter from Illinois, stating that a number of persons had paid him for The Ark—that he had promised it in a short time, &c. We have written to his Lodge, but get no reply. *His agency is revoked*, and if this meets his eye, he will please explain his conduct.

✂ We are unable as yet to decide who will receive our premiums, but the matter will receive early attention. If we have overlooked any one in sending the Digest, or the volume for 1848, we hope we will be advised of it. We think it not improbable in the mass of business on our hands, that we may have neglected some Brothers. If so, we beg pardon; and ask to be notified of it at our expense.

We will continue to send the Digest, or the volume for 1848, to any one sending us five dollars and five new subscribers.



## A GOOD LETTER.

We have many friends—whole-souled and warm hearted friends—friends not of an hour or a day—those that stick closer than a Brother—friends in sunshine and in storm! We are proud of them, and we have reason to be so, for they are friends from the natural goodness of their hearts, unpurchased and unpurchasable. Well, among the number is Bro. Jos. Todd—"JOE," as he often writes himself. We were friends long before we looked each other in the face, or grasped each other by the hand, in that way which none but true Odd Fellows know how to grasp. We have received many tokens of his regard, and many kind letters from his pen. We have one before us now, dated late in December last, from which we make an extract. Our Brother understands the Boatman's language well, and our readers will be pleased with what follows. We give it without further remarks:

"DEAR SIR AND BRO—After a long silence, I again send you a few lines, with the 'list of passengers' who have engaged state-rooms on board of 'The Ark' for the next trip. She is to start, I believe, on the first of next month; at least I have so stated in the bills which have been 'stuck up' about this little village of 10,000 souls. Some of them have traveled with you before, and say the accommodations are good; some say excellent, while others say they cannot be beat by any other 'craft;' and so they are willing to take passage with you for another trip. Some of them are young, (initiates,) and very timid, but with a little encouragement from older ones, they have consented to make the trip. Some of them, as you will see by the Register, have paid their fare in advance; others will pay up when we get under way, and the hurry and bustle in starting is over. Some who have had running accounts have paid the old bill, and made a new start. Others, are those careless sort of folks who don't settle until the end of the trip; and others, if they can slip by the clerks, in any way, they won't pay at all; but I think 'The Ark' is in safe hands now, with an old and experienced 'Commander,' and with as good a 'clerk' as Bro. ——— appears to be, the owner of the vessel will not loose very much in the way of passengers slipping off without *paying* their bill. Those whose names are on the list are all of the right sort, and I think will not try such a caper."

## BENEFITS.

In our last number we published an article on the subject of paying benefits to Brothers changing their membership from one Lodge to another. We regret that our Grand Lodge did not make provision for such cases. It is but sheer justice to Brothers that something of the kind should be done.

Our esteemed brother, Jos. Todd, of Madison, Ind., writes us as follows, in regard to changing membership in Indiana:

"Now the way we do things in Hoosierdom is this—Where a member of a Lodge applies for a final card, it is granted, if there are no objections, and the Lodge so granting is bound to the withdrawing Brother for benefits for six months, should he become sick or disabled, as though he was still a member of the Lodge. The reason for so doing is a good one. The Brother was once a probationary member, and that is all the laws require, This is only intended, however, when a Brother deposits in this State. I cannot inform you how it works if he should deposit in another State."

NEW ENCAMPMENT.—Queen City Encampment, No. 43, was instituted at Cincinnati, on the 31st of January last, by P.P. David T. Snelbaker, Special Deputy, assisted by Grand Scribe, A. R. Foote, Grand J.W. Stark R. Reed, and others. The following are the officers: Israel Price, CP; William Miller, HP; William Steele, SW; Robert C Hazlewood, Scribe; James Cooper, Treas'r; Darlington Gray, JW. Bro. Snelbaker, in his official report, says: "Eighteen of the petitioners were present, all having the necessary qualifications, most of whom are Patriarchs in every sense of the word, and particularly as to the length of time they have been members and Patriarchs of our beloved Order. The utmost harmony and good feeling prevailed. A large number of Patriarchs from other Encampments were in attendance to participate in the interesting ceremonies, and Queen City Encampment pitched its tent under the most flattering auspices. Several Brothers made application for membership."

## NOBLE CONDUCT.

The Tiffin Whig relates the following generous and noble conduct on the part of Bro. William L. Hazen, a conductor on the Little Miami Railroad. We are pleased to record it, and hope that others who have charge of public conveyances may read it and profit by the example. Bro. Hazen has a true Odd Fellow's heart, that feels for the woes and distress of his fellow men, and is imbued with that true benevolence which our Order inculcates. Let all read what follows:

"After leaving Springfield, nothing of interest transpired, until the conductor, Wm. L. Hazen, Esq., began to gather up the passage fees, and as he politely waited upon one after another, all seemed to have the ready and were not backward in forking over at the request, until at length he reached a seat in which was sitting a female—commonly yet neatly clad—with a sorrowful countenance, holding a small and very sick child in her arms, while two more sat by her side, evidently exhibiting that poverty—the sister of us all—was denying them of even the necessities of life.

When the lady (for such she gave good evidence) was asked for her passage money, she reached to the conductor three dollars, saying "this is all I have." He refused to take it and passed on. In a short time he returned, and on inquiring of the lady concerning her condition, found that she was a poor woman who had left Rochester, New York, some ten days before, to go to her husband in Frankfort, Kentucky. Her husband had forwarded to her twenty dollars for that purpose. On receiving it she immediately left Rochester to visit him. When she arrived at Sandusky city, her child took sick, and she was obliged to stay there a whole week. A part of her scanty means she paid there as a doctor bill and tavern expenses. Finding her means dwindling away, and fearing she might be left there at the mercy of strangers, she thought it prudent to pursue her journey as far as her means would carry her; and after getting a ticket for herself and children, for which she paid \$8 to Springfield, she left Sandusky City on the cars; and on reaching Springfield got into the cars again bound for Cincinnati.

The conductor, after satisfying himself concerning her circumstances, and the truth of her story, and the standing of her character,

not only refused to take anything for her passage down to Cincinnati, but immediately went to raising contributions to relieve her from her distressed condition. (Noble act! Would to God we had more men in like stations.) The result was that in a few moments \$9.40 was placed in her hands by contributions from passengers—the conductor also throwing in his mite—her expenses borne over night at Cincinnati, and her passage secured free upon a boat running from Cincinnati to Frankfort. And here we would not forget to notice the liberality of W. H. Haycock, Esq., proprietor of the Morrow House, Morrow, Ohio, toward this same lady. He furnished her and her children their suppers free of charge, and of the best that his table afforded.

GRAND SIRE ELECT.—The Golden Rule of Feb. 1, contains quite a lengthy biographical sketch of the Grand Sire elect, P.G.M. WILLIAM W. MOORE, of the District of Columbia. We shall transfer a portion of it to our pages, omitting, of course, the *wood cut picture*, which accompanies it, purporting to be a likeness of Bro. Moore. If it resembles him at all, we must say he has sadly changed for the worse (in looks) in the last four years. It resembles him about as much as the Golden Rule editor resembles Count D'Orsay! This *wood picture* business is mere clap-trap, much used by our eastern periodicals; and one picture, with a slight touch of the graver, often answers for several persons, the good man and the bad—the philanthropist and the quack—the minister and the murderer, &c., &c. We are sorry to see our good Brother of The Token go to the expense of *such* a likeness of Bro. Moore!

WESTERN HORTICULTURAL REVIEW.—The 5th No. of this work, (for February) has been received, and is a valuable number. In our judgment it improves with each issue, and Dr. WARDER proves himself in every way competent to conduct such a work. We earnestly hope it is receiving a patronage commensurate with its merits. It will be a burning shame on the horticultural friends of the West if it does not receive a very wide circulation. The price is \$3 per annum. Address Dr. John A. Warder, Cincinnati.

# "THE STATE OF THE ORDER."

RAVENNA, Dec. 27, 1850.

DEAR BRO. GLENN: By virtue of a commission from our M. W. Grand Master, I instituted Geauga Lodge, No. 171, at East Claridon, Geauga county, on the evening of the 3d inst. Seven petitioners were present. The officers elected were Wanton Hathaway, N.G.; T. W. Ensign, V.G.; Warren Heaton, Sec'y; C. C. Field, Per. Sec'y; Royal Dow, Treasurer. After the installation of officers two gentlemen were initiated into the mysteries, and one Brother admitted on card. The ceremonies were very interesting, and what added much to the interest of the occasion was a large attendance of Brothers from Northern Light, Grand River, and Ashtabula Lodges; and I take this occasion to return my thanks to the Brothers for their assistance and kind attention; and particularly to P.G.'s J. A. Potter and M. L. Root of Northern Light Lodge, and P.G. D. R. Paige and H. F. Newcomb of No. 57, and P.G. Spencer Shears, of No. 59. I was particularly interested in the delivery of the Past Grand's charge by P. G. Landon Smith of No. 64. It was perfectly committed, and delivered in an impressive manner. The new Lodge starts under favorable circumstances. The petitioners are very worthy Brothers, and manifested a great interest in the instructions given them; and I am fully satisfied that the Lodge is in good hands and will prosper.

Fraternally yours,

HORACE Y. BEEBE, Sp. Dep.

RAVENNA, Jan. 14, 1851.

DEAR BRO. GLENN—By virtue of a commission from the M. W. Grand Master, on the 8th of January I instituted Rising Star Lodge, No. 171, at Austinburgh, Ashtabula county. The officers for the present term are Aaron Watrous, Jr. N.G.; Phineas Pierce, V.G.; Theophilus Baldwin, Sec'y; and Edward A. Wright, Treasurer. Five members were added to this Lodge by initiation, which was conducted in an excellent manner.

Under a dispensation from the District Past Grands the new Lodge had a public procession, and an address by Bro. Mason King of Ashtabula. The citizens manifested their interest on the occasion by listening attentively. Bro. King acquitted himself well; his address was excellent, and no doubt will prove beneficial to the Order in Austinburgh. The exercises were rendered very interesting by the unusu-

ally large attendance of visiting Brothers, there being over *one hundred* present, to all of whom I return my warmest thanks. The night of meeting is Thursday.

On the 9th inst., I instituted Elba Lodge, No. 173, at Pierpont, Ashtabula county. The officers are Johiel G. Dewey, N.G.; Salmon Ashley, V.G.; John Dildine, Sec'y; and David Matthews, Treas'r. One member was received by initiation. This Lodge is not as favorably situated as Rising Star Lodge. The population is small and scattered, and a strong opposition may be expected. Still I *hope* the Brothers will be able to build up a Lodge that will be a credit to themselves and the Order at large. To the Brothers from this State and from Pennsylvania who were present and assisted me, I return my sincere thanks. The night of meeting is Saturday.

Fraternally yours,

HORACE Y. BEEBE, Sp. Dep.

AARONSVILLE, ILL., Dec. 12, 1850.

BRO. GLENN—A new Lodge called "Stranger's Refuge," was instituted in this place on the 4th of this month, by Bro. Lord, D.D.G. M., assisted by Bro. Hicks and others of Jacksonville. The officers of the Lodge are E. M. Wiswell, N.G.; J. B. Glass, V.G.; O. B. Wilson, Sec'y; Wm. Clark, Treas'r. After the installation a procession was formed, and preceded by the Bethel Brass Band, marched to the church, where a large concourse of people had assembled. An address was delivered by Bro. G. F. Turner, of Carrolton, which was interesting and eloquent, and gave full satisfaction to all present. In the evening four persons were initiated. All the proceedings passed off most agreeably. Many strange Brothers were present, who bore ample testimony to the generous hospitality of the people of Aaronsville, and all went away delighted.

It is confidently believed that the new Lodge will be a flourishing branch of the Order; and contribute its full share in disseminating the great principles of Friendship, Love and Truth. Yours fraternally,

E. M. WISWELL.

RURAL LODGE, No. 157.—The officers for the present term are A. W. Hawley, N.G.; J. B. Millhouse, V.G.; C. H. Trimble, Sec'y; W. Talley, Treas'r. Our Lodge was organized on the 13th of June last, and we now number nineteen members. We grow slowly, but have good material. J.B.M.

BELOIT, WIS., Dec. 20, 1850.

BRO. GLENN—Beloit Encampment, No. 7, was instituted at Beloit, Rock county, on the 17th inst., by Grand Pat. W. F. Hatch, assisted by Grand Master Hinsdale, and a large delegation from Janesville. The officers installed were B. C. Sewell, C.P.; Edwin Bicknell, H.P.; W. H. Howard, S.W.; W. Basten, Scribe; D. C. Manchester, Treas'r; A. Lancaster, J.W. Five candidates were initiated and exalted. The Brothers having charge of the Charter are good men and true; and I have no doubt their Encampment will stand in the front rank of prosperity. They have two Lodges at Beloit, and the best of materials for an Encampment.

Yours fraternally,

C. C. CHENEY, D.D.G.P.

KANAWHA, VA.—I am happy to inform you that Kanawha Lodge, No. 73, is now in a very prosperous condition. Our Lodge was instituted the 28th day of December, 1848, leaving us at work but two years. We now number seventy-six members, all good and true, and of the right sort to do credit to our Order. Our meetings are well attended, and the brothers all appear to take deep interest in the work of the Order. The greatest strife among our brothers appears to be to see which shall outstrip the others in the knowledge appertaining to the principles and mysteries of our beloved Order. Our officers for the ensuing term are S. A. Miller, N.G.; D. M. Snyder, V.G.; Andrew Parks, Sec'y; James C. Shanacks, Per. Sec'y; O. Wilson, Treas'r. Our meetings are held every Tuesday evening.

D.H.E.

WEST UNION, OHIO.—Our Lodge commences the new year under favorable prospects, and we hope by the close of the present term to be able to give a better account of ourselves than the last term. The officers for the present term are Wilson Prather, N. G.; William M. Meek, V.G.; John Harsha, Sec'y; George M. Lafferty, Treasurer. We have the petitions of three men, good and true, two of whom have been elected, and will we expect be initiated at our next meeting.

F. S.

BURLINGTON, IND.—Our Lodge, (Burlington, No. 77,) is in a flourishing condition. It was instituted February 4, 1850, and has now 17 members. Our village is small, but is improving.

J.M.L.

LEXINGTON, OHIO.—It is now nearly two years since the institution of this beloved branch of our Order in this place, during which time over fifty choice spirits have been admitted, advanced and exalted to the bosom of our "Wyanooske family." I take great pleasure in assuring you that perfect peace, harmony, brotherly love, and good will towards one another, exists within the breasts of every Wyanooskean, and whose ruling passion ever has been in the promotion of the noble objects of our institution. Ever will we, by the faithful discharge of our several duties and obligations, and by the practice of the principles of peace, declare to the world that we are Odd Fellows, "in deed and in truth." Ever will be found in our midst a Lodge where a Brother sick or in distress, may find relief, and a tent where the weary may find rest.

Our officers are Albert Culp, N.G.; James A. Boggs, V.G.; John Clough, Sec'y; Charles McClung, Per. Sec'y; Samuel Wilkinson, Treas'r.

A.C.

CHESTER, ILL.—Our Lodge, (Chester, No. 57,) is in a flourishing condition, notwithstanding the heavy misfortune that befel us in April last, by the burning of our Hall. Besides the entire and total loss of all our property, books, money, &c., one of our Brothers, W. L. Morris, was killed by a wall falling upon him. We have recovered our former situation, and are now in good working order. During the last term, we initiated nine—our revenue amounted to about \$200 and we paid \$36 for funeral and sick benefits. We have now thirty-three contributing members.

Our officers for the present term are E. Leavenworth, N.G.; Wm. McKay, V.G.; B. J. F. Hanna, Sec'y; C. T. Jones, Per. Sec'y; J. H. Stayton, Treas'r.

B.J.F.H.

LEXINGTON, MO.—I find two very flourishing Lodges in Lexington. The members take a very deep interest in the cause, and are of the very best standing in the country. The beauty of their work is in not using any books; and there is such perfect harmony between the two Lodges that the members of each Lodge visits the other almost as often as their own, and I am very much in hopes I will soon feel as much at home as in Amulet, No. 57, of Kentucky, were the hours I spent were the happiest of my life.

S.B.

**CONGRATULATIONS.**—From all sections of the State we have received letters congratulating us on our recent re-election to the office of Grand Secretary; and many of our Brothers of the Press have noticed it in the most friendly and complimentary manner. We would not mention this matter thus publicly if we did not feel called upon to do so; and we take occasion to tender to all our most sincere and heartfelt thanks for their friendship and good will; and we assure all that we shall use every effort and every energy to merit their esteem, by making a prompt officer, and attending faithfully to our duties.

**WHEELING, VA.**—There are five Lodges of our Order in Wheeling, Va., with a membership of seven hundred. There is also one Encampment, which is largely attended, and highly prosperous. The Order in that city, as everywhere else, enjoys great respectability and moves forward in the great work of benevolence and charity with one mind and purpose. Whilst there, a few days since, we had the pleasure of visiting two of the Lodges, and were much gratified by what we saw and heard. Our stay was necessarily brief, and prevented us from meeting with the other Lodges of the place. The kindness and attention of the brethren generally, during our sojourn, is gratefully acknowledged; and we trust to be able to repay them with more than empty thanks.—*Taken.*

**THE ORDER IS ADVANCING.**—It is often asserted that Odd Fellowship has reached its culminating point, and is now on the wane, but the assertion is false, and those who make it ought to know better. In some places the Order may have fallen off, and this is taken as a proof that it is the same in other places. Such is not the fact. Where one member has withdrawn from the Order, or where one Lodge has been discontinued, ten members have joined, and almost an equal proportion of Lodges have been instituted. This is conclusively shown by the annual statistical report of the whole Order acting under the jurisdiction of the Grand Lodge of the United States. Letters recently received from our agents and correspondents in different parts of the country, represent the Order in a healthful and flourishing condition. Indeed, we see no good reason why it should not be, nor that it should not continue to prosper.

The principles which it inculcates are no less commendable, and the benefits to be derived from an association with it no less desirable, than they have ever been.—*Boston Odd Fellow.*

**HARMAR, OHIO.**—Our officers for the present term are Asa Soule, N.G.; J. G. Hall, V. G.; W. L. McCowan, Per. Sec'y; George W. Richards, Sec'y; Joseph Rumfold, Treas'r; and while our Lodge is managed by such men I have no doubt but it will continue to prosper. We number thirty-three members, mostly good and true men. w.c.o.

**NORTH STAR LODGE, No. 122.**—The officers for the present term are A. J. Coit, N.G.; Lucas Foote, V.G.; S. Buchanan, Per. Sec'y; A. B. Bartow, Sec'y; C. P. Irwin Treas'r.

### MARRIED.

At Hamilton, Ohio, December 26, 1850, by the Rev. Wm. H. Lawder, Bro. OLIVER P. COONS, of Washington Lodge, No. 2, Cincinnati, to Miss JANE F. WISE, both of Hamilton.

At Lafayette, Ind., Oct. 31, 1850, by the Rev. J. N. Candee, Bro. JOHN AUSTIN of Friendship Lodge, No. 22, to Miss CYRENA F. CLARK, both of Lafayette.

At Bellville, Ohio, December 22, 1850, by Rev. Bro. G. R. Brown, Bro. WESLEY M. WHITE of Central Lodge, No. 23, (formerly of Montpelier, Vt.), to Miss ELLEN R. YOUNG, of Belfast, Maine.

At Steubenville, Ohio, Jan. 14, 1851, by Rev. Bro. J. H. Hamilton, Bro. J. O. STEWART, P.G. of Union Lodge, No. 12, to Miss REBECCA J. KELLER, both of Warrenton. At Burlington, Iowa, Oct. 15, 1850, by Rev. Bro. L. B. Dennis, Bro. WM. D. MCCORD, P.G. of Washington Lodge, No. 1, to Miss ANN VIRGINIA JONES, both of Burlington.

At the same place, Dec. 4, 1850, by the same, Bro. ISAAC B. DEMOTT, of Washington Lodge, No. 1, to Mrs. MARGARET ANN MOCK, both of Burlington.

At Tecumseh, Mich., December 23, 1850, by Charles Hewitt, Esq., Bro. F. R. WARREN, N.G. of Sylvania Lodge, No. 120, to Miss JULIA HARWOOD, R.S. of Sylvania Association, No. 3, Order of Philozatheans.

At Wilmington, Ohio, December 30, 1850, by Rev. Samuel Miller, Bro. GEORGE S. HILL, M. D., of Eureka Lodge, No. 106, Florence, Ohio, to Miss LOUISE FARQUHAR, of the former place.

### DIED,

At Sylvania, Ohio, December 20, 1850, of consumption, CHLPE, wife of Bro. Wm. B. Warren, of Sylvania Lodge, No. 120, and Past R.S. of Sylvania Association, No. 3, O. of P., aged 28 years and 4 months.

At New Orleans, December 22, 1850, P.G. JAMES MCGRAIN, of Azur Lodge, No. 25, Louisville, Ky. At Lexington, Ky., January 14, 1851, Mrs. JULIA D. CLIFFORD EVENS, wife of Dr. G. W. Evens, P.G. of Lexington.

### EXPULSION.

F. A. Steel was expelled from Mount Vernon Lodge, No. 25, at Cornersville, Tenn., on the first of January, 1851, for conduct unbecoming a gentlemen and an Odd Fellow.

# THE ARK.

VOL. 8.

MARCH, 1851.

No. 3.

ORIGINAL.

## CHARLES STEDOM; OR, THE WEALTHY ODD FELLOW.

BY REV. SAMUEL L. ADAMS, P.G.H.P.

### CHAPTER III.

Charles Stedom and his father arrived in Boston, and in a few days the former was well accoutered for his southern expedition. A fine law library, clothes in abundance, his cards from the Odd Fellows, and near four hundred dollars in money.

There stood the father and his only son, hands closely clenched, looking each other steadfastly in the face—a noble tear standing in each eye, ready to escape on the first movement of the muscles of the face, each happy and each sad; the one rejoicing in a father's affection—the other rejoicing in the honor and integrity of a son, and sad to be so soon parted.

"Good bye, father!"

"Farewell, Charles," and tighter yet they clenched each other's hands. "Remember," continued the father, "the religion your mother has taught you, and practice the duties enjoined by the Odd Fellows; put your trust in God, and, my son, you will always have friends in heaven and on earth. You will then be a blessing to your race, and be blessed of your fellows. Go, Charles, and a father's prayers go with you."

Charles turned, walked away, and for the first time in his life he felt himself alone in the world, his back upon home, and all that was dear.

Mr. Stedom looked after his son in the pride of parental admiration, while he said to himself, "I have but little fear of that boy. Moral principle is so deeply fixed in his mind that I feel assured he will never disgrace his parents or his race; God bless him!"

The experience of our hero in his passage from Boston to New York convinced him that his best route would be by Buffalo, across the

lake, by railroad to the Queen City, and thence by river south. So off he started, and in due time he was on one of those majestic steamers which ply the lake between Buffalo and Sandusky City. It was now late in October; the weather was cold; and most of the passengers had gathered in groups in the saloon. The company was very good, employing their time in talking on subjects of improvement, all seeming to enjoy themselves well, little thinking that this was a world of sorrow.

"Is some one sick?" asked Charles Stedom of the steward, who came out of a state room with a spoon, cup of preserves, and a glass of water.

"Yes sir, and very sick too. I am afraid he'll hardly live till we get over."

In a moment more Charles was by the bed side of the sick man.

"Neighbor," said he, "I observed some one sick here. I have come in hoping that I might do something for you, or at least break the loneliness of the hours, for I know how lonely it is to be sick away from home."

Tears filled the sick man's eyes, for while Charles spoke he had by certain significant manual movements convinced the stranger that he who talked so much like a brother, was really a brother.

"I am much obliged to you, Brother; if you can endure the cold of this state-room, your company would be very acceptable. I have taken medicine, but the rolling of the boat sickens me; if my attention could be diverted from my condition I think I should be better."

"I will stay with you," said Charles; and so he did; nor did he leave him for days.

The next morning they were in Sandusky City, where they concluded to remain one day, and recruit a little before encountering the fatigue of two hundred and eighteen miles ride on the railroad. A physician was consulted, and the stranger was thought to be better on the following morning.

This stranger was a Mr. Jones of Shreve-

port, in Louisiana, who had been to New York to superintend their cotton interest, and was returning home. He was a man of great wealth, and of large family connections, but now he was away from home and friends, sick and lonely. But being an Odd Fellow he found a brother whom he had never seen before, and whose name was new to him. About five o'clock the next morning, Charles and his sick brother set out for the "cars," in an omnibus, and soon were comfortably seated and away they went. A heavy rain set in, and the wiseacres declared it had just commenced in such a manner as to continue all day. On they went at rapid rate, not heeding the storm that at times was really furious. In one of those dismal forests, that every traveler has observed, who has ever passed over this great thoroughfare, between Carey and Kenton, they met a freight train which had the misfortune to miss its way, and took a sheer towards the woods. Here they were compelled to wait until the upward train should arrive, and the hurried, railroad like change was to be made regardless of rain or sickness. Mr. Jones found himself so much fatigued and so weak that he could not walk alone, and Charles found that he could not support him alone and keep him dry, for the clayey banks had been rendered so slippery by the rain and walking of passengers, and the men of the train, that it was quite difficult for an able bodied man to get along. Charles bethought there might be another Brother in the crowd, so to attract the attention of all in another direction, while he should give his sign of distress, he remarked that there was little appearance of the heavens giving ear to our difficulties, and unless we help one another we shall not get along well. Just at this moment stepped up a large, fine, portly looking man, who said, "Can't I help you some with your sick friend?"

"Yes sir, if you will be so kind," said Charles.

"You must excuse me, for not offering my services sooner, but I felt backward about it, until you opened the way and showed me that I had the right, and was approaching a Brother in distress."

With this assistance Mr. Jones was soon seated once more in the "car," his head reclining upon Charles's breast, while our newly introduced Brother sat by looking steadily into the sick man's face.

"How far are you travelling?" said he, addressing the sick man.

"I am trying to get home, away down south, but I fear I shall never get there. I should never have reached thus far but for the timely aid this stranger Brother has so kindly afforded me;" at the same time looking gratefully into Charles's face.

"You had better stop with us. I live in Urbana, and we would like to give you a genuine exhibition of Odd Fellowship. It would be a great pleasure to us."

"I thank you, Brother;" said the sick man, bursting into tears. "I cannot express my admiration of our Order. I have loved it from the day I joined. I never had any idea that it would do me any good, but I thought that it might some day furnish me an opportunity of doing some poor stranger a kind service, but I have learned now by experience what Odd Fellowship taught me long ago: 'There is none so rich as but they may need a friend, and none so poor as but they may render efficient aid to a Brother in distress.' No, brother; I thank you; Brother Stedom is going South also, and I shall go on with him. If I can only get on board a steamboat I shall try to get on home as soon as possible."

We shall not pretend to describe Charles Stedom's feelings during these remarks of Mr. Jones. This thought was above the rest: "How glad I am that I am an Odd Fellow, although I am not conscious of having any more sympathy or kind feelings for my fellow men than I had before, yet I feel as though the teachings of the Order have systematized my feelings and made me more observant of the woes and distresses of my fellows. I have learned how to do good and be happy. O! what I would give if Pa was here!"

"Urbana!" cried the conductor.

"Well, if you cannot stop I must bid you farewell."

"Farewell, brother; if you should ever come to Shreveport, be sure and call on me. I shall never forget you."

We shall not follow our friends in the minutiae of the journey farther until they arrive at the Henrie House, in Cincinnati, whither they had been recommended by the Urbana brother.

They were shown to a comfortable room, and were followed by Kelsey himself, who said, "Gentlemen, any thing we can do for you will be done with pleasure; so don't hesitate to make your wants known."

Again Charles and Mr. Jones were alone, and it was agreed to send for a physician, but who should they send for. They knew no

one, and as Charles remarked a skillful one was necessary. At length it was agreed that they should send and hunt some Odd Fellow, who would get a good doctor.

So Charles went into the reception room, and the clerk stepped up to him. "Please register your names." He did so, and while writing he said to the clerk, "Can you show me to some member of an Odd Fellow's Lodge?"

"I am a real live one of that sort myself. Can I do anything for you in that line?" said George Cook. I might as well name him, for most of the Odd Fellows in Ohio know George Cook without telling his name, when he is spoken of by his 'sayings and doings.'

"Yes, sir. The brother that I came with is very sick, and needs a physician, and we wish to have one on whom we can depend; so recommend us to a skillful one, will you?"

"I will that. And you want some of the boys to stay with him to night. You look worn out, and need sleep. It is our Lodge night, and Lodge I don't believe is out yet. It's only a square and a half to the hall. And I tell you the 'Magnolias' are in full bloom. Let us go round there; it will be the shortest way to get all done."

In five minutes more they were in the Lodge room of Magnolia Lodge, which, true enough, is always in full bloom. May she long bloom and as often heretofore may she continue to furnish a sweet repose to the weary, sick Odd Fellow.

The Doctor was there, and soon enough brothers and the aforesaid Doctor were in No. 73, ministering to the sick.

We will not tell the history of that night. Odd Fellows can imagine very easily and accurately how it was, and the uninitiated would say it is all romance, so I will forbear.

More than a week rolled away ere Mr. Jones was considered well enough to start. Charles had stayed with him, and had enjoyed the consciousness of being a blessing. They were soon on their way once more and Mr. Jones grew better every day. Charles and he talked freely, gave histories of themselves to each other, which were mutually interesting; and one day while engaged in this kind of friendly interchange, Mr. Jones said to Charles,

"Why not go home with me and settle in Shreveport? I assure you it will not only be my pleasure to serve you any way I can, but my duty also."

"No; I am obliged to you for your kindness, but I have my plan and do not wish to

swerve from its general outlines. When I was a boy studying grammar in old Kirkham, there was a sentence we used to parse that has been useful to me all my life as a motto, and it has aided me much. I will not forsake it now."

"What is that?" inquired Mr. Jones.

"I shall never forget it. It was this: 'He who every morning plans the transactions of the day, and follows out that plan, carries on a thread that will guide him through the labyrinth of the most busy life.'"

"The motto is an excellent one. I would love dearly to have you go with me, but I will not persuade you to, seeing your plan is so well matured and actuated by so good a rule."

We introduce this little conversation just to show the kind of schooling our hero had given himself, which so eminently qualified him for a useful and successful life.

Charles and Mr. Jones took affectionate leave of each other at the mouth of Red river, and Charles pursued his journey by the same boat to New Orleans. On arriving Charles read in a Mobile paper the following advertisement:

"WANTED—A young man of accomplished manners and finished education to take charge of five boys, brothers, at their father's house near Babourville, Wilcox county, Alabama. The employer can be seen by calling at room No. 17, City Hotel, Mobile, any time between four and five o'clock for the next ten days. X. Y."

"That sounds very much like the very place I am looking for," thought Charles. "Dated just three days ago. I'll go over, and as to the 'accomplished' part, I will let him see for himself; and as to education I have some confidence in that. If he wants the accomplishments of a French fop or dancing master, I will not suit him, nor will he suit me."

Two days after Charles Stedom sent his card to No. 17, City Hotel, Mobile, and was received as an applicant for the place of private instructor to the sons of Judge Stokes, who had just been elected to Congress, and wished to procure his instructor before he started. An hour's conversation and mutual inquiry convinced these parties that it was a 'hit,' and before supper Charles had concluded a contract going through two years, at eight hundred dollars per annum.

The next day Charles and Judge Stokes set out for his princely mansion, on the banks of the Alabama river, where they arrived on the following day. Charles was introduced into the family, where he was to shape things for the next two years. His study, the school-room, with all their appliances, were duly exhibited, much to Charles's liking.



The next morning Charles addressed his patron thus: "Judge, I suppose we had just as well go to work this morning and get a start."

"What! to-day? I thought you would want to spend a few days at least in looking at the country. I had thought of asking you to ride to Barbourville and see the place, and make the acquaintance of some of the young men."

"I think," replied Charles modestly, "we had better go to work this morning. I wish the young gentlemen to feel that it is business before pleasure with me; and they will soon learn that it must be so with them."

"Very well," said the Judge. A servant was ordered to arrange every thing in the studio and school-room, as his Master Stedom should direct; and his Master Stedom was told that the boy, Mose, would be at his service.

By eleven o'clock Charles Stedom was in full possession of the boys, and school-room, the private instructor of Judge Stokes.

#### CHAPTER IV.

"I have a letter from Charles—a long one too; it is more in the shape of his daily journal than any thing else," said Mr. Stedom, the father of Charles, to his wife, as he entered the house on his return from the village.

"Well read it to me. Is he well?"

"Yes; never in better health. I have not read it myself. It is very long; eight pages of fools-cap. The girls will be home to-night to set till bed-time, and then we will all have it read together."

"Well, where is our dear boy? I am almost sorry that we let him go so far. We have enough for all our children without sending them out thus to struggle with the world," said the fond mother.

"I feel all you say to be true, my dear wife. Experience teaches a dear school, but her lessons are generally well learned and never forgotten. Perhaps the return we shall receive for his absence will more than repay our present deprivation."

Soon after dark the merry bells came jingling, and daughters and son-in-law were soon seated around a real New England fire. As a matter of course Charles and his letter were the first things that engaged attention. The letter was read by Lucy, the eldest of the sisters, during which reading not a word was spoken.

"I really believe that Pa and brother are both monomaniacs on the subject of Odd Fellowship," said Lucy; "and," continued she, "Pa has read Odd Fellows' books, magazines and constitutions, and the like, as though he was going to take up Odd Fellowship as a study, and a living. And Charles has written just as though he had not seen nor heard any thing but the Odd Fellows since he left home."

"Well," said the father, "by being an Odd Fellow he has been a Good Samaritan, and that is just what I want him to be whenever opportunity offers."

"But, father, what a vast deal of trouble and expense it was to Charles—a day in Sandusky City, and more than a week in Cincinnati, and it may be that that week will fill twenty just such situations as would suit Charles," said Mary, who, perhaps, loved money and ease to well.

"Yes," responded the father, "and it may be the means of getting him into the very place he wants. God sees to it that those who do their duty shall lose nothing by it. And then, Mary, you must remember that our rewards are not all for this world, and the Judge has said, 'inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, my disciples, ye have done it unto me.' It may be that Charles has invested a few dollars, but it is treasure laid up in heaven."

"But, Pa, could not Charles have been just as kind to that stranger without being an Odd Fellow?" said Lucy.

"Yes, my daughter, he could; but the question is 'would he have been?'"

"What, Mr. Stedom, you don't pretend to say that the Odd Fellows taught Charles more of his duty to his fellow men than we, with our Bibles in our hands, have taught him in all his life before?" said the good mother.

"No, my dear, not that. The secret of the success of Odd Fellowship is, that it organizes our charitable designs, and learns us *how* to do our duty, more than what our duty is. We often feel as though we would like to do something for suffering humanity, but do not know how to take hold of it. Odd Fellowship shows us how to do this. Now look at the manner in which Charles accosted the stranger on the steamboat; and how thoroughly the way was prepared for him to be a brother to the sick man. And look, also, to the gentleman that assisted him at the cars. Now, I have no doubt but that brother's heart yearned to assist that sick man, but he was natu-

rally a bashful man, and could not summon the fortitude to overcome that natural defect, until, by the instrumentality of Odd Fellowship, his way was opened, and then see how zealously he pursued his duty. You know how apt we are to say, 'well, let some one else do it now, and I will attend some other time.' If a Baptist, Methodist, or what not, let his own take care of him; and if he have none of these relations, we think, 'well, let the officers of the town take attend to him.' If he is rich, let him hire some one. Now, Odd Fellowship teaches us not to stop to enquire what religion, what his circumstances, but, does he suffer? can I relieve him? Odd Fellowship is eminently an operative society."

"But, do they always do their duty in these respects?" said Lucy.

"I do not believe that a single instance of failure is to be found in the history of the Order."

"Well, Pa," said Mary, "I'll tell you what I read in that bound volume of The Ark you lent me. The Editor complained of his brethren terribly, for not paying their subscription to his magazine. Some, he said, had taken it two or three years without paying him for it, and that some of them had moved away and left it laying in the post office, being in his debt."

"Well, Mary, I acknowledge your statement to be a poser. Facts are stubborn things and the matter you have spoken of is perfectly inexplicable to me. Charity would say, perhaps, it is thoughtlessness; well that is exceedingly reprehensible. Bating the flimsy palliation that it is carelessness, furnishes, it is rascality of the deepest dye; for every Odd Fellow, in addition to the common obligations of life, which would require him to pay the printer, has covenanted with his brother Odd Fellow not to wrong him, nor see him wronged, if in his power to prevent it. This glaring wrong to which you have alluded, Mary, is no fault of the teachings of the Order, for it has taken what might be called desperate means to prevent it. It only shows what shocking depravity sometimes possesses the children of men; they not only are regardless of the law of God, but are equally recreant to those obligations which, with unquestionable volition, they have chosen to assume."

"If my husband was to join them," said Mary, "I would never live with him another day."

"My dear daughter," said her father, "I

am very much grieved to hear you say so; surely you are inconsiderate in your remark, and do not intend so much as your words would justify us to believe."

"Yes I do. What! let my husband join a society that he loves more than he does me—have secrets he would not dare tell me only at the risk of his life! I would not live a day with such a man. I would go home and he might go to the Odd Fellows."

"Well, Mary, you would not make much by the change. Pa is one, and Ma knows that Pa is always pretty near what he ought to be," said Lucy, kindly.

"You are right, Lucy," said the mother. "For more than thirty years we have been trying the world together. I do not remember of a single instance in which I ever deferred to your father's superior knowledge of the ways of the world but what it was the best for me in the end. I never attempted to advise him but what he proved to me that he was equal to his task. I have found that the best way to make myself and my husband happy was to attend to my domestic affairs, and let him manage the world. I don't know much about the Odd Fellows, but I think I do know that they have got the best *old fellow* in the township, and made him an Odd Fellow, which seems to be *odd enough*."

"Pa was wheedled into it by Charles, and some of the men in town who wished Pa to join just for his influence sake," said Mary.

"Why, Mary!" exclaimed Lucy, "just see into what shocking folly your position has lead you. That Charles is base enough to attempt to *wheel* Pa and that Pa is so weak-minded as to be *wheeled* into a society that has no redeeming characteristic, as you would have us believe."

"Never mind, Mary," said her husband. When I join you will think as your ma does, that they have got the best *young fellow* in the town, and it will be all right."

"The kind manner in which her husband spoke this, put Mary in a good humor with herself, and she said,

"I venture to assert that Mr. Williams has gone to town to be initiated to-night, and that is what set Lucy to thinking so highly of the Order."

"If he has I shall not fall out with him about it," said Lucy, "for the Bible tells us, that in the mouth of two or three witnesses, shall all things be established; and Pa and Charles both tell us that it is a society that is

worthy of him, and I know him to be worthy of it. I am content."

"Yes," said Mary, in triumph, "there is that good man whose dying words you have repeated; he said that all secret societies were dangerous."

"But, Mary, Mr. Adams testified of what he was supremely ignorant, and Pa tells us just what he knows for himself. Look at the facts Charles states in his letter; they cannot be denied."

"Here comes Mr. Williams—he can answer for himself as to joining the Odd Fellows," said Mr. Smith, Mary's husband.

Lucy ran to the door to meet her husband, who had went to town after he brought her to her father's. They came in together, Lucy holding him by the hand.

"Sure enough," said Mary, "Lucy is feeling for the grip. I suppose he promised to give it to her."

"What is the cause of this good humor, at my expense?" said Mr. Williams.

"Why, you have joined the Odd Fellows, and Lucy wants the secret. She is going to coax it out of you, or have you given it to her already?"

"Join the Odd Fellows! I never thought of it till to-night. I hear of several that have joined lately."

"What kept you so late if you only went to town on an errand?" rejoined Mary.

"I waited for the mail. I expected a letter from Boston, was disappointed, yet paid for the delay; I got a letter for your Pa from Charles."

"Did you?" said his mother—"bless the boy; his father got one to-day."

"Yes, and it was so full of Odd Fellowship, that we have done nothing else this evening but discuss it," said Mary.

By this time Mr. Stedom had opened the letter, and looked at the date, and then said, "This is dated more than two weeks later than the other, at Barboursville, Alabama. Mary, as Lucy read the other you must read this. Perhaps you will like it better."

She read it, giving the same account of his trip from New Orleans to Mobile, and his successful engagement with Judge Stokes, that the reader is in possession of it from our narrative.

"Why, Pa, exclaimed Mary, "how fortunate he has been. You will see Judge Stokes at Washington. Every time he hears from home you will hear from Charles. Truly, Providence has guided his way."

"My dear daughter," said Mr. Stedom, "I am very happy to see you once more yourself. Not more than an hour ago you were very fearful that the eight or ten days Charles lost with the sick man, would work the overthrow of his whole object in going south. Perhaps if he had not thus been detained, he would have engaged somewhere else, that would not have suited him near so well."

"Just hear what he says of Mrs. Stokes," said Lucy, who had picked up the letter and was hastily looking over it for herself. "You cannot imagine of a more perfect and kind hearted lady than Mrs. Stokes. Although I have only been here one week, she seems almost like a mother to me."

"Oh! if she only will be kind to my poor boy while he is so far from me, I will love her so much, although I may never see her," said Charles's mother, whose heart had overflowed, and the tears were streaming down her cheeks.

To be concluded.

THE PRESS.—The press is the fulcrum by which is moved the moral world of modern society—but the fulcrum for which antiquity's mathematician sighed, is not mechanical, but is itself moral—and moulds, by impressing its own character on that which it moves.

It is in connection with the press, the daily and weekly, reaching as it does the tenant of every cabin in the land, that great minded moral intelligences are needed. What a country would we not have if such intelligences had control of the press. As it is, however, the press for the most part, is in the hands of those who appreciate not its mission, or who, if they do, are incapable of wielding it for the accomplishment of its high ends.

Among other reforms, amid the numbers that are suggested in our country, we have often wondered that no one has proposed a general and thorough reform of the press,—a reform on such principles as would require our journals and periodicals, all of them, to be conducted on the practical code of christian morals, and reflect, not occasionally, but continuously as a necessary condition of their existence, the soundest and highest intelligence in every department of mind.

Though few, perhaps, fall farther short of the excellence of which we speak than ourselves—yet we have an *ideal* to which others, we think, might attain, or at all events, closely approximate.—*The Token*.

## ORIGINAL.

## LINES

*Suggested by the falling of a faded leaf upon the lap of  
the author while sitting at an open window,  
and confined by sickness.*

BY REV. BRO. CHARLES HARTLEY.

Hail! mute instructor, thou dost speak to me to day  
In language tho' most mournful, yet most true;  
And I will take thee to my heart and profit by thy visit.

It seems but yesterday since thou didst shine  
Among the branches of yon neighboring tree,  
As green and beautiful and free from taint,  
As though thy loveliness would last forever!

Among the branches from which thou hast fallen  
In early spring, and 'mid the blushing bloom  
Of perfum'd summer now forever fled,  
I've heard sweet strains of music, and listened  
Until my soul was full of melody!  
I could but then admire the fresh, pure touch  
Of Nature's master-pencil in thy lineaments;  
And scarcely dreamed that all thy loveliness  
Would fade away so soon!  
Yet here thou art, withered and dead!

But stay, frail yellow leaf — the gentle breeze  
Which bore thee to my casement, while it fanned  
My pallid brow, hath also in thy visit  
Touched my heart.

I see in thee a picture true  
Of human life! Like all of Nature's pencillings,  
Wanting no aid from man's poor blundering brush,  
To lighten beauty where perfection dwells!

*How like a leaf is man!*

The oak, by slow degrees, rises and spreads  
Its thunder-beaten arms, braving the storms  
And tempests of five hundred centuries!  
From one common root, deriving sap,  
And nourishment and strength, to shine amidst  
The blushing glories and perfum'd delights  
Of half a thousand spring-tides.  
But man resembles not the oak.

*A leaf is his best image!*

How like a fresh young leaf that infant  
Clings to the parent tree! And yet  
One sickly breeze is quite enough to mar  
Its precious beauty — breaking the frail stem  
By which it clings and trembles!

How like a sudden frost was Herod's dread decree  
By which Judea's plains, e'en in a single night,  
Were covered o'er with foliage!  
No wonder Racheael wept! Is it a sin to weep  
O'er buds thus early perished?

*How often does a leaf*

Fade sooner than it falls. And oh,  
How often does disease steal from the eye its fire,  
And bear away the roses from the cheek of youth,  
Leaving a paleness like to ashes!

*When a leaf falls*

It mingles with the dust; — and so does man,  
Tho' his spring be sweet and beautiful,  
And promise long continuance, yet  
Will the fading tinge of life's dull autumn come,  
And wintry frosts lay low in common dust,  
What once was all so lovely!

*Leaves when they fall*

Enjoy no second spring. Not so with man.  
He fades to bloom again. He dies  
To live forever! Death but transplants,  
To that fair clime where beauty never fades!

Where blooms the "tree of life" whose leaves  
Are "healing to the nations" — flowers nor trees  
Ne'er cast their lovely foliage in that clime,  
Nor frosts nip early buds, nor sickly air  
Steal roses from the glowing cheek  
Of strife and immortality!

I'll take my cup of sorrow then  
And drain its dregs. I'll bear the pains  
Of sickness and disease, for well I know  
That in the gardens of perennial bliss above,  
The beauty of transplanted blooms  
Is fadeless and eternal!

*Farewell, frail leaf!*

I thank thee for thy lesson, and trust my heart  
Is better for thy visit. Whilst thou dost teach  
That all around is frail and fleeting,  
I'll try with firmer purpose and surer step  
To keep the way to heaven!  
Farewell, frail leaf, farewell!

*Canal Dover, Ohio.*

STREAMS OF INFLUENCE.—Could men see  
distinctly the streams of influence which daily,  
and hourly, and steadily flow out from  
their conduct in all directions, blessing or  
withering their friends, their children, their  
relatives, their neighbors, and all with whom  
they come in contact, how much more watch-  
ful and circumspect would they be than they  
now generally are. When we come to ex-  
amine the constitution of society, we shall find  
ourselves surrounded by an atmosphere of in-  
fluence in which every element is in constant  
vigorous retraction. Here man speaks, and  
eloquence is heard; he desires, and art be-  
comes his handmaid; he defines and resolves,  
and law reigns; he reasons and philosophy  
ascends her throne; he unites his will with  
the will of his fellow men, and a world of his  
own appears. Every action draws after him  
a train of influences. Every individual is a  
centre, constantly radiating streams of influ-  
ence. From the first moment of his active  
existence, his character goes on daily and  
hourly, streaming with more than moral in-  
fluence. A power which operates involunta-  
rily: for though he can choose in any given  
case what he will do, yet he cannot choose  
what influence it will have. It operates uni-  
versally, never terminating on himself, but ex-  
tending to all within his circle, emanates from  
each of these again as from a fresh circle, and  
thus transmitted on in silent yet certain effect  
to the uttermost parts of social existence. It  
is indestructible; not a particle is ever lost,  
but the whole of it is taken up into the gene-  
ral system, it is always in operation somewhere.  
And the influence which thus blends and binds  
him up with his race, invisible and impalp-  
able as it is, is yet the mightiest element of  
society.

P. G. M. WILLIAM W. MOORE,  
THE GRAND SIRE ELECT.

In a jurisdiction so extensive as that of the Grand Lodge of the United States of the I.O.O.F., embracing 31 States, together with the Sandwich Islands, with a membership rapidly approximating to 200,000 — with a prosperous neighboring jurisdiction of the British North American possessions in fraternal union with us — with the less intimately associated but numerous co-workers in the cause of Odd Fellowship in Great Britain and on the continent of Europe — in a community of so many millions, who, though “not of us,” witness the deeds of our Order, and sympathize with it in the blessings it scatters, the Grand Sire elect is necessarily an object of laudable curiosity. He is the representative of the Order to the civilized world. He is the venerated Sire from whose experience we may learn lessons of wisdom to guide and stimulate us in our duty in the world to which we have commissioned him. He is placed on an eminence from which he may survey the objects of his care. He is a beacon light to guide them in obscurity. He is the object of affection; he is also oppressed with onerous responsibilities; and in every aspect he needs the pure spirit of Odd Fellowship to influence and wisdom to guide him in an office so high and so important.

The election of WILLIAM W. MOORE, deeply impressed as we are with the necessity of high qualifications, is in every respect fortunate. His experience is nearly co-extensive with the Grand Lodge over which he is called to preside: and his matured judgment, instructed by experience, inspires confidence that his administration will be marked by wisdom and moderation.

On the 10th day of August, 1832, he was initiated in Central Lodge, No. 1, of the District of Columbia, at which time there were within the present limits of the jurisdiction but two Lodges, one in Washington and the other in Georgetown, having in the aggregate probably less than a hundred members.

The Order in the United States was then chiefly confined to Maryland and Pennsylvania. In these two States there were sixty-nine Lodges, with perhaps upwards of 5000 members; all the other States in which the Order had been planted contained only about 20 Lodges, and less than a thousand members. Grand Lodges existed in Maryland, Pennsylvania, District of Columbia, Delaware

and Ohio, though the latter were of recent date. For some years previously there had been Grand Lodges in New York and Massachusetts, but that in the latter State had actually suspended operations, and the one in New York had virtually suspended. They were both, however, subsequently re-suscitated — New York in 1837 and Massachusetts in 1841. How great the progress in so brief a space! Compare the present period with the year 1832, and it will be found that the Lodges have multiplied more than thirty fold, and that their members are more than one hundred and eighty thousand!

Central Lodge was the pioneer Lodge in the District of Columbia. Its charter was granted on the 12th of November, 1827, and it was instituted by Grand Sire Wildey in person, on the 26th of the same month. On the 25th January, 1833, the Grand Sire elect became its V. G., and on the 28th of April he succeeded to the highest Chair. As an example to those who have occupied the highest offices, at the expiration of his term of service in the chair on the 26th of July, he was elected Secretary of the Lodge, and for the subsequent term, commencing October 25th, he was its Treasurer. These offices he has subsequently filled, and has ever been an active and useful member, discharging willingly the duties of such offices as the Lodge imposed upon him.

The Grand Lodge of the District of Columbia was chartered on the 28th of September 1828, and was opened by Grand Sire Wildey on the 24th of November of the same year, with but two Subordinates — Central, No. 1, and Georgetown, No. 2. Having, by his service in the Subordinate Lodge to which he was attached, obtained the proper qualifications, the Grand Sire elect was admitted a member of the District Grand Lodge on the 9th of September 1833, and as early as the 11th of November, of that same year, he was elected its Grand Secretary, to which office he was re-elected in 1835, and again in 1840, having in the intermediate time been elected Grand Representative to the G. L. U. S. in 1835, and served one term as Grand Master of the District of Columbia, to which high station he was elected in 1836, and also one term as Grand Marshal in 1838, which office we again find him occupying at a still later period.

These facts afford abundant evidence of his active zeal and devotion to the business of the Order in both the Subordinate and Grand

Lodge, and that he commended himself to the members of each—the constituencies by which he was elected to the offices which he held. But the historic records from which these facts are obtained, furnish another evidence of his zeal and usefulness in the cause of Odd Fellowship. The proceedings of the G. L. of the U. S., at an adjourned session held in Philadelphia on the 7th of June, 1833, [vol. i. p. 96,] show that

“A petition was received from Bros. Wm. W. Moore, James Gettys, Geo. M. Davies, Robert Boyd, Wm. H. Mauro, Thomas Steele, Joseph Barrows, and Wm. L. Bailey, praying for a Charter for an Encampment of Patriarchs, to be located at Washington, D. C., and hailed as ‘Columbia Encampment, No. 1.’”

The prayer of the petitioners was granted, and it thus appears that he was instrumental with others in introducing the Patriarchal branch of the Order into the District of Columbia, one of those who joined him in the petition for the Charter being James Gettys, then the Grand Sire elect, as successor of Thomas Wildey, who had presided over the Grand Lodge of the U. S. from the day of its institution, and previously over the Grand Lodge of the State of Maryland, until its general powers were surrendered to the G. L. U. S. and its jurisdiction limited to the State. In the month of January 1834, the G. L. of the U. S. held an adjourned session in the city of Washington, D. C., and at that time the chartered Encampment was instituted; the petitioners receiving the rudiments of their knowledge on that branch at the hands of the officers and members of the G. L. Of this Encampment Patriarch Moore was Scribe for six or seven years. He was afterward its Chief Patriarch, and subsequently Treasurer, which office he now holds.

It is remarkable in the career in Odd Fellowship of the Grand Sire elect, that after having attained all the highest positions in the Order, he continued active and zealous in the subordinates, participating in the business of Lodges and committees. Contemporaneous with his service in higher stations in the Grand Lodge, the records show that on the 18th of March, 1836, he was N. G. of the Degree Lodge, to which office he was repeatedly elected, and subsequently for several years he continued his services in other capacities in that important branch of our work with which, fortunately for the Order over which he has been called to preside, he is perfectly familiar.

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With such honors, less merited, how many are there that rest themselves content, having gained the highest object of their ambition! The Grand Sire elect was doubtless gratified by these indications of the confidence of his brethren, but the zeal and devotion which commended him to his cotemporaries were, with him, an active principle, which prompted him to look upon each succeeding elevation but as a new sphere of duty, and, that discharged, others were undertaken with zeal undiminished and devotion as ardent.

To write a memoir in its subject's life-time, exposes its author to many embarrassments. Much, therefore, must be left unsaid in this narrative, until a day which it is to be sincerely hoped is very distant. The “labors of love” of the Grand Sire elect, are, however, dimly shadowed forth by the statements here made; but one other fact may be not inopportune introduced. The mere initiate knows but little of Odd Fellowship. The advantages it confers and the obligations it imposes are only thoroughly known to those who have possessed themselves of the higher degrees; and yet in many jurisdictions, how great is the number of those who have but entered into the vestibule and have not looked beyond the veil to learn the hidden mysteries of the temple. In the District of Columbia the number of this class is unusually small, which, with other current causes may be attributed to an amendment to the Constitution of the Grand Lodge, which the Grand Sire elect warmly espoused many years ago, when the Constitution was subjected to revision. Being himself deeply and truly devoted to the Order, he is as naturally solicitous that all its members should be t. at thoroughly which they are in name and profession. The constitutional provisions alluded to excluded from benefits all members who were not of the scarlet degree; by which means the Order in the District was secured against the evil which existed in some if not all the States, of a majority of the members being mere initiates, or of the lower degrees, while they often have the power to control the action of Lodges in many essential matters of which they are necessarily uninformed.

Another evidence of his sagacity was the early provision within his jurisdiction of a permanent school fund for the Order—a measure in regard to which, it is somewhat remarkable that he stood almost, if not entirely alone when the subject was first introduced into the G. L., his associates in that b od

deeming it safe at that time to rely upon voluntary contributions for the purpose. He however persevered in urging an amendment to the Constitution, which finally prevailed, and the object being sustained by the two Subordinate Lodges then existing in Washington, a school tax was levied, which has proved amply sufficient to the present day. This measure was the more important at the time of its adoption, as no organized system of public schools existed in Washington until within several years past, and even now we believe they are not used by the Order.

It is not necessary to be personally acquainted with the Grand Sire elect to acquire an intimate knowledge of his views on the subject of Odd Fellowship, his clear appreciation of its objects, his modes of thought, his moderation, and his prudence; for his acts in the Grand Lodge of the United States, and his reports which are preserved in the journal of its proceedings, form in themselves a body of laws, an elucidation of principles, and an interpretation of usages that may safely be taken as the Odd Fellow's *vade mecum*.

At the time of his first election in 1835, the business of the G. L. U. S. was mainly done by proxy representation; but the necessity of a change became obvious. In the year 1839 the Grand Lodge met in Philadelphia, but the attendance did not justify the transaction of business, and an adjourned session was held in Baltimore in the month of April of the succeeding year, at which the Grand Sire elect was appointed a member of the committee on Petitions. At that period of the history of the Order the duties of that committee were peculiar. The Order had to be introduced into sections of country where its establishment could not so readily be accomplished as by the organization of seceding members from neighboring Lodges. The difficulty was still greater in the organization of the Patriarchal Branch. The modern Patriarch will perhaps be startled on reading a preceding statement of the fact, that the Grand Sire elect and the other petitioners for Columbia Encampment No. 1, of the District of Columbia, were but scarlet members of the Order. They were "Priests" applying for a "Patriarchal" Encampment, and it was requisite that the Grand Lodge of the United States should constitute them Patriarchs before constituting them an Encampment. They were as the pioneers in a wilderness who prepare the way for the convenience and comfort of city life. Such experience, and the duties of

the committee on which he served at this session of the Grand Lodge, taught him how to apply principles, and familiarized him with usage, and greatly added to his qualifications for the office into which he has to be inducted.

At the annual communication of October 1840, he was appointed chairman of the committee on Reports, and in that capacity he saw the value, and advocated the necessity of a compilation of the laws and the statistics of the Order which are now furnished to us with so much regularity, and for which every good Odd Fellow looks, as a physician to the pulse of his patient, to ascertain the spirit which actuates it in far distant localities. In a report which he made on this subject [journal of proceedings, vol. i. p. 300,] he expresses surprise, mingled with deep regret and mortification, that so many of the reports submitted to that committee were destitute of "information essentially necessary to convey to the brotherhood and the public a thorough knowledge of the extent and usefulness of the Order;" and he allowed not the session to terminate without reporting a tabular form of returns, which is now in use, and by the agency of which we ascertain the additions to and withdrawals from Lodges, and their receipts and expenditures. From these returns we learn how brothers have been assisted by Lodges, how orphans have been educated, and how widowed hearts have been made glad in their desolation, whereby thousands to the utmost limits of our jurisdiction, are made glad too, for these details touch a sympathetic cord in the heart of the Odd Fellow wherever he may be. The settlement of conflicting usages on the subject of the regalia to be worn, and the requisite evidence on which admission of visitors should be made by Lodges, in the form of authenticated visiting cards, and other subjects, practical but important, engaged his attention at the session, and so commended him to his compeers that they deemed him worthy, in the language of the Constitution "to support the Grand Sire by his advice and assistance and preside in his absence." He was then elected DEPUTY GRAND SIRE, the second office in the Order.

The growth of the Order rendered necessary some other and more local supervisory agency than that which the officers of the G. L. of the U. S. could exercise. The Grand Sire was enjoined by the Constitution and the By-laws, to visit by himself, or a deputy by

him duly appointed, all the Grand and Subordinate Lodges working under an unreclaimed warrant from that Grand Lodge, and the appointment of such a deputy in each State, District and Territory became the subject of legislation in the Grand Lodge of the U. S. at its annual communication in the month of October, 1835, when the following resolution was adopted, [journal of proceedings, vol. i. p. 157.]

“Resolved, That the Grand Sire be requested to select and appoint a qualified Past Grand in each State and Territory, whose duty it shall be to visit each Lodge working under a warrant of this Grand Lodge in said State, District or Territory, and communicate all information which may be by this Grand Lodge directed to be made. And when a charter for a Grand or Subordinate Lodge or Encampment shall be granted, the Past Grand so appointed, shall attend and perform the ceremony of opening and installation. He shall bear the title of District Deputy Grand Sire of the U. S. of the I. O. of O. F.”

At the annual communication of 1843, when such appointments were extended to every Subordinate jurisdiction, the Grand Sire elect was appointed D. D. G. Sire for the District of Columbia, and the Encampment Branch of the Order was placed more immediately under his care and superintendence. This appointment continued through several years, and his annual reports of the progress of the Order in the District of Columbia are interesting historical documents. In the month of April of the year 1846, by virtue of his office, he instituted a Grand Encampment for the District of Columbia, for which its Subordinate Encampments had petitioned, and installed its officers, whereby his office was superseded, and his duties devolved upon the Grand Patriarch, then installed; but at the expiration of his term of office the Grand Encampment made choice of the Grand Sire elect as its Grand Patriarch, and afterwards he was selected to be its Grand Treasurer, which office he holds to the present day. So many unsolicited and unsought for appointments are a cheering evidence of the spirit which prevails in that jurisdiction.

It has been already remarked that in the earlier period of the existence of the G. L. U. S., its business was mainly done by proxy representation. As its jurisdiction became wider, the Grand Sire elect deemed it proper that its representation should be more direct and immediate. The course which he pur-

sued on this subject and on the incidental questions which accompanied it, is indicative of a sound liberality. As early as 1840, he placed himself in opposition to a proposed constitutional provision to make Grand Representatives elective for two years. Whatever may be the merits of the system now, at a period when there was less direct representation with his views of responsibility, he could not approve of it, and it was defeated. At the same session he also actively and successfully opposed representation of Grand Lodges by Past Grand Sires, while they were acting as Past Grand Sires; but at the same time he joined the opposition to the representation of Grand Encampments. In this his advocacy of direct representation was tempered by a wise conservatism. In the way of a direct representation of Grand Lodges there were many difficulties, and hence one so prudent necessarily opposed their increase by a representation of Grand Encampments when they had a direct representative in each member from a State, one of whose qualifications is that he shall have attained to the Royal Purple Degree. Many of the State jurisdictions were not in a condition to sustain the pecuniary burden of a Grand Representative, proxy representation would have increased a central power, and the G. L. U. S. was not able to bear the expenses out of its own resources. In 1842 the Grand Sire elect made a calm, prudent, and temperate report to the Grand Lodge of the U. S., which breathes a spirit of kindness and consideration for the State jurisdictions, to whom he recommended that the whole subject should be referred. The resolution which he reported, was in these words:

“Resolved, That the Grand Senretary be, and he is hereby instructed to take such measures as he may deem necessary, to ascertain the views of the State Grand Lodges, as to the propriety of abolishing the proxy system, and also their disposition to contribute in aid of the funds of this Grand Lodge, for the purpose of securing a *bona fide* representation from all the States.”

To this resolution the States responded, and in 1843 he made another elaborate report on the same subject, and then the Constitution was amended so as to prohibit future proxy representation altogether.

In 1841, being Deputy Grand Sire of the U. S., he ceased to occupy the seat of a Representative, but his experience and his business habits were not entirely dispensed with, for he was chosen a member of the Board or



Supervision of the Magazine entitled the *Covenant*, of which the G. L. of the U. S. took charge to be the exponent of its principles. To that office he was re-elected in 1842 for a period of two years.

In 1842 he resumed his seat as Grand Representative, and retained it by successive re-elections until 1850, when the duties of his onerous, confidential and responsible vocation in the office of the *National Intelligencer*, during the protracted session of Congress of that year, prevented his attendance at the session of the G. L. U. S. at Cincinnati, and he resigned the honorable position when prevented from discharging its duties, that the District Grand Lodge might have an opportunity to make choice of another Representative. At that session, in his absence, he was elected to the highest office in the Order.

To enumerate his services from 1842 to 1850, would swell this sketch beyond the limits that propriety prescribes. In 1842 he was appointed the chairman of the committee on the State of the Order, in which, for several years, he acquitted himself with signal ability. He was also a member of the committee on the "English Mission," which the officers of the Order at that time called into existence. The relation in which the Order in England and in America was to stand was then a highly important question, and prudent counsels were needed.

Many intelligent, refined, and influential members of the Order having presented to the G. L. various propositions for a revision of the charges and lectures used in our ceremonies, in 1844, a committee of five members was appointed, and they had to discharge a duty which required varied learning and experience. The choice was made by election in the G. L. U. S., and the present Grand Sire elect was chosen a member of that committee. What part was taken by each of its members is known but to those of whom it was composed, but the active energy and intelligence displayed by the Grand Sire elect from the day he became a member of the Subordinate Lodge, may justify the conclusion that so important a work had the benefit of his highest intelligence, his untiring industry, and his facile pen.

Though not writing his biography, this narrative will perhaps be deemed incomplete, unless it states the place of his nativity and the period of his birth. In 1803, the world dawned upon him in the State of Maryland.

He is in the prime of life and the vigor of his intellect, and is surrounded by a happy and amiable family. He is estimable in all the relations of life, and will command respect in his high office by his wisdom and prudence. How aptly the language which he used in 1844, when announcing to the G. L. U. S. the decease of P. G. Sire Gettys, applies to himself. Truly many "can testify to his diligence in the cause of Odd Fellowship at a period of its existence in the country when it stood most in need of friends and supporters." There are many "living witnesses of his earnest devotion to the interests of the Order, and the alacrity and fidelity with which he discharged the various duties that the favor and partiality of his brethren entrusted to him. Services such as he performed, extending through a succession of years, cannot easily be forgotten by his cotemporaries. His name is inscribed upon the records of our proceedings almost from the organization of this body, and will be handed down to posterity among those of the fathers of the Institution."—*Golden Rule*.

"THERE IS ONE OF YOUR BROTHERS!" said an opposer of the Order, pointing to a miserable member of a Lodge who had been overtaken in a fault, and seemed unable to recover from it. His Lodge had labored to restore him—labored long and earnestly—and was now painfully considering whether it was not necessary to cast him off as a gangrened limb. "Yes—and so he is one of *your* brothers," was the calm reply. "But he is an Odd Fellow—a specimen of the influence of Odd Fellowship upon its members." With an unmoved countenance came the reply, "so is he a *man*—one of God's children and of the human family—a specimen of what our common humanity does for its members! That man, sir, never found intoxicating liquors in our Lodges, or in any of the apartments or passages thereunto belonging. He never had the bottle presented to his lips during any of our ceremonies. He was never told to use it in any of our lectures or charges. Where, then, sir, did he get the poison? In what school, sir, was he told to use it as a beverage? Your answer, sir, to those questions, will determine *whose brother* has thus been most foully influenced to ruin, and by what that influence was exerted. But, most certainly he fell not as an Odd Fellow, nor has Odd Fellowship any just blame for causing his downfall."—*Golden Rule*.

## DUTIES AND EFFECTS OF ODD FELLOWSHIP.

BY REV. BRO. I. D. WILLIAMSON.

The great evils under which we suffer are social and physical, not political. They grow out of the social relations of man with his fellow man, and not from the organic structure or the action of government. These evils are,

1. Suffering from want of care and attention in sickness. 2. Poverty on the part of many of those who actually produce the wealth of the world. 3. Ignorance.

And these are evils that originate, as I said, not in government, but in man's social organization; and they are to be remedied, met and subdued, by combined and associated effort. Let us see.

Sickness seizes upon our bodies, and pain tears the nerves and wrings the bitter tear from our eyes. To-day we may be strong and healthy. The warm blood may course freely through the veins—our faces flushed with health, and our arms muscular and strong. But to-morrow! Ah! who can tell what will be to-morrow? The bloom of health may fade from the cheek, the blood run slowly, and the strong arm be nerveless and weak as that of an infant sleeping in its mother's arms. And there we may be on that bed of sickness, writhing in pain; in our waking hours calling in vain for a moment's ease, and in our fitful slumbers dreaming of cool waters never tasted, and sweet slumbers never realized. Oh! how trying to man's fortitude is the chamber of sickness, even under the best circumstances! Surrounded with all that wealth can give, and attended by friends who sleep not while aught can be done for our comfort;—*still*, hard is the fate of the pained and the sick. But when sickness comes upon the poor man, or the stranger far from his home; when no friends are near to minister to his wants, or when there are no means left of procuring the food for a family of children, or medicine for the sufferer himself; when he must lie there in some lone, neglected corner, with desolation around him, and death before him—it is a scene that appals the stoutest heart. Vain were the skill of Galen or Hypocrates himself in an attempt to give health to the sick thus situated.

I do not say that it is within the power of man to conquer the diseases that prey upon our bodies. Though one of the most profound

minds that has appeared on earth for centuries past, maintains that most diseases are sent upon man as a punishment for his mal-administration of the domain which God has given him. And he asserts, as a deduction of the soundest and best philosophy, that it is quite within the power of our race so to subdue the earth, drain its marshes and cultivate all its parts, that the rigors of every climate shall be much abated, and the noxious miasma be so dispelled that most if not all the diseases, that now prey upon humanity, shall disappear, and men shall again live to an age unknown in the annals of modern longevity, and die at last of old age rather than disease.

But however this may be, it is certain that, if we cannot conquer and subdue the diseases that so waste our strength, we can mitigate the sufferings with which they are in many instances attended. The stranger needs some kind friend to take him by the hand and soothe his woes, to make him feel that aid is near, and though far from home he is still in the midst of friends who will not leave nor forsake him.

So the poor man, in his lonely home, needs the kind attentions of friends, the comforts of pecuniary aid, and the assurance that when he is gone, there are those who will watch over and protect the widow and the orphan. And if thousands suffer for want of these blessings, it is not a political evil. It is a defect in the social structure, which leaves every man to care for himself alone, and makes no regular or systematic provisions for meeting these evils.

It is this defect that Odd Fellowship is designed to remedy; for these are its ministries, these the duties that we have bound ourselves, every one of us, by solemn obligations and positive laws, to perform to our sick and afflicted brethren. And hard will it be for that Odd Fellow, or that Lodge of Odd Fellows, who shall neglect or refuse to perform these duties. The sun is not more sure to rise in the firmament than a sentence of expulsion to follow a dereliction such as this.

You will see, then, that Odd Fellowship is a league against the sufferings attendant upon sickness, and that it seeks to augment and combine human power to battle with, and subdue the pale diseases that infest the earth. And if it cannot subdue them, it can at least mitigate their evils, and give the sufferer strength to endure them. And more than this, it can disarm death of some of its terrors.

I speak advisedly here, and am fully aware

of the extent of what I assert, when I say, that it can disarm death of some of its terrors. I know full well that it is the business of religion to prepare men to meet the "grim monarch of the tomb" in peace. Here is the high and holy prerogative of inspiring an unflinching faith and a joyous hope that can put the song of victory upon the dying.

But it is one thing to die in the bosom of friends, surrounded with all that can smooth the descent to the tomb; and it is another thing to die lonely and desolate, uncared for and unknown.

Besides, the circumstances that surround us, put other arrows in the quiver of death than those furnished by mere spiritual considerations, and some of these Odd Fellowship can take away.

The devout, believing man, full of faith and hope, is often weighed down in sorrow upon his dying bed by the knowledge of his poverty, and consequent apprehensions for the temporal safety and welfare of those who depend upon him, and that he must soon leave. He knows that he must leave them, their earthly protector gone, and they in weakness to battle with an unfriendly world—a world of strife and competition—a world of antagonism and oppression—of clutchings for gold and honor, where the weak are trampled under foot, and each is absorbed in caring for himself, little heeding the rights or the interests of others. Before him all is bright and glorious—his pathway is upward to the eternal throne, and gladly would he go to his home among the angels; *one* tie only binds him to earth, one thorn only remains in his dying pillow. 'Tis well, 'tis well with me, says the dying saint. But oh! for those dear babes that I leave in this dark, treacherous world. Who shall feed them when I am gone? Who care for them when this fond heart has ceased to beat? And this is the last thorn that usually lingers in the pillow of the dying. Ah! what a cordial to the fainting spirit of man to know, in an hour like this, that though he bequeaths not gold to his children, he gives them what gold cannot purchase—Friendship and Love. He leaves them, under God, in the care of an institution whose means for these ends are inexhaustible, and whose protecting arm will be thrown around them to shield them from danger, and do all that human power can do to save them from harm. He leaves them, not a mere pittance of charity, but in their own indefeasible right, a claim, just and equitable, for care, support,

education and protection, which they may claim as their own.

And this is the legacy that every Odd Fellow leaves to his children; this the consolation the institution offers to a departing brother; and this the strength it affords in the last battle with the King of Terrors. I am free to say, that aside from the hopes of Heaven, I know of no assurance so well calculated to disarm death of its terrors. With my eye upon an extended personal observation of the beneficent works of the Order in this respect, in almost every State in this Union, as well as in other lands, I say it frankly. Did I know to-day that I stood upon the brink of the grave, and were the choice offered me between glittering heaps of gold for my children and the privileges and immunities guaranteed to them by this Order, I would not hesitate a moment in my choice. But my answer should be, Away with your gold. 'Tis dust and vanity. Dearer by far are the riches of warm and true hearts, which gold cannot purchase; and I would leave my children in the arms of that institution which I have loved so long and so well, with a higher confidence in their temporal and moral well-being, than if I left them rolling in wealth, but without this protection.

But the most extended influences and ministries of Odd Fellowship remain to be told, in the aid it affords in the banishment of poverty and ignorance, which usually go hand in hand.

I started with the position that to man was given by the Creator dominion over the earth. I have shown you how man in every age has asserted and labored to maintain this dominion. He has triumphed over many difficulties—subdued the beasts of the field, and the fowls of the air, the wind, the fire, and the waves. He has bridged rivers, tunneled mountains, crossed the boisterous waves of the ocean, and chained the lightning to his car. He now struggles with sickness, poverty and ignorance. Here Odd Fellowship lends her aid. She sits by the sick man's bed. She supplies his wants. She soothes his apprehensions of need for his children, educates the orphans, and provides for their necessity. And for these purposes she shall this year gather into her treasury more than a million of dollars, and bring out and engage in these works an army of more than a hundred thousand men in the United States.

But the things already done are small and inconsiderable when compared with the de-

velopment of the great principle by which they have been effected, and the demonstration thus afforded of the capability of that principle being extended to all the concerns of human life, and applied to the removal of all the barriers that stand between man and the full accomplishment of his destiny on earth. /

I have said that political science is well understood, and that the true idea of removing the political evils, that have so long sat like a very nightmare on the human race, is known and has been adopted.

Social evils remain. At the bottom of these, and greater than all besides, is that isolation of individuals, and that lack of associative unity in which man is always strong, and without which he is weak and helpless. It is obvious that the earth is fertile, yielding freely to the culture of man, and capable of producing an abundance for all the beings that live. But the hot strife in which men engage for the fruits of the earth prevent them from being engaged, except by a few, in any thing like an abundance, often in less than a competency. Each individual is for himself, and there all his interests centre. Every other man is his competitor, and instead of presenting a solid phalanx, battling to overcome poverty and ignorance, man moves in broken ranks, and ever and anon contends against his brother. In this contest the weak fall. The few clutch the wealth of the world, and the great multitude are left to perish, or live in all the ills of poverty and ignorance. And all this because there is no unity of effort, no recognition of a common tie that unites the interests of all in one. Society at large feels not, dreams not, that it is any part of its business to see that every member is educated and protected from poverty and suffering.

The great social problem to be solved, the greatest by far that ever engaged the attention of man, is, whether a social organization is not possible which shall securely unite the interests of all classes, so that every individual shall enjoy full assurance of immunity against the attacks of the temporal ills that now waste our energies and prey upon the very life of humanity?

It is upon this question that Odd Fellowship speaks, not with the voice of uncertainty and doubt, but in the power of actual demonstration derived from positive experience.

She stands before you to-day, an army of a hundred thousand men, and a revenue of a

million per annum, and these augmenting with amazing rapidity. And she tells you that from the day that she first planted her standard on these shores to the present moment, no child of hers has been left to battle alone with poverty and ignorance. No widow of hers has gone out to beg; no orphan has been left uneducated or unprovided with the means of a comfortable subsistence. And she pledges her stores, that as in the past, so in the future, no sick child of hers shall be left uncared for or unattended.

True, her guaranty is small in extent. She seeks only to protect her members against a few of the more common ills of life. But the principle is capable of indefinite extension. All she has attempted to do she has done, and it has been well done. Every enemy she has attempted to subdue, she has met and conquered. And who shall say that the same principle extended and universally adopted is not fully able to guaranty every child of Adam support, protection and education, under any and every emergency; and thus give to man the full dominion for which he was designed? Look at Ireland, poor famishing, starving, dying Ireland! Her stalwart sons have toiled in sadness and sorrow to enrich those who lord it over them. But the fruit of their toil they have not eaten. And now the famine is upon them, and there goes up a wail, ay, a doleful wail of anguish upon the air of heaven, such as centuries have not heard. Suppose now that the people of Ireland had for years past been banded in a league for mutual aid, like that presented in our Order, somewhat extended; every man had paid into the fund a portion of the proceeds of his labor, to be used in time of distress; think you that now her children would have been starving for lack of bread? Do you say it is not possible to prevent it? I tell you it is possible. One tithe of what the people of Ireland have wasted in whiskey during a hundred years past, would create a fund that would have enabled her to laugh at the famine itself. Armed with this principle of humanity, her millions would have met the destitution that wasteth at noon, and walketh in darkness, without a fear, and it would have been conquered. In the consciousness of his own sovereignty and dominion over the world, man would have said to the turbid and bitter waters that now whelm and drown that ill-fated land, "Thus far shalt thou go, and no farther."

See you not then that the true secret of man's power, the great principle by which he

is to make his way onward and upward to universal dominion over the earth, lies in unity of effort, and mutual aid? But look here, and behold how a child can be strong. He is the child of an Odd Fellow, and an orphan, young, weak and helpless, and if he were alone, it were an easy thing to crush him down to the earth. But let the oppressor take care. That child, so feeble, belongs to a great body, and he who dare smite him, smites the body of which he is a member. Let the man who would rob that orphan, know that there are a hundred thousand men at his back, and all these shall rise up in his defence. And so of all the ills I have named. There is no necessity that any man should meet them alone, for it is quite possible so to organize the social structure that they must of necessity assail the whole body, and together the united hosts should meet the shock, and go out to war with their enemies, and subdue them.

I love Odd Fellowship for the benefits it confers, for the pleasing associations with which it is connected, and for the good it has already done. But I love it more than all for the flood of light and hope that it sheds upon the social destiny of man; and the demonstration it yields, that humanity is able to meet and subdue the worst forms of evil that now afflict the race. From the turmoil and strife of the world—from the clutchings of avarice, and the vaultings of ambition—the rivalries and competitions, and the perpetual antagonisms of all conflicting interests in the business of the world, and in all the affairs of life, it points to a time, yet possible for man to bring about, when men shall be bound in one strong and indissoluble chain of social union, like unto the covenant of David and Jonathan, and the teeming millions of the earth shall together go forth to subdue all that is calculated to hurt or destroy, and the victory shall be won, and the dominion of man be complete. Ay, "dominion over the fowls of the air, the fish of the sea, the beasts of the field, and over every living thing that moveth upon the earth."

"Then the leopard shall lie down with the lamb, and the lion and the ox shall feed together, and the little child shall lead them." Then the lovers of Odd Fellowship, and all kindred associations for human good, shall have performed their work, and shall no more be needed, being swallowed up in the higher law of civilization, love, which is above all other laws, and in which all others are fulfilled.

The wail of the widow and the orphan shall no more be heard, nor the cry of the distressed or destitute sound in the earth—war's brazen trumpet shall be silent, and then shall come the reality of the vision of the old Seer of God, so beautifully expressed by the poet:

"No war shall rage, no hostile feuds  
Distrust those peaceful years;  
To plowshares men shall beat their swords,  
To pruning-hooks their spears.  
No longer host encountering host  
Shall crowds of slain deplore;  
They'll lay the martial trumpet by,  
And study war no more."

#### BEWARE OF EVIL SPEAKING.

What if a person, who in the main has led a good life, should, yet contrary to the general tenor of it, be guilty of some unaccountable weakness? What should we learn from this? Not certainly some poor materials for idle conversation, in which, whatever expense of words there may be, there is no expense at all of thought. No; it ought to teach us something far more useful and noble—a lesson of diffidence of ourselves, watchfulness and circumspection, lest we, who think we stand, should also fall. The miscarriages of a good man, which give an ill-natured pleasure to little minds, suggests to every great mind the most melancholy ideas of the weakness of human nature in general, but no spiteful or venomous reflections against his weakness in particular. Far from exulting over his fallen worth, he views his downfall with a generous pity, and warned by it, works out his own salvation with fear and trembling.

As when the young, the blooming, and the vigorous, who bid fair to length of days, yet pine away or are cut off by some hidden disease, should tend to make us temperate and cautious to preserve the health of the body, so when the good and virtuous, from whose former actions we might expect an uninterrupted course of piety, are overtaken, we scarcely know how, in any notorious or flagrant vice, this should put us upon our guard, and make us take all due precaution to preserve the health of the soul. This is the use we are to make of these pitiable instances. They are no subjects for wanton merriment, pleasantry, and witty spleen. No; they are subjects for a serious consideration on our own frailty. They teach us not to be too sanguine, or over-sanguine.

Tell me, O my conscience! have I done, or shall I ever do anything like this! Would to God we would commune oftener with ourselves; we should then seldom talk vainly about ourselves, and uncharitably about others.

## ORIGINAL.

ODD FELLOWSHIP ADAPTED TO  
MAN'S NATURE.

I need not enter into a long and elaborate argument upon the origin of society, its progress and peculiarities; nor is it needful that I should dwell long upon its influence and advantages to man, even in his savage or natural state, much less in this day and age of the world, when its sweeping influence is felt in every clime, and each individual is in some way connected with, and benefitted by dwelling in its midst. Its origin was with that of man, and its progress has been with him thro' all the changes and revolutions he has undergone—its variety as numerous as the difference of men's minds—its influence sweeping as the sirocco's deathly blast, infusing into the whole moral atmosphere of a community, principles and feelings, withering and corrupting as the contagion that stalketh abroad and smiteth at noon day; or lasting and exalting as the works of genius, and the ethereal spirit of intellect. That man is constitutionally adapted for association, metaphysicians have long since taught us, and had they not, the promptings of this spirit manifested by man, (from youth to old age,) to seek the society of others, the dissatisfaction and miserable feelings consequent upon his being separated from his fellow creatures—in fact the almost entire reversion of his nature consequent upon being wholly excluded from society, are strong evidences of the natural existence of this desire. Thus we see man possessed of faculties and feelings prompting him to seek association; and when governed by intellect and morality, contributes largely to his happiness. The indescribable charms and beauties, the undisturbed happiness of solitaries, and the romantic visions of the monk's mountain retreat, live only in fable and with the muses; happiness in this condition is contrary to man's nature, and consequently does not and cannot exist. But this, like every other blessing conferred upon man, has been by him converted from its proper channel, to aid him in effecting the secret machinations of a perverse and corrupted nature; hence bands of robbers, plots of rebellion, conspiracies for effecting malicious designs, immoral and vicious associations, &c., all of which are an abuse, and none of which were ever designed to be the object of this principle. But when again, on the other hand, the gigantic chain of wisdom, and the golden cord of virtue, are

thrown around and about man's associations, and he quietly contents himself within their arena, led by their lights, and gives heed to their admonitions, all his baser passions are made subservient to his will. Christian graces and virtues are called into action; the vulgar gives way to the refined; the rough and uncouth to the smooth and polished; inconsistency to propriety; the low and degrading to the noble and dignified; vice to goodness, and all the blessings attending a strict observance of these principles are substituted for the misery, the wretchedness consequent upon following the blinded impulses of passion.

This is the object of association, and when thus exercised, man is filling the cup of his earthly glory, performing the great mission he was sent on earth to perform, and securing to himself infallible glory in the mansions of the skies. It matters not by what name it may be called, nor how singular its arrangements, if conducted under the guidance of reason and morality, the object to be attained is a good one, not only benefitting those who are connected therewith, but by example and precept fills the social atmosphere with principles of virtue and morality.

This is the nature and character of the Independent Order of Odd Fellows. They are an organized body claiming no divine origin, pretending no extraordinary powers, working no miracles; human in its origin and character, governed by laws and regulations based upon virtue and morality, and regulated by age and experience, and peculiarly adapted to man's nature and wants, having for its object the promulgation of truth, equity and justice, the interest and welfare of its supporters, and the general good of the community at large, subject to singular and novel regulations, but replete with invaluable instructions, both in wisdom and morality; and designed to so thoroughly engraft these teachings in the heart, and cement them with the affections, that while life exists they may be remembered and cherished, as well as daily practiced. In this institution reason with all her satellites, sits upon her throne; wrapped in morality's magnificent mantle; unpolluted and unspotted by prejudices and passions; holds undiminished sway; and with their united efforts, struggles to aggrandize man to that exalted position he is designed for, to coerce all evil desires, passions or emotions; to teach him the sublime lessons of disinterested friendship, unsophisticated love, and hallowed truth.

A. J. H.

## OUR EMBLEMS.

The following explanation of the Emblems of Odd Fellowship, is taken from an address delivered at Richmond, Va., by Rev. Bro. D. D. SMITH.

The **EYE**, enveloped in a blaze of light and glory, reminds us that the scrutinizing gaze of Omnipotence is ever upon us. That all our thoughts, words and actions are open to his survey. That Jehovah searcheth our hearts and trieth our reins; that we cannot hide ourselves from His view, even though we ascend to heaven, go down to hades, or seek a dwelling place in the "farthest verge of the green earth." It instructs us that, although to our clouded minds, thick darkness is round about him, yet he dwells in unapproachable light, and looketh kindly down upon man, providing for his wants; and in the minuteness of his care, numbers all the hairs of our heads. It is therefore our duty to live and act, as under the eye of an All-seeing Judge, who will bring us into judgment for all our proceedings. Nor do we forget the important implication from this emblem, that from him whose eye is ever upon us, we receive every mercy, and are bound to render him our warmest thanks, and confide in his future munificence. Hence the motto written beneath the eye—"IN GOD WE TRUST."

The **HEART AND HAND** imply, that when the Odd Fellow greets his brother, the welcome proceeds from his heart. He extends not the right hand of fellowship, while the left hand holds the assassin's dagger! His salutation is not followed by a thrust at the vitals of his kinsman; but his heart is with his hand; and what the one in love dictates, the other with alacrity performs. And when he greets his fellow, he virtually says, this is the welcome and language of an honest and generous soul.

The **HOURLY GLASS** reminds us of the speedy passage of time, and admonishes us to improve the moments as they fly, in a manner that shall redound to the glory of God and our own and neighbor's good; while it also brings before us the great contrast between time and eternity.

The **THREE PILLARS** represent Faith, Hope and Charity. They direct the Odd Fellow to cultivate an enlightened and saving faith in God the Father, in Christ the Son, and in the sublime truths of Divine Revelation. They remind him that a well grounded hope alone can cheer the soul when the taper of life is

flickering in the socket of mortality, and light up the countenance with joy amid the sorrows of time, and give serenity and peace in the last moments of dissolution. They emphatically declare, that although we may possess every other qualification, if we are destitute of charity, we are but as the sounding brass and tinkling cymbal. And they impress us with the importance of wearing the robe of brotherly affection, and living under the constant guidance of Charity.

The **SCYTHE** reminds us of the solemn truth, that as the grass falls before the mower's scythe, so man, being as the grass and flower of the field, must wither before the touch of time, and fall before the King of Terrors.

The **SCALES AND SWORD**, held forth by *Justice*, instruct us, that however much of partiality may exist in the world, yet, among Odd Fellows, both justice and mercy are administered without regard to the idle distinctions of men. That, in the Lodge room, the rich and poor, the high and low, learned and unlearned, meet as brethren, and unitedly engage in promoting the work of benevolence and truth.

The **LAMB** suggests to us the importance of personal innocence and purity, and forcibly reminds us of the paschal lamb under the law, and of Christ, the Lamb of God, who taketh away the sin of the world. It reminds us, also, that we are the sheep of God's pasture, and are the objects of his peculiar regard.

The **DOVE** calls to mind the salvation vouchsafed to righteous Noah, and the faithfulness of God in relieving the anxiety of his soul, by sending a harmless messenger with an emblem of continued favor; and it assures us that if we run in God's commands we shall behold, amid all the storms and tempests of life, tokens of the Divine approbation, and receive the visits of the celestial messenger, the Holy Spirit.

The **TENTS** discourse to us of the ancient Patriarchs, who abode in tents, and at the same time admonish us that in this world we have no continuing city; that this earth is not our home; that, like them, we are traveling towards a country which lies beyond Jordan—the Jordan of death; and they exhort us to prepare to cross its waters in peace.

The **ARROWS** refer to the plan adopted by Jonathan to apprise David, whom he loved with a fondness more than woman's, of his good or ill fortune from the hand of Saul. And they teach us that every laudable effort

should be put forth to save a brother from the wrath of an enemy.

The SERPENT is intended to represent the brazen serpent erected by Moses, according to God's direction, to heal the Israelites when bitten by the fiery serpents sent among them to chastise them for their sins; and to use it as emblematical of our Saviour, who was lifted up, and hung on the cross, "that whosoever believeth on him shall not perish but have everlasting life." And it instructs us to imitate his example, and go about doing good.

The BIBLE is placed among our emblems, because it is the fountain from whence we draw instruction; the store-house from whence our doctrines are derived: our emblems are found in its sacred pages. It is our guide both in faith and practice: its promises cheer; its doctrines instruct, and its precepts guide us.

The BUNDLE OF RODS shows us the importance of union in our benevolent endeavors. As one of the bundle could be easily broken, so one member of our fraternity could be easily dissuaded and disheartened in the work of mercy; and as the bundle of rods cannot be easily broken, so our members, united, may surmount great obstacles—rise superior to all difficulties, and prosper in their efforts to do good; and having done all, stand firm and unmoved amid opposition.

The THREE LINKS remind us that the only chain by which we are bound together, is that of "*Friendship, Love and Truth*;" and that we are obligated by the most sacred considerations, to violate neither of these principles.

The AXE conveys to our minds the wholesome truth, that as the trees of the forest must be cut down and fall before the progress of civilization, with a view to convert the wilderness into a fruitful field, so must the axe of Divine Truth, which is laid at the root of the tree, cut down every evil plant and poisonous tree, before our fellow-men can be brought under the influence of pure benevolence. And it admonishes us to labor for the completion of this work; to lay the axe at the root of every tree that bringeth forth not good fruit, and cut it down.

The SHINING SUN reminds us of the command of Joshua, which arrested the onward course of the Orb of Day; and it also points to the Sun of Righteousness, whose beams illumine and bless the nations, and instructs us to employ every laudable effort to make the nations welcome his beams.

The HORN OF PLENTY teaches us, that if we are faithful in the discharge of our duty,

we shall ever find, in the resources of our institution, an ample supply for our wants. And it assures us, that "when the fig-tree refuses its blossom, and the olive yields no oil, and the flocks are cut off, and no herd are found in the stall," then shall the result of our well-doing be realized unto us, in the possession of requisite comfort. When poverty, like an armed man, threatens us with destruction, and the garments of wretchedness are prepared for our beloved offspring, then shall the horn of plenty, from the funds of our institution, empty its stores at the door of our abode.

The GLOBE instructs us that the world is the field of our benevolent enterprise—that our brethren are scattered over the face of the earth, and that from whatever nation they come, if misfortune visit them, they must not solicit our aid in vain.

The ARK reminds us of the disposition made of the two tables of stone, on which the decalogue was written. And as the prosperity of ancient Israel depended on the respect, devotion and obedience paid by them to the Ark of the Covenant and its sacred deposits, so will our peace and prosperity be graduated by our obedience to the requisitions of the Most High.

The BEE-HIVE admonishes us to avoid indolence, and wisely improve our time. It teaches us the important lesson, that if we would pass the winter of age in comfort and cheerful abundance, we must improve the summer of our being, under the guidance of economical and well-directed industry.

The RAM'S HORNS remind us of the safety connected with the horns of the ancient Altar of God—the success which followed the blowing of ram's horns, when the priests of old walked around the city of Jericho, carrying with them the Ark of God, and moving by the direction of Heaven. And they admonish us to beware of every departure from God's service, and illustrate the important doctrine, that the prosperity of our Order can be perpetuated only while we support the institutions of Religion.

The ALTAR OF INCENSE suggests to us the manner in which God was worshipped by his ancient people; and it instructs us that he now requires his people to offer unto him the incense of prayer and praise, of gratitude and thanksgiving, and will only accept the sacrifice of a broken and contrite heart.

The SEVEN STARS remind us of the seven pillars in the house of wisdom—the seven stars, and seven churches of Asia; and they



caution us to beware lest, by a neglect of duty, we are blotted from the horizon of moral goodness, and wander starless in the night of destitution. They also represent the seven spirits of God, and gladden our hearts with the assurance, that if we are wise, and turn many to righteousness, we shall shine as the stars of the firmament, forever and ever.

The MOON, reflecting the light of the sun, represents to us the welcome smiles of Friendship, Love and Truth, shining in the night of misfortune; and teaches us that, as her rays are only reflected from a greater luminary, so all the glory and beauty of this earth—all the wisdom and goodness man can exhibit, are but reflections caught from Jehovah, the great source of life, light, beauty, wisdom, and love.

The BUDDING ROD reminds us of the favor showed Aaron in his elevation to the office of High Priest, Num. xvii. 8—and of the kindly interposition of God in behalf of his ancient people—while it teaches us to look unto him in the day of our oppression and trouble, assuring us that He, who made the rod of Aaron to bud, will protect, cheer, and support those who trust in him, by his rod and staff.

The CROOK reminds us that the patriarchal shepherds were Odd Fellows—that God is our Shepherd—that Christ is the good Shepherd who laid down his life for his sheep—and that as the good shepherd protects, defends, and supplies the wants of his flock, so will the great Shepherd of souls defend his sheep from harm, and lead them into the green pastures of his love and beside the still waters of his grace.

The BOW reminds us of the ancient mode of warfare—of the conquest of the patriarch Jacob with his bow—and the friendship of David and Jonathan; and calls upon us to trust in Him who caused the bow of Joseph to abide in strength. Its name reminds us of the covenant ratified with Noah—of the rainbow round about the throne; and tends to awake in our bosoms emotions of confidence and joy.

The COFFIN reminds us of the certain approach of death, and that our duties to our fellow-creatures will not terminate, until our bodies are prepared for the tomb. And it admonishes us so to live, that we can meet death with composure, and close our eyes upon earth in the assurance and hope of being received into the mansions of endless rest.

The SKULL AND BONES remind us of the desire of Jacob and Joseph to have their bones removed from Egypt to Canaan; and they teach

us, that we are obligated to commit the mortal remains of a departed brother carefully to the tomb; that we are bound to cherish a lively recollection of his virtues, and to bury his imperfections with his body beneath the clods of the valley.

The CROSS reminds us of the labors and dying love of the immaculate Son of God, on whom are founded all hopes of pardon and redemption from the bondage of corruption; through whom we hope for acceptance with God, and reception to the mansions of light and glory on high.

The colors of our regalia are significant of our advancement in the Order, and emblematic of the principles by which we profess to be governed. The white apron denotes purity; the blue trimming friendship; the scarlet binding a love which in a just cause would lead us to shed our blood and to die in defence of our principles, as Jesus died for man. The green, that our virtues should ever be fresh and fragrant. The purple and black, that we should be kings and priests unto God—kings to rule our own spirits, and priests to offer the incense of gratitude and love, in the name of the great High Priest, who died for our sins.

BEAUTIFUL EXTRACT.—However dark and disconsolate the path of life may seem to any man, there is an hour of deep undisturbed repose at hand, when the body may sink into a dreamless slumber. Let not the imagination be startled, if this resting place, instead of being a bed of down shall be a bed of gravel, or the rocky bed of the tomb. No matter where the poor remains of a man may be, the repose is deep and undisturbed; the sorrowful bosom heaves no more, the tears of woe are dried up in their fountain, the aching head is at rest, and the stormy waves of earthly tribulation toll unheeded over the place of graves. Let armies engage in fearful conflict over the very bosom of the dead, and not one of the sleepers heed the spirit stirring triumphs, or respond to the rending shouts of victory. How quiet these countless millions sleep in the arms of their mother earth! The voice of thunder shall not awake them—the loud cry of the elements, the winds, the waves, nor even the giant tread of the earthquake, shall be able to cause inquietude in the chamber of death. They shall rest and pass away—the last great battle shall be fought; and then a small voice at first heard, shall rise to a tempest, and penetrate the voiceless wave—for a trumpet shall sound, and the dead shall hear His voice.

ORIGINAL.

## WHO WOULD NOT BE AN ODD FELLOW ?

BY VIOLA M. CUNDIFF.

Who would not belong to this glorious Order that is united by the indissoluble links of Friendship, Love and Truth? With these three great mottoes stamped upon your sails, you may fearlessly launch your bark upon the bosom of any sea. The GREAT I AM will pilot you safely to the looked-for haven of success. God will look down, smile and speed on any institution or order, which has for its object the relief of suffering humanity. Has not this band of Brothers proved their love towards thousands of fatherless children? Have they not thrown the mantle of protection around them? The response of every heart will answer, they have done this—educated, clothed, and fed the penniless orphans; have placed them in comfortable situations, in colleges and seminaries; they are now contented and happy. If they had not have been the sons and daughters of Odd Fellows, they would have put on the habiliments of mourning, of want, and adversity. Society never would have done this—society looks to her own interest, and not to the welfare of others. This has been too often verified before my eyes, and also to others. Ladies are too often strongly prejudiced to secret societies. I cannot make use of any other word that will answer so well as the above one. It is termed *secret* because they do not publish their ceremonies, and signs of recognition to the world. If this was done it would not be the flourishing Order that is now presented to our view. I say, let them be secret. I have no desire to know any more than I can ascertain by observation. I am satisfied to know that they have done good, and will do more in the future. I know the organ of inquisitiveness often predominates in the ladies, nevertheless it would profit them but little if they were allowed the privilege of associating with the members, in their sanctum sanctorum. This would not gratify their prejudicial, selfish curiosity, to know every thing. Many men are rendered unhappy by joining the Odd Fellows. I do not want you to consider it is because he has attached himself to this Order, but simply because he has a silly, hair-brained wife, who crosses him in every thing, and particularly this. He does not tell her every thing which transpires at the Lodge to which he belongs.

You know nothing against the Order; therefore say nothing. If you cannot speak of its good works, then bridle your tongues. I will confess I have an attachment for the principles of the Order. I appeal to every influential and intelligent lady to use her endeavors to aid the Brothers onward and upward. Persuade your husbands to become Odd Fellows. You will never regret it; no, never! When God shall commission the Angel of Death to visit you, and the bolt should fall upon him to whom you plighted your vows at the marriage altar, you would, doubtless think, at such a crisis, I have no arm to lean upon, no bosom in whom I can repose confidence—no one to look to for comfort and protection. Deceive yourselves not; for if the chilling winds of adversity alone are heard wailing around and in your humble dwelling, sighing their requiems of wo and lamentations, go to this asylum of Love and Friendship; there you can find consolation and solace. Though your cup of bitterness is full and overflowing, and there is still a vacuum and the shade of death is spread around that once happy fireside, here you will find sympathising hearts to feel for you—eyes to weep, and smiles to cheer you on. Like ministering angels they will guard you and rear your offspring. From what motive? Why, Brotherly Love! Who would not wish to possess such love as this? It is not the friends of wealth “which taketh wings and flies away,” and forsake you in the storm of life. No; this is when we see it made manifest. This very Order which you have been so highly prejudiced against, can place a beacon light in your troubled ocean to guide you safely. No refined lady will be opposed to this Order if she has a well-balanced mind; and if she is, I will venture to say, it is a deficiency in her early education and training.

You are bound by the silken ties of Brotherly Love, to this great, grand principle of the Order. Go on in your glorious mission until the whole world will become one great Grand Lodge. Then will the poetess sing the sweet enchantment of American Liberty, and our country be defended by a band of patriots, who would make the last rampart of liberty their funeral pile!

West Liberty, O.

The more a man follows nature and is obedient to her laws, the longer will he live. The farther he deviates from them, the shorter will be his existence.

Original.

TO THE MEMORY OF

MRS. J\*\*\*\* DE C\*\*\*\*\* E\*\*\*\*.

BY MISS M. E. WILSON

I saw thee die, sweet sister mine!  
 Thy spirit pass'd away  
 Calmly as the soft'n'd close  
 Of a beauteous summer day.  
 Nor sigh was there to heave thy breast,  
 Nor tear to dim thine eye;  
 But like a flower's quiet death,  
 Thou seem'st to me to die.

And nature, like thee, calmly smiled,  
 Her breast was fair and bright,  
 The sky, the earth, all, were bath'd  
 In one fair flood of light.  
 I could but think that Heaven smil'd  
 Upon thy latest hours,  
 And bore thy spirit hence away  
 To revel in her bowers.

I gaz'd upon that brow of thine,  
 E'en after life had fled,  
 But I could not think, my sister dear,  
 That thou in truth wert dead.  
 Oh, no! so little change had pass'd  
 Upon thy bright face then,  
 I thought thee only sleeping there,  
 And would'st awake again.

But, when I saw the funeral train,  
 I knew that thou wert dead,  
 My lonely heart, more lonely then,  
 Its very life-drops bled.  
 I felt that peace, that hope, that joy  
 From me had pass'd away,  
 And all I'd lov'd so truly well  
 Was mingling with decay.

I never can forget thee! does  
 The mother cease to bless  
 The rosy infant by her side,  
 That nestled on her breast?  
 Oh, no! tho' love and fame have bound  
 Her brow with a chaplet bright,  
 She prizes most of all the smile  
 That beams from its eye of light.

Does the sun forget at close of day  
 To sink in the golden west?  
 Or e'en forget to gild the cloud  
 That floats o'er his radiant breast?  
 Or do the stars forget to shine,  
 When night is on the sea?  
 Or moonbeams cease to silver o'er  
 The far deep sleeping sea?

Do flowers forget the summer airs,  
 Tho' winter's icy breath  
 Hath chill'd their beauteous buds and leaves,  
 Beneath a snowy wreath?  
 Nay—they but sleep a quiet sleep,  
 Then early wake to bring  
 Chapiers bright and perfumes soft  
 To bless the opening spring.

Oh, let the worst of bitterness  
 Fall in the cup I drink,  
 Or let me shuddering stand aghast,  
 Upon the grave's dark brink.

Yet, like the harp's mild tone thy voice  
 Will fall upon mine ear,  
 And with sweet memories come awhile,  
 This loneliness to cheer.

In vain I've striven to forget,  
 In dreams, in mystic dreams;  
 The radiance of thy sunny glance  
 Upon me ever gleams;  
 I cannot look upon the sky,  
 Or on the distant sea,  
 But there I find a something bright,  
 That whispers me of thee.

In the blessed smiles of evening's star,  
 I see a light like thine,  
 And in the breath of flowers, I feel  
 Thy presence all divine;  
 The breeze's voice that wafts itself  
 Far o'er the deep blue sea,  
 At sunset time will ever breathe,  
 "Sweet memories of thee."

Maysville, Ky.

## SUGGESTIONS AND CAUTIONS.

The practice of economy in the expenditures for regalia, furniture, &c., should be observed in Lodges. This will tend to increase their surplus funds. Yet, a large surplus fund is but dormant wealth, and must have its corrupting tendencies in Lodges as well as in other human institutions. The first of these would probably be exhibited in a luxurious splendor in the regalia and furniture. The next, perhaps, in those peculiar socialities, whose effects in excess tend not to the good of Odd Fellowship. The accumulated wealth would also have a tendency to promote a feeling of exclusiveness among Lodges and the members of the fraternity. And clearly, the growth of a feeling of exclusiveness would remove men farther from the pure relationship of brothers. It would be directly contrary to the equalizing of property principle, which is peculiarly the spirit of the pecuniarily benevolent feature of Odd Fellowship. Therefore, at all points, it would be inconsistent with the true spirit of Odd Fellowship, which seeks to equalize the bounties of Providence by compensating as far as may be for their deprivation.

When we hear a Lodge spoken of as a very rich Lodge, it causes painful emotions. Let us not become imbued with the love of wealth. We are now in the ascendant, and the genius of Odd Fellowship is spreading its wings over the length and breadth of this great land, with a swiftness and steadiness of flight never before witnessed of any human institution. But in the hey-day of our prosperity is numbered the hour whose stroke shall knell our downfall. Such has been the experience of all past

ages concerning all associations where man was the actor. Such will be ours, unless we avoid the danger that threatens to assail our prosperity. This danger lies in the ever closely following successor of prosperity. This close treader upon prosperity's heels is love of power and wealth. Ever treading closely in the footsteps of these last, is the monster corruption—and the slime-besmeared steps of that monster tend evermore downward. We never wish to hear of a rich Lodge. A competency, by which is meant that amount of funds which renders a Lodge competent to meet all legitimate drafts upon its treasury, is all it should seek, all it is safe, all it is right it should possess.

The funds of a Lodge are a sacred trust, and should be devoted solely to those legitimate uses its laws may acknowledge. Those so expended will be used in the work of benevolence—more might not be so bestowed. It might find other avenues of escape: it would find them. An unjust tax would have been levied upon members for illegitimate purposes.

Where there is a tendency to great increase of funds in a Lodge, let the benefits be ample; deal out to the orphans with a liberal hand. Allow the orphan child of no Odd Fellow of that Lodge to attain a majority devoid of a complete education as furnished by our schools. When benefits have been liberally provided for, let the increase, if it continue, be checked by a reduction of the rates of dues. But, at the risk of being charged with a paradox, we must say that, unfortunately, there does not at this time appear to be much danger of large surplusages accumulating in the treasuries of the Lodges. A disposition seems to prevail, somewhat too extensively, for expending Lodge funds in display, costly regalia, banners, &c. There is, however, a course of action which may reconcile the seeming paradox, and while it would enable the Order to gain in wealth, would at the same time insure such a disposition of the funds, as will merit the approbation of all right thinkers, and subserve the ends of benevolence and justice.

It may not be improper here to presume so far upon the kindness of members of the Order, as to suggest the means by which it is thought this may be effected. Though in its origin, so well, so happily devised, much wisdom has been exercised in the improvements engrafted upon Odd Fellowship within the past few years. We have all been made sensible of the beneficial effects of those improvements. Who shall set limits to improvements?

A past advance is ever but the propelling power for a future! And Odd Fellowship—it is no disparagement to the institution to say it—may receive still further improvements, budding into life under the light of an improving and an advancing age.

The mutual principle, in its feature of refunding to members by dividend the surplus accumulations of funds, might be adopted. By surplus, is meant the excess after funding what may be deemed sufficient for the proper standing funds for the benevolent uses of the Lodge. These standing funds should be fixed at an amount that will be presumed sufficient to meet the ordinary drain. An addition may be made as a fair allowance for extraordinary casualties, if thought proper. The practice of refunding to members by dividend, when there should accrue an excess over the fixed amounts of the standing funds, would prevent the growth of a large surplusage, making what is usually called a rich Lodge, and which wealth would be likely to find vent in the avenues of extravagance and corruption above mentioned. We would fain save the *individual* from injustice at the hands of the *association*. By proper checks and counter-checks may we avert those evils which, tho' at first like the cloud, no bigger than the prophet's hand, may ultimately overwhelm us in a torrent of destruction.

In adopting the mutual feature of refunding, it should be left optional with the member to whom the sum is due to let it lie in the treasury of the Lodge, accumulating by his annual dividends, and by interest for his future benefit. In this way, when age or distress should render the relief necessary, a fund would have accumulated to him sufficient to be of essential service. Under this system each member would be naturally averse to countenancing extravagance or unnecessary expenditures, because he would feel that they would tend to lessen what would be *his* benefits, when at a future day he might need them. We are now, most of us, young men; but we must, many of us, become old; and let us now perfect the system so as to provide against that day of incapacity, perhaps of poverty, perhaps of illness, which may come upon us.

While mankind are journeying on in the path of *progress*, they should use for aiding them in their peregrinations the vehicles that are practicable as being in accordance with the conditions of human nature. Individual interests should be brought to bear upon beneficial results in all the concentration of asso-

ciated action, and interest be made to subserve the ends of benevolence. The love of self, the strongest of sentiments, should be directed into channels that run to a benevolent end. And many of these, associated, form a mighty force—the force which has been already developed in the operations of commerce, that great agent, or method, in humanizing and improving the condition of all nations and all people engaged in it.

Under this system, the dues contributed by individual members of the Order, would not be frittered away and illegitimately expended, but would be *saved* as a provision for future necessity. Then the practically benevolent business institution of an insurance company and a savings bank would be seen existing under the title of Odd Fellowship; and, combined with that more divinely moral feature, its social benevolence, the Order would form that efficiently beautiful whole it is designed to become.

While upon the subject of improvements to be sought for, and evils to be avoided, we trust it will not be considered dolorously croaking raven-like to call attention to another danger threatening us. This danger, likewise, has its source in the prosperity of the Order, and the warning is peculiarly applicable to our young Lodges. It is well known that the rapid spread of the principles of our Order has produced its fruit in a thousand Lodges that have sprung into existence within a surprisingly short space of time. Scattered far and wide throughout this broad land, we daily hear of new Lodges born to the Order, ambitious of adding strength to the links of the triple chain, whilst ranging themselves under the broad banner of Odd Fellowship to fight the fight of benevolence. The danger lies in this: that, in the enthusiasm which is the characteristic of youth, young Lodges will too hastily add to their numbers, and initiate into the sacred mysteries of the Order individuals unworthy of a participation in its beauties and its benefits.

Many temptations exist to produce this evil. One is in the enthusiasm named, which loves popularity and inclines to a disposition for drawing in numbers on the hale fellow principle. "Join our Lodge, we are growing fast, and have lots of good fellows among us," is likely to be the invitation the generous heart of youth prompts it to utter, perhaps too indiscriminately. This temptation seems to assail the socially benevolent feature.

Another is the ambition to compare favor-

ably with other Lodges in numerical strength. An object often sought to be achieved by this numerical strength is to acquire, through rapidly accumulating initiatory and degree fees, the additional funds necessary for securing ability to meet its obligations. A natural desire of independence, and at first, doubtless, purely free from the desire of growing rich—but one which will perhaps unconsciously cause original members of young Lodges to seek too earnestly, and receive too readily, new members—to omit that searching investigation into the moral character of applicants, so necessary to secure that purity in members, without which they cannot be Odd Fellows.

If this evil does exist, and these dangers are incurred, to what an extent must they be now affecting the Order! In a degree proportionate to the vast number of young Lodges annually springing into existence.

We repeat it. In the hey-day of our prosperity is numbered the hour whose stroke, once told, shall knell our downfall! But, hoping on, hoping ever, we will labor for the accomplishment of the happy destiny our beloved institution is capable through its elements of attaining.

—♦—

OPINION—TRUTH—FACT.—A distinction is to be observed in the use of these terms, which many persons overlook; a distinction which has at least the importance which attaches to accuracy in thought and speech. It may be illustrated in this way.

Plato believed in the immortality of the soul, and this belief was founded upon inductive reasoning upon the phenomena of mind. After long reflection, he came to that conclusion. With him it was only an *opinion*.

We have a revelation from God, which Plato had not, in which he tells us that the soul is immortal. We received that revelation in faith; therefore to us it is *truth*.

But when we reach heaven, then that which was an *opinion* with Plato, and truth with us here, will become a *great fact*.

That which we believe because the weight of evidence or probability inclines to that side, is an *opinion*; that which we receive on infallible or unquestionable testimony, is *truth*; while that which becomes a matter of experience is *fact*.

There are many other nice distinctions in language which it is well for young persons especially to study; for unless they do, their thoughts will be confused, and their language inaccurate.

## BE ON YOUR GUARD.

There is much good counsel and advice in the following article. We commend it to the careful perusal of those who are disposed to listen to every smooth-tongued imposter that may come in his way, and remember this: *When a stranger tells you he is an Odd Fellow, don't make any advances whatever, but demand of him the evidence; ask for his card; if he says he forgot it, or lost it, then look out, and be cautious!*

A friend writes to the editor of the Banner of the Union, requesting him to warn the brethren against certain individuals, who are striving to betray the confidence of some of the more unsuspecting among the members of our Order.

The following extract is so near the subject in question, that we give it in lieu of any remarks by ourselves:

It is well known by every Odd Fellow, that the secrets of the Order, although harmless in themselves, are to be kept under the bonds of inviolate fidelity. An incident has lately occurred, which came to our knowledge, that will serve as a caution to the brethren.

A gentleman (?) a man called recently on an Odd Fellow of this city and asked him the following questions:

"Are you a member of the Order?"

"Yes sir."

"What Lodge do you belong to?"

"I belong to ——— Lodge. What Lodge do you hail from?"

"From ——— Lodge."

The stranger then asked our friend if he had the *monthly* pass-word. This excited the suspicion of our brother that the stranger was an imposter, that he was not a member of the Order, but that he was attempting a fraud of a gross kind upon an Odd Fellow. He was endeavoring to obtain that which every member is bound to keep secret.

We hardly know how to express our indignation at such a wicked and base design. This man came to our friend with a "lie in his right hand," for the purpose of seducing a member of our fraternity from his solemn duty and obligation.

We are glad that our brother was sufficiently on his guard, and carried out so well the Scripture injunction, "Resist the devil and he will flee from thee." This may serve as a caution to our members as they mingle with

the world. The seducer is abroad, beware of his wiles; call to mind the "Lectures" you have heard, remember the promises you have made; consider the consequences of such men gaining admission into our Lodges, of wresting from us the keys of the sanctuary, and tampling under foot the bulwark that guards us from imposture and deceit. Suppose this "wolf in sheep's clothing" had succeeded; suppose he had obtained from our friend what he maliciously attempted; the next thing we should have heard would be, that he had entered our Lodge rooms and found out all "the secrets of the Castle," and who would entrust them with a man that can go to another, a stranger, with a cool, deliberate lie in his heart? Does not every member see the evil consequences that must flow from such a course? Brethren, we say again, beware! be not so easily duped as to give away your birthright for a mess of pottage; be invulnerable to the artifices of such foul and black-hearted imposters as would despoil your fidelity, and lure you into the vortex of self-condemning, and piercing remorse. If one asks you if you are an Odd Fellow, let him be friend or foe, stranger or an old acquaintance, demand of him first of all, the *evidence that he is one*; if he cannot produce them, you may know how to act. This word of caution is not needed by *all* the members of our secret compact; there are many who are like some birds, "too old to be caught with chaff," yet we cannot regard this friendly warning as altogether unnecessary and useless. We recollect a very simple counsel that an old and eminent physician once gave a young medical student, just about to commence practising: "If you cannot do any *good*, be careful to do no *harm*."

ONE FRIEND.—How pleasant it is to have one friend to whom we can go and unbosom our feelings when the world is harsh with us, and darkness has settled on the fair face of nature. At such a time, a heart to counsel and advise us—that will manifest feeling and sympathy—is above all price. The out-gushings of love and tenderness revive and cheer us—drive away sadness from the bosom, and brighten the heavens again. He who has one to whom he can go in the hour of adversity, can never be wholly cast down, can never be driven to despair. The world, dark as it may sometimes be, will always contain one bright spot, where the stricken heart will find sympathy.

# The Ark.

ALEX. E. GLENN, Editor.

## MORE OF ENCAMPMENT MATTERS.

We have been told that our remarks in the February No. of *The Ark*, in regard to the management of the Grand Encampment of Ohio, was too broad and sweeping—that no discrimination was made, and all its members included in the intimation that but little interest was manifested in its management; and that, in this we were wrong.

We have no doubt we were wrong, and hasten to apologize. We will not knowingly and wilfully do any set of men injustice, much less a body of Odd Fellows; and when we are conscious of having committed a wrong, we shall hasten to make amends. We have no scruples about so doing, for we believe it is an honorable course.

We are of opinion, and indeed we know that there are members of the Grand Encampment who take an interest in its business, and attend its meetings punctually, and if the legislation was left to them, and those of kindred industry, its affairs would be better managed, as we believe. But what can they do when an entire session is consumed in a debate on a matter of little consequence, which ought to be disposed of in five minutes time? The Grand Encampment holds evening sessions, never meeting in the day time, and when any amount of business is transacted, it is at adjourned sessions.

A good friend and Brother writes us from Cincinnati, that he thinks we do not treat the action of the Grand Encampment in relation to an alleged defalcation of a former Grand Scribe, with our usual fairness, and informs us that at the last session of that body charges were preferred, and that trial will doubtless be had at the next session. We were not aware that action had gone so far, and are pleased to hear it, and hope there may be no farther delay. It was full time for the charge to be made, as the defalcation has been suspected to exist for a year or more. But per-

haps it could not have been brought to a focus any sooner. In matters of this kind, we do not like to see delay and prevarication. In some instances, and with some persons, such delay is not suffered; but they are dealt with in "short order," and "put through" (if we may use a vulgarism) in quick time. We are in favor of all reasonable time and leniency, and utterly opposed to discrimination and favoritism, for Odd Fellowship is opposed to every thing of the kind.

It was no pleasure to us to allude to this matter, but we felt that there had been unnecessary delay, and we deemed it our duty to say all that we did.

—But changing the subject. We are writing on Encampment matters, and have said nothing lately on the subject of abolishing Grand and Subordinate Encampments, and attaching the Degrees to the Subordinate Lodges. Our views in regard to the propriety of this measure have undergone no change, but the more reflection we give it, the more we are convinced that it would be for the "good of the Order," and tend to promote its prosperity. It would, in our judgment, add interest to the Subordinate Lodges, increase the desire to obtain the more sublime degrees, do away with much useless machinery—the machinery of meetings and legislation we mean—and add to the permanency of the institution. These are our views, and honestly entertaining them, we have not hesitated to advocate the abolition of Encampments entirely, preserving their beautiful and instructive degrees to be conferred elsewhere. We have never drew up a plan, even in our mind, by which to effect a change, but we are very sure it could be done without injury to either branch of the Order, and without in the least marring the beauty, or usefulness, or work of either.

There are members who entertain different views from us in regard to the expediency of this measure; but we are quite sure that a large majority favor it. We respect the opinions of those who differ with us, no matter how much they are in the minority, and we attribute to them as much purity of purpose as we claim for ourself. We have heard of

an instance wherein fault was found with us for our course, and the statement made that it was preventing Brothers from applying for the Encampment degrees. We could not see *how* it could have this effect. If a Brother really wants to obtain the Encampment degrees it cannot matter much to him how or where he gets them so they are legitimately conferred.

We are always open to conviction, and ready to listen to reason. If any one thinks he can point out the error we are in, we shall listen to him and publish his argument. We want to see the subject investigated and discussed, and all the light possible obtained.

We had hoped ere this to have seen some movement made to accomplish the object we desire. But none has been made. The Encampment representation in the Grand Lodge of the United States is now so formidable that it may be difficult to succeed. Still, our motto is, *despair not*; and we shall never cease to advocate any measure which in our judgment will tend to promote the welfare, prosperity and usefulness of Odd Fellowship.

#### LEVITY.

We agree most heartily and cordially with our good Brother RUSSELL, of the Token, in the remarks which we subjoin. We have heretofore spoken of this levity and indulgence in ridiculous remarks about our Order, by our members; and have published well written articles on the subject. In our visits to the Lodges of this jurisdiction in 1849, we often particularly enjoined upon brothers to abstain from it, for it is simply ridiculing our Order, making sport of it, and unbecoming the dignity and good sense of any true Odd Fellow. Still, we hear it occasionally, and used by brothers who think it an evidence of something smart. We think it an evidence of a total want of respect and regard for the Order, and at all times deserving of severe reprimand. But hear the Token:

‘LEVITY.—It is painful to hear members of our Order—and frequently those, too, who, from their patriarchal position, should be exemplars of propriety—making sport of such

things as “the goat,” “the greased pole,” and other ridiculous and absurd matters which ignorance and superstition have attributed to us, in connection with our initiatory ceremony. It is trifling with a serious subject, and beneath the dignity of manhood. Every Odd Fellow knows that there is not in any stage of his advancement, anything connected with the society to offend the most delicate and refined sensibility—nothing that will not comport with the claims of an intelligent sense of honor and duty. An indulgence in levity, or jesting, in regard to our solemn ceremonies, is indiscreet, and highly improper, and should always be avoided. They have a direct tendency to lead weak and prejudiced persons to look unfavorably upon our institution, and to give offence to pure and correct minds. We hope never to have our ears assailed by the harsh grating of such ill-timed jests from the lips of those who have passed the threshold, and stood before the altar of the inner temple.’

THE CODE OF LAWS adopted by the Grand Lodge of Ohio, at its last session, are in progress of being stereotyped, and the work is going forward as rapidly as possible. It will be sometime, however, before it is completed, and in readiness for the Lodges. It will require a large quantity of paper to print the edition ordered, and as yet this has not been obtained. Every reasonable effort will be made to have it completed at an early day. We hope all will have a little patience. We know hundreds are anxious to see it, and this induces us to urge on the work, just as fast as it is possible to get it done.

EXPULSIONS.—We dislike to publish the expulsions of members of the Order, and would request that hereafter nothing of the kind be sent to us. It is an exposition of the frailties of poor human nature that we would prefer avoiding. There may be extreme, or aggravated cases where it may be necessary and justifiable; but generally, we doubt the propriety of it. There are ways and means to make these things known to the Brotherhood, and that we think is all that is necessary.



## SMALL MATTERS.

An esteemed Brother in writing us not long since for information connected with Lodge matters, makes some very proper and judicious remarks in regard to *small matters*, which has induced us to write an article on the subject. His Lodge was a new one, recently instituted, and he expected to occupy the N.G.'s. chair the present term. He says — "My desire is to have our Lodge start right in small matters as well as large, for I am aware how much depends upon the formation of correct and proper habits in the working of a Lodge, as well as in the case of individuals, and I know that as we start so will our Lodge be. I have no fellowship for this loose manner of doing business, and the yielding of what are called technicalities; for thus you may yield all that is desirable and good in the manner of working a Lodge."

That our Brother entertains correct views no one who feels an interest in the good and welfare of a Lodge, and of the Order, can entertain a doubt. Small matters are very often too much neglected, and as a consequence the Lodge business is loosely managed. It is but indifference, too often indolence, on the part of officers, and in the end leads to evil results. When small matters are passed by, it follows that the "weightier matters of the law" are neglected, and the Lodge will get into difficulty among its own members, or with the Grand Lodge—in either case disreputable to itself, and to the institution.

We had the pleasure of meeting with the present M. W. Grand Master of our jurisdiction, in two of our Lodges, since his installation. He was called upon in both Lodges to address the members, and in each instance, in the few remarks he made, he alluded specially to the observance of what some would term small matters in Lodge rules. As, for instance, in voting. He held it to be the duty of every member to vote on all questions, (and to give the voting sign correctly,) no matter how trivial they may seem; and in all cases, a strict adherence to the rules. We were highly gratified with this position of our Grand Master, and hope to see his sugges-

tions observed and adhered to. Where such is the case, we venture the prediction that every thing passes along smoothly and harmoniously.

Like our correspondent, we have no fellowship for this loose manner of doing business. If we have rules, let them be observed, and that strictly, or where is the use of them? We say that a violation of one law or rule will inevitably lead to the violation of others; and the officer or member who is willing to violate his obligation by permitting an open infringement of law, merely because he thinks it a matter of small moment, is *not a good Odd Fellow*.

We might say more upon this subject, but enough for the present. Perhaps we shall resume it at another time.

GRAND SIRE ELECT.—We hope no brother into whose hands this number may fall, will fail to read the sketch of the Grand Sire elect, which we insert in this number. It is full of interest, full of instruction. His whole life, as connected with Odd Fellowship, is an example worthy of being imitated, and especially by those who are ambitious of distinction in the Order. We have never regarded Bro. MOORE as an ambitious man, or fond of promotion. We believe his highest ambition has been to labor constantly and ardently to promote the best interests of the Order, and to extend its blessings far and wide. His constant attendance at the Lodge—the various positions he has filled, give the strongest evidence of this. If there is one thing in the man we admire more another, it is, that after filling all the offices in the power of the Order in the District of Columbia to bestow, and after having filled the highest office save one which the Order can bestow, he still labors in his Lodge, a regular attendant and efficient member. Such are the men we delight to see honored. Such men are worthy of the highest honors. What a contrast between the Grand Sire elect and those who are content when they obtain the highest honors of a Subordinate Lodge, and are never, or seldom seen cross the threshold of a Lodge afterwards!

## PAST OFFICIAL DEGREES.

A Brother residing at a great distance, requests us to give our views, through The Ark, of section 21, division 3d, page 50, of the Digest: "The first N.G. of a new Lodge is entitled to the official degrees; and the first V. G. to the degrees of P.V.G. and P. Secretary; but in no other case can they be conferred except for service actually performed."

The meaning appears plain to us. It is that the *first* N.G. of a new Lodge is entitled to receive the N.G.'s. degree, and also the degrees of P.V.G. and P. Secretary, *without serving* in the offices of V.G. or Secretary; and that the *first* V.G. is entitled to the Past Secretary's degree, *without serving* in the latter office. But in *all other cases* they must actually serve in the offices to obtain the degrees. Such is the practice in Ohio, and such clearly is the law.

While on this subject we will remark that from some reports which have come under our observation we should judge that D.D. Grand Masters have conferred the V.G. and Secretary's degrees on persons who had not served as N.G. We believe this is wrong. No one is entitled to the V.G. or Secretary's degrees until they are entitled to the N.G.'s. degree. *That* degree is the *first* conferred.

THE PETITIONERS who obtained Charters for Lodges at the last session of the Grand Lodge of Ohio, are informed that on the 11th of February the Grand Secretary sent for the necessary Books, &c., to be obtained only at Baltimore. A reply was received dated the 15th, stating "the order would be supplied in a few days." Since then to the present time (March 3,) we hear nothing more. Petitioners may rest assured that the proper officers at home will do all in their power to forward the institution of the new Lodges. It would be well for them to be ready, and exercise a little patience and forbearance, especially when all is doing that can be done. In at least half the cases where officers go to institute Lodges and Encampments, something has been neglected, and delay occasioned, although every assurance is given that every thing is in readiness.

PRICE OF CARDS, &c.—We understand that some fault is found with the Grand Lodge of Ohio for increasing the price of cards furnished to them. A brief explanation will, we are satisfied, convince all that no blame in this matter is to be attached to our Grand Lodge. Previous to the last session of the G.L.U.S., that body charged five cents each for cards at the Grand Secretary's office in Baltimore, and the Grand Lodge of Ohio charged six cents each. The last session of the G.L.U.S. passed an order increasing the price to ten cents each, and the Grand Lodge of Ohio increased the price to twelve and a half cents each; which will pay little, if any, more than cost of transportation. The Grand Lodge of Ohio was compelled to increase the price. It would not answer to pay for cards out of the general revenue, and furnish cards to Lodges without charge. Let the Lodge charge those who apply for cards, say 15 cents, or such sum as they see proper, and this will reimburse them. Surely no one who wants a card will complain to pay so small a pittance for it.

The G.L.U.S. expects to raise its revenue hereafter from the sale of books, cards, odes and diplomas, and has increased the price of these articles one hundred per cent. The Order must furnish revenue to that body, and it matters little whether we pay it in a direct tax, or for books, cards, &c.

THE PROCEEDINGS of the Grand Lodge of Ohio, at its late session, were all prepared and printed by the 20th of February, being less than three weeks after the adjournment; but great delay in circulating them is occasioned by the time necessary to put up the large statistical tables which accompany the proceedings. It requires much time to put together this tabular work; but it is going on as rapidly as possible, and in a very few days from the time of writing this paragraph, (March 1,) all will be completed, and the proceedings forwarded to the Lodges, and to those entitled to receive them.

We intend sending out as handsome and correct a work of the kind as ever emanated from any press—creditable to the Grand Lodge, and to all parties concerned.

**GRANTING CHARTERS.**

Many good members of the Order raise objections to granting Charters from a fear that Lodges or Encampments cannot be sustained. Some members are disposed to think that Lodges are multiplying too rapidly, and that by creating so many, others now existing will be injured by being circumscribed in their limits for members. We differ with many Brothers on these points. When a Charter is asked for our first inquiry would be as to the character and qualifications of the petitioners. Are they men of good standing in their community, and such as will give character to the institution? Are they qualified to conduct Lodge work? If so, we would give them a Charter and run all risks. Such men will sustain a Lodge. If the foregoing requisites cannot be satisfactorily ascertained, we would defer the granting of a Charter.

Many do not seem to reflect that this portion of the world—we mean what has been called the Western States—is being peopled rapidly, every part and portion of it. As the population increases so will the demand for Odd Fellow's Lodges, and so will the necessity for them increase. Towns and villages are springing up all over the country; and the older ones are increasing in population. Where there is a Lodge of Odd Fellows its influence is felt, and its usefulness acknowledged. So where there is no Lodge one is needed, and when "good and true" men apply for a Charter, let them have it. Let all who are willing to aid in extending the principles of benevolence and charity, be at work!

**NEW ENCAMPMENTS.**—Encampments are to be instituted in this jurisdiction, as follows: At Milton, Clermont county, March 5th; at Painesville, Lake county, March 18th; at Monroeville, Huron county, March 20th. The Grand Patriarch expects to officiate on each occasion, and extends a special invitation to all Patriarchs in the neighborhood of those places, who may find it convenient to attend, to be present and assist in the interesting ceremonies.

**THE PREMIUMS.**—The premium of a Past Grand's Regalia and Jewel we offered to the Lodge with less than fifty members that would send us the largest list of subscribers, with advance payment, has been awarded to Aies Lodge, No. 16, at San Augustine, Texas, that Lodge having forty-six members, and sent fifty subscribers.

No claim has been put in by any Lodge for the Jewels.

We have received quite respectable lists from numerous Lodges and individuals. Among them we must name the following: Lamartine Lodge, No. 118, Pataskala, No. 141, North Star, No. 122, Liberty, No. 96, Springdale, No. 135, Wyanooske, No. 132, Charter Oak, No. 137, Fairfield, No. 163, Clement, No. 129, Rural, No. 157, in Ohio; and from Bros. John A. Lee of Mansfield, Geo. W. Wood of Milan, Wm. Cory of Sylvania, C. D. Adams of Painesville, Geo. Baker of Wellsville, E. B. Bronson of Madison, T. Baldwin of Austinburgh, in Ohio. We have received smaller lists from other sources, but to one and all we feel truly grateful, and return our sincere thanks for their endeavors to extend the circulation of *The Ark*.

Outside of Ohio we have received large lists from numerous places, but we have space to name but a few: The largest, as already named, comes from Texas. Aside from this we have large lists from Bro. Jos. Todd, Madison, Ind.; Geo. W. Morris, Louisville Ky.; Muncietown, Fort Wayne, Pittsburgh, Delphi, Greencastle and Ladoga, Ind.—Waverly, Henry, Aaronsville, Chester and Galena, Ill.—Murfreesboro, Cornersville, Denmark and Medon, Tenn., and Jefferson City, Mo. Other places have done well, and we hope to be able to make *The Ark* acceptable and welcome to all who have favored us with their patronage.

✂ The Grand Lodge of Massachusetts has granted the privilege to Lodges to have their installation of officers in public! In this country we should consider it a violation of our obligations. The G.L.U.S. has decided against it.

“THE STATE OF THE ORDER.”

MADISON, INDIANA.

MADISON, IND., Feb. 15, 1851.

BRO. GLENN—Knowing that you are always glad to hear of the progress of our beloved Order, I will attempt to give you a short sketch of it in this place. Since the completion and dedication of our new hall, on the 7th of November last, there has been quite a different state of feeling towards us, to what there was previously, and our numbers are increasing rapidly. There are but few Lodge meetings now without one or more initiations; and those who are uniting with us, are men of the right stamp, (and some of them are brother Masons at that.) On Thursday, the 13th, the M.W.G.M. MILTON HERNDON, arrived in our city. At night he visited Washington Lodge, No. 11, and after the closing of the Lodge, eleven brothers who had petitioned for a charter for a new Lodge to be established here, presented themselves, and were duly and legally instituted a Lodge of the I. O. O. F., bearing the name of Sherlock Lodge, No. 93, by the M.W.G.M. in ample form. The officers for the present term are Wm. H. Fry, NG; Gamaliel Taylor, VG; William Trigg, Sec'y; H. C. Connatt, Treas. They received some 4 or 5 propositions for membership which were acted on at their first regular meeting, Friday the 14th, and three were added to their number by initiation, and one more elected who was not present.

After the closing of Sherlock Lodge, 13 petitioners presented themselves, and were duly and legally constituted Madison Degree Lodge, No. 2. The officers installed for the present term are Christian Bucher, DM; Robt. Scott, Sr., DDM; C. F. Coffin, ADDM; Jos. Todd, Warden; Rev. B. F. Foster, Conductor; S. C. Bramwell, Sec'y; Chas. Richardson, Treas. This I think will be an important addition to the Lodges in Madison. The work will certainly be done correct. I must say, that, during the institution of these new Lodges our hall was filled to overflowing, and every thing was done in peace and harmony.

There is a something existing among men when associated together in a Lodge room that does not exist among them while in the streets; for, in the one place you find them of every name, nature and calling, each striving to outstrip his neighbor in the amassing of money and of goods; of houses and of lands, each for himself, to the exclusion of others. In the second place, you find them met together,

men of all nations, kindreds and tongues, but they have met as Brothers, each having in view the comfort and welfare of the other. Now what is it that makes this vast difference? It is the gentle influence of Love, which supplies us with the weapons to fight against our corrupt natures, and keep down the old man of sin within us. Where will you find as many men assembled in a body, as usually meet together on such occasions, that are under the same control (as it were,) with the exception of those who meet as a body of Christians to worship the giver of all good; and in many cases you will not find it there. Whenever I enter a Lodge room, it is with rather peculiar feelings, for it is but a renewal of the obligations of an Odd Fellow, calling God to witness the sincerity of the heart.

“OLD MONROE.”

NEW LODGE AT MELMORE, OHIO.

URBANA, Feb. 28, 1850.

BRO. GLENN—A few days since I received a commission from Grand Master Craighead, to proceed to Melmore, Seneca county, and institute a Lodge of our Order there, the charter for which had been granted at the last July session; but owing to unavoidable circumstances had not yet been instituted. Accordingly, on Wednesday last, the 26th inst., I went to Melmore and met the petitioners, together with a number of brothers from Tiffin and Republic, and duly instituted Melmore Lodge, No. 174. The following officers were elected and installed into their respective offices: E. J. Chamberlain, NG; James M. Stevens, VG; Walter S. Burns, Sec'y; and S. Chamberlain, Treasurer. On the same evening two members were admitted by card, and seven by initiation, making a membership of fourteen good and true Odd Fellows. They will meet on Wednesday evening. I feel free to say, and I think time will bear me out in it, that no better set of Odd Fellows can be found in our jurisdiction. May peace and prosperity ever attend them.

Permit me, through the columns of The Ark, to return my thanks to Grand Rep. Williams of Tiffin, Rep. Shoemaker of Republic, Bro. Paist of Clark Lodge, and all the visiting brethren present, for their aid on the occasion.

Truly and fraternally yours,

W. F. SLATER, *Grand Warden.*

There are twelve Lodges of the I.O.O.F. in Pittsburgh, Penn.

**EASTERN TEXAS.**—Extract from a letter from Bro. Henry L. Rankin, V.G. of Aies Lodge, No. 16, San Augustine, Texas:

"Six months since, when I first mentioned the matter of organizing a Lodge here, there were not a dozen citizens that knew any thing of the Order in this country; and though there were members scattered through the country, there was not a Lodge. By my exertions I found the domicils of the scattered brethren, and succeeded in getting them united in their respective towns, and petitioned for a Charter, which was successful; and I flatter myself that I have been influential in organizing three Lodges beside this. Shawnee Lodge, No. 15, Henderson, Rusk county; J. M. Gibson Lodge, Marshall, Harrison county; Ida Lodge, No. 14, Jefferson, Cass county. Our Lodge now comprises over fifty members of the most intelligent, moral and influential citizens of our town; and I am sanguine enough to think we will number one hundred in six months more."

**MT. STERLING, KY.**—Our Encampment was instituted on the 11th of September, 1850, and is called Orion Encampment, No. 22. We number twenty-four members, with flattering prospects ahead. Our present officers are J. R. Chambers, CP; W. B. Todd, HP; M. J. Haden, SW; W. M. M. Lee, Scribe; Wm. Little, Treas'r; G. D. Jones, JW.

Watson Lodge, No. 32, numbers fifty or fifty-two contributing members, and is in a flourishing condition. The officers are B. F. Thomas, NG; L. H. Baker, VG; Wm. Little, Sec'y; J. Voris, Treas'r. Meetings on Monday nights.

We have had but one death in our Lodge since its organization, four years ago, and but little sickness, for which we are very thankful. We had a fine procession last June, and an able address by Rev. Bro. Adams, who is well known to the readers of The Ark. It made a good impression, and was well received. The masterly power of the speaker drew tears from many eyes, and removed much prejudice against us. In fine, it was a proud day for the Order in this place. J.R.C.

**FRANKLIN, LA.**—Extract from a letter from Bro. Albert Heaton, dated at Jeanerett's, La: "The nearest Lodge to us is St. Mary's Lodge, No. 20, at Franklin, eighteen miles from this place. It numbers about one hundred and forty members, all good and true men. We have an excellent hall, the best in the State."

**MT. VERNON, ILL.**—Our Lodge is in very good condition, and the work progressing pleasantly. An excellent state of feeling exists among the brothers. May all good Odd Fellows join us heartily in the effort to make our influence felt, and our power of doing good effective, among the great brotherhood of mankind. J.K.

**OUR EMBLEMS.**—There has been a great demand for The Ark containing the article explaining the various Emblems of our Order, and we have frequently been written to for it. We have been unable to furnish it for some-time past. Recently a brother writes us from a point where we have fifty subscribers, that every one of them desires to have the article, and requests its republication. We have complied, and it will be found in this number. This makes the third time it has appeared in The Ark. It is deservedly popular with the Brotherhood; and as we have many new subscribers many will now see it for the first time.

**ARTHUR'S HOME GAZETTE.**—We have had the pleasure of reading this paper for some time, and can pronounce it superior to all other Eastern papers with which we are acquainted. It is neatly printed, and is filled with matter interesting to every reader. It should be in the hands of every one, who desires a good family paper. Edited by T. S. Arthur, and published at No. 5, Franklin Place, Philadelphia. Terms, \$2 per annum in advance.

#### MARRIED.

At Columbus, Ohio, Jan. 9, 1851, by Rev. D. Warrack, Bro. SAMUEL M. MILLS, of Excelsior Lodge, No. 145, to Miss PHEBE F. WALCUTT, both of that city.

At Fort Wayne, Ind., Feb. 2, 1851, by Rev. Bro. Joseph Sinnix, Bro. JOHN T. BROWNING, of Fort Wayne Lodge, No. 14, to Miss MELINDA DAVIS, both of that city.

At Mt. Pleasant, Ohio, Feb. 6, 1851, Bro. JOHN CRAVEN, of Mt. Pleasant Lodge, No. 63, to Miss MARTHA C., daughter of Bro. William Tweedy, all of that place.

At West Vermillion, Ohio, Feb. 5, 1851, by Rev. S. Marks, Bro. E. B. SHERWOOD, of Eureka Lodge, No. 106, to Miss CAROLINE BROOKS, of the former place.

#### DIED.

At Marietta, Ohio, Feb. 15, 1851, Bro. JOHN G. LEEDHAM, aged 29 years, a member of Marietta Lodge, No. 67.

At Collinsville, Ohio, Feb. 16, 1851, Mrs. REBECCA, consort of Bro. A. P. Young, P.G. of Covenant Lodge, No. 54, in the 41st year of her age.

# THE ARK.

VOL. 8.

APRIL, 1851.

No. 4.

ORIGINAL

## CHARLES STEDOM; OR, THE WEALTHY ODD FELLOW.

BY REV. SAMUEL L. ADAMS, P.G.H.P.

### CHAPTER V.

Charles Stedom had been at his post about three weeks, during which time he had established himself in the confidence and affections of the entire family. Indeed the industry he had exhibited could not fail to please an employer. The regularity of all his movements were most gratifying to the Judge. He was the constant guardian of the young gentlemen, as he always called them. From five until eight they were in the studio; from eight till nine they walked and breakfasted; from nine until one they were in the school room; then dinner; then recreation and conversation in the family the remainder of the day; and thus from day to day with the regularity of the clock, did Mr. Stedom guide things about the place of Judge Stokes, of which we must give the reader a little more definite idea.

The immense plantation of Judge Stokes occupied a body of land lying in the bend of the Alabama river. The hills binding the banks of the river had not observed the course of the stream but had passed on, leaving a broad bottom of near a mile and a half in width. The hills, although not very precipitous, nor high, were in a state of nature, and afforded a most magnificent studding to the beautiful landscape that unfolded itself so calmly to the eye of the spectator from the top of the mansion in its midst. A most beautiful spring of crystal water burst from a hill side and warbled its way to the river, through the rich scenery of flowers that grew upon its banks, forming a constant rivulet, which served to break the monotony of the scene. Of this the Judge had taken the advantage to form an artificial lake near his dwelling, and had formed it so, as by means of floodgates and wasteways always to keep it filled with fresh pure water. On this beautiful lake there was a nice boat for pleasure riding. The

dwelling stood near the centre of this plain. It was built of brick, nearly square. The front was occupied by a large hall, which, furnished as a general reception room, was the place occupied by the family every afternoon for conversation and social amusement. Another hall passing from this to the rear of the building, furnished the means of a retired entrance into a fine suite of parlors which lay to the right, and to the dining and family rooms which lay at the left. The above stairs was conveniently arranged into six bed rooms. Immediately surrounding this was a magnificent lot of about fifteen acres with most of the forest trees still standing, yet trimmed and formed with great taste. On the right hand margin of this stood the row of neat cottages, some ten or twelve in number, occupied by the negroes, and was called 'the quarters.' Beside these there were some two or three others on the left near the road, which were occupied by some old and infirm negroes who had chosen that location for their houses so as to afford them the opportunity of vending fruits, cakes, &c., to those who might chance to pass the road.

A little to the left and about fifty yards from the house, stood another building, (in a group of trees,) of no mean dimensions. This may, with great propriety be called the private college. Its ground floor was occupied by two large rooms and a passage between; one of these was the studio and the other the school room. The second floor was divided into four bed rooms, well furnished, one of which was occupied by our hero, and the others by the sons of Judge Stokes. The studio was furnished with a fine library of a literary and family character. It also contained the large law library of the Judge. The school room was furnished with black boards, maps, charts, globes, &c., in good style. I have given you this rather tedious and minute description of the place, because we may have occasion to allude to these places before we are through; and then we wish you to know something of the place our hero is in.

The middle of November was past, and in a few days the Judge was to leave for Washington.

His wife and he were holding long and frequent councils as to how things were to be managed during his long absence, in which they frequently had occasion to congratulate each other on their happy fortune in securing the services and company of Mr. Stedom. During one of these councils Mrs. Stokes said,

"I will tell you, Judge, what I have been thinking about for several days. The nearer the time approaches for your departure, the more I feel like having Rosa come home."

"My dear wife, do not begin to cherish such ideas or you will render yourself unhappy without a cause," replied the Judge.

"But you did not hear me through. I have a plan that you have not thought of which I know you will approve when you hear it."

"Well, let me hear it, and if it is at all feasible, I will most gladly concur in any arrangement that will give you the society of our dear daughter during my absence."

"You know what a fine performer Mr. Stedom is on the piano forte; how well he sings; that he can speak French, and is a fine mathematician. Now why not bring Rosa home and have Mr. Stedom become her instructor in these?"

"This is all true; but Mr. Stedom applies himself so closely to the boys that I fear he would not like to take charge of Rosa also."

"I know that Mr. Stedom will do that much to accommodate me; and then there is no doubt of his capacity to do just what we wish. He is such a perfect gentleman in his manners, and so correct in his language. Indeed I never conversed with any one of his age of whom I could learn so much, who seemed to have matured so well all his thoughts."

"Yes; of his capacity there is no question, for I never learned so much of the principles of music in my life as from him in an hour's talk the other evening. It seemed to me that he made it so plain that I could almost play myself. I will have a conference with him about it, and if he will undertake it I guess that you will have to have Rosa home."

"Let us send for him now, and ask him all about it. I shall be so in suspense until I know. He will come up with pleasure."

So Charles was called, and after due apologies for disturbing him were made, the whole matter was placed before him, and the amount of accommodation it would be to Mrs. Stokes if he would comply. He replied,

"Certainly, certainly; if I can in the least contribute to Mrs. Stokes' pleasure by my utmost endeavors, it will be a pleasure to me, although I fear that I shall not be of much service to Miss Stokes in the matters you allude to."

"We will risk that," said Mrs. Stokes, "if you will only add that much to your labors."

"As to the labor," replied Charles, "I will see to that; it shall form no barrier. I will do all I can."

So the preliminaries being all arranged, Rosa was sent for.

The Judge departed; Rosa arrived; all things passed on smoothly and to the satisfaction of all.

Rosa Stokes was the eldest child of Judge Stokes. She was just seventeen. She had graduated at a female school, but her parents wished her to pursue her studies farther than most young ladies go; hence she had been sent to Mobile for the purpose of perfecting her in the sciences, languages and music. She was a very pretty girl; her hair was auburn, skin fair, eyes bright and dancing, and somewhat the color of her hair; she was not very tall, but remarkably well formed, and was one of those females so rarely met with who was thought to be too retiring in her manners, yet when engaged in conversation she became very interesting and easy, and spoke with fervor and eloquence.

Months passed away before any thing transpired out of the ordinary routine of things worthy of record here. At length our hero had another opportunity to display his goodness of heart, and his faithfulness as an Odd Fellow. It was on this wise:

A young man, a clerk in a Philadelphia establishment, traveling on a collecting tour, and also to make new acquaintances for their house in the South, had arrived in Barboursville too unwell to pursue his journey. He took his room, called a physician, who came to see him daily, and gave him some medicine. But he grew worse from day to day, and he became alarmed, and often sighed deeply and wept bitterly in his loneliness and pain. At length he determined to call the landlord and make some inquiries of him. The landlord came and Mr. Bowen (for that was the young man's name,) thus addressed him:

"Is there an Odd Fellow's Lodge in this place?"

"No. I wish there was no such thing in the world. The world is to be eaten up by such worldly societies."

"Well, sir, I am not disposed to discuss that with you now. I am an Odd Fellow, and thought that if there was a Lodge here, I could ask some of the brethren to watch with me if I get worse."

"Why did you not ask after a church? We have several here," said the knight of the barroom.

"Because I supposed there was none of our society here. I am of what is called the Quaker persuasion."

"So you are a Quaker, are you? Why did you not say you were a Christian? I belong to the Christian church?"

"The denomination I belong to is generally known by the name of Quakers or Friends," said Mr. Bowen, and turned over with his face to the wall. The landlord walked about the room for a few moments, and then went down stairs, musing as he went, "I do not really believe there is religion enough in the world to save it. Here is a man who is a Quaker and an Odd Fellow. What the world is coming to I cannot tell. Well, as he asked for Quakers and Odd Fellows, and nobody else, let him look to them, and do the best he can. I won't take care of him. Maybe he has got the small pox. If I was any way certain of it I would make him leave."

Mr. Bowen sunk into a deep study, and as he canvassed the probabilities of a long spell of sickness, the heartless character of his host, his distance from home, and all his friends and no one in whom he could confide, he wept bitterly. Another expedient occurred to him, and he determined to try that. So he called for a servant and sent for the Postmaster, who kindly came, to whom Mr. Bowen proposed the following question:

"Does any one take an Odd Fellow's newspaper out of your office, called the Golden Rule?"

"No, sir; but there is a periodical called The Ark and Odd Fellows' Magazine comes here to a Mr. Stedom."

"Where does he live?" responded Bowen.

"About a mile and a half from town, at Judge Stokes'."

"Please to write the direction on a slip of paper for me."

This the Postmaster did, and then said to the sick man, "You seem to be very sick. Can I do anything for your comfort?"

"No, sir; I am much obliged to you for the kindness you have shown me. I will not trouble you any more."

The Postmaster left, and Mr. Bowen got up and wrote as follows, and enclosed in it his traveling card, and sent it by a servant to Mr. Stedom.

"MR. STEDOM.—Dear sir: I am here very sick. If it will not be too much trouble I would be glad if you would call to see me at the Eagle Hotel this evening.

SMITH BOWEN."

The servant carried it at once to Mr. Stedom, who on opening it saw the card and knew it was a brother. He read the note, and then went into the house and informed Mrs. Stokes that he was called to the village to see a sick friend from the North that was there, and would not return that night.

A little before sundown, Charles Stedom stood by the bedside of his sick stranger brother, and assured him that no attention that he could give should be wanting to render him as comfortable as possible.

Day after day the stranger grew worse, and it was pretty evident that his sickness was unto death. Charles frankly told him so, and advised him to make any preparation he tho't necessary.

"Bro. Stedom," said the stranger, "I have for years been striving to make preparation for death. I thank God I do not fear to die. In my trunk you will find between six and seven thousand dollars. It belongs to my employers. If I die, use enough of it to defray my funeral expenses, and the remainder please send to them. My trunk and clothes send to my mother, and direct it to their care."

On returning home one morning Mrs. Stokes told Charles that he must suspend his school until his friend was well or died; that he could not stand it to watch all night and teach all day. So Charles went to the village, and stayed day and night until on the twelfth day after Charles first saw him, the stranger brother expired in his arms.

Charles made all necessary provisions for the funeral of the stranger, and called on the minister and invited him to preach a sermon on the occasion, which was accordingly done.

On the day of the burial when at the grave, Mr. Stedom was observed to walk up to the grave, and with his cheeks covered with tears to cast a sprig of cedar upon the breast of the coffin. Some said, 'Maybe, he is a mason;' others said, 'no; if he had been they would have turned out.' The funeral over, Charles packed his trunk, directed it properly, and shipped it to Philadelphia—called at the bank, and bought a bill of exchange on the



East, and remitted it to Mr. Bowen's employers — wrote to his afflicted mother, giving her a minute account of his sickness, death, burial and all; then wrote to his Lodge, informing them of the loss of a brother; and then again to his work, the object of universal remark and admiration.

#### CHAPTER VI.

More than a year had elapsed since Mr. Stedom had become an inmate of Judge Stokes' family, and had so conducted himself that he was beloved by every person on the plantation, old and young, white and black. When he was seen approaching the quarters on Sabbath afternoons, with his New Testament under his arm, every servant moved to some convenient place to hear him read and explain the Gospel to them. And often Mrs. Stokes would sit for an hour among her servants, and listen with deep interest to his kind and impassioned teachings from the Holy Word.

Almost every evening, Charles, accompanied by some of the family, walked to the hills, to see the beautiful spring, and drink of its pure waters; or in the pleasure boat upon the glassy lake, or with Botany in hand, strolling along the banks of the rivulet, or by moon light amidst the luxuriant adornments of the green lawn in front of the house.

One bright May evening, Mrs. Stokes and Rosa, in company with Mr. Stedom, were enjoying a pleasure ride on the lake, Mrs. Stokes said to him,

"Mr. Stedom, for almost a year have I kept in my heart a curious desire to know something of a transaction in which you were engaged, but knowing the frankness and candor with which you have always spoken on all subjects to me I have feared to mention it, least I should intrude unnecessarily upon your feelings, but you know what curious and inquisitive creatures we ladies are said to be. I will venture to name it, and if you do not wish to talk about it, just say so, and I will imprison my curiosity, and cease the inquisition and be content."

"Certainly, Mrs. Stokes, name it. It will be a pleasure to me to gratify you with any solution of mystery that may attach to any transaction of mine."

The way thus opened, she continued, "I have often wondered what relation existed between you and the gentleman who died at the hotel last summer — why you seemed to be so much interested in him, and what was the sig-

nification of the sprig of evergreen that you cast upon his bosom. When you have spoken of him it has always been as of the *stranger*. Had you no acquaintance with him previous to his coming to Barboursville?"

"Not the slightest," responded Charles. "I did not know that there was such a man on earth as he until the evening he sent me the note."

"Is it possible? How strange that he should send for you," said Mrs. Stokes.

"Well, how did it happen that he sent for you," said Rosa.

"To solve the whole mystery at once, we were Odd Fellows," said Charles.

"Odd Fellows!" cried Rosa; "that only increases the mystery. Come, Mr. Stedom, explain all about it — how did he know that you were here?"

"He made inquiry if there were any Odd Fellows in the place, but no one knew any thing of them. At length he sent for the Postmaster, and inquired of him if there were any papers come to his office devoted to Odd Fellowship, and thus found that I took one, and so inferred that I was one, and sent for me."

"But, Mr. Stedom, this only makes it the more inexplicable to me. Odd Fellows! what a strange name. What does it mean?" said Mrs. Stokes.

"It is the name of a benevolent society, organized for mutual relief in times of sickness or distress. Its great command is to visit the sick, relieve the distressed, bury the dead, succor the widow, and educate the orphan. It is an Order of but recent date in the United States, although it is said to have been in existence for a hundred and fifty or two hundred years in England."

"Why, I never heard of them before; did you Ma?" said Rosa.

"Yes, I had read of them in the papers, but knew nothing of them. I had supposed that they were some convivial societies peculiar to the cities or larger towns."

"No," said Charles, "we meet for the relief of distress, for mutual counsel, and for the diffusion of the principles of benevolence and charity. We wish first to teach men that they are brothers — that they are all exposed to sickness and death, and that there is a grand equality among virtuous men, whether learned or unlearned, rich or poor, mechanical or professional; that none can say I may not need a friend and a brother, or that I cannot

be a friend and brother to my fellow man in distress."

"Truly that sounds well; but how do you accomplish all that?" said Mrs. Stokes.

"In the first place, we agree that if one is sick that we will watch with him, two of us each night, so long as he may need; to bury him if he dies; to pay him a certain amount of money per week while sick, and a certain amount as a funeral benefit; and in turn he agrees that if health smiles on him that he will help any who may need his aid."

"But, Mr. Stedom, where does the money come from? Have you begged the wealthy humane for endowment?" said Rosa.

"No, indeed," said our hero; "we have no *wealthy humane* to endow us. We hold that there is no one but that can afford ample relief if they only go to work right. We are all humane and all on an equality. A man worth thousands, and the man who has 'no cottage in the wilderness,' are all equal handed in this matter. All have equal honor and equal privilege. We each contribute a small amount per week, and do it regularly. Thus the poorest in this world's goods, and the richest, may alike assist, and neither feel it."

"This is so small an amount that it seems to me that it would never amount to much," said Rosa.

"You have not thought of it, Miss Rosa," said Charles, "or you would have come to a different conclusion. We are spending about a half a million of dollars annually and yet we have a surplus of eight or ten millions of dollars, and I assure you that we do not act stingily in our distribution; for I believe that in every instance where the stipulated amount does not prove sufficient to assist a brother thoroughly, that more is given by a special act of the Lodge."

"But how did know you that stranger to be an Odd Fellow, if you never saw him before he came to town?" said Mrs. Stokes. "May he not have been an imposter?"

"That we may not be imposed upon we have agreed upon certain signs and words by which we can tell each other where ever we meet; and besides this we have an engraved card that all who are going to travel from home, obtain, which assures us that they were in good standing when they left home. This was the case with Mr. Bowen. He had his card with him."

"Do you have a card?" said Rosa.

"Oh, yes, I always keep one. Mine will last two years. They give them to run as

long as a member wishes to be absent from home, by his paying up his contributions to the end of the time."

"I would like to see one; would you not Ma?"

"I will show you mine with pleasure. I always keep it in my pocket book; here it is; but it is getting so dark you cannot see it well. You had better carry it to the house, and look at it in the morning. It is a beautiful engraving. Be sure you do not lose it, Miss Rosa. I think a great deal of it."

They went to the house together, and were about to part for the night, when Rosa called out to Charles, who had got some distance, "You did not tell us why you threw the evergreen into the stranger's grave."

"Rosa, the evergreen is an emblem of remembrance and immortality. I threw that sprig of cedar on my brother's bosom, saying in my heart, 'I will remember thee and thy virtues. I hope to meet thee where sickness, sorrow, pain and death shall never come—where all tears shall be wiped from all faces; where the weary traveler shall be for ever at rest, and where parting shall be no more.'"

A moment's solemn silence—a mutual 'good night'—Charles went to his studio, took a book and seated himself in a large arm chair—Mrs. Stedom and Rosa went to their chamber, and seated themselves to inspect Charles's card.

"What a beautiful design," said Rosa; "See there is that command Mr. Stedom spoke of; oh, how beautifully significant; they give these cards to their members to present to the Order if they are sick or in distress. If a brother is sick he sends his card, and the first thing they see is '*visit the sick*.' When they look at their cards they see it there, ever reminding them of their duty to VISIT THE SICK. Friendship, Love and Truth, just above. I suppose that is one of their mottoes. There is the bee hive and the hour glass. I suppose that means to improve your time. The whole is surmounted by a blazing sun. That tells them that they must prepare for adversity while all is prosperous and right; and there is the moon and stars surrounded by clouds, I suppose to tell them that the sun may not always shine. There is the dove, with the sprig in its bill; the deepest waters will abate, and though the earthly house of this tabernacle should fall, yet there is hope of immortality. Here is a group of emblems—a heart in hand, a book, a bundle of rods, an eye, a serpent on a pole, a cornucopia, a pair of scales, sue-

pended on three links—oh what a beautiful representation of love; see that little girl offering a rosebud which is pure love; and there is justice with her scales and sword.”

“Certainly, this is very beautiful, and an Order that has such expressive emblems must mean well,” said Mrs. Stokes.

“Why, Ma, there is instruction enough on this card, if well understood and practiced, to make them good men.”

“I have no doubt it is a praise-worthy society, or Mr. Stedom would not speak so highly of it. And then his attention to that poor strange man for almost two weeks that he scarcely closed his eyes to sleep. What a noble young man he is—so dignified and kind. It seems to do him more good to do any one a favor than it does the one that receives it.”

“Well, Ma, I really confess I have scarcely ever known such a young man. While we were in the boat I could not help looking at him; it seemed to me that he was all loveliness; and the other day when he spoke of his mother and burst into tears when he said that in six months, if nothing happened to prevent he would her see her again, I could not help loving him.”

“Take care, my daughter, how you say you love young men,” said her Ma, half jesting and half earnest.”

“Oh, I don’t mean as a lover exactly, but as a sister,” said Rosa, jestingly; at the same time blushing deeply. Her heart was moving.

We left Charles Stedom seated in an arm chair, with a book in his hand, but he read not. He was musing, and thus ran his thoughts:

“Well, Mrs. Stokes is a princely lady; so refined, so polite, so kind, so much like a mother to me, and yet maintaining the air of a hostess. And there is Rosa; she entwines so around my heart that I can scarcely resist telling how lovely she is, and yet my resolution is to treat her as a sister. They all treat me as a member of the family, and I might as well say that the old lady herself was falling in love with me; but then I thought this evening I saw Rosa contemplating me a little more affectionately in a sly way than she would have done if I had been a brother. In fact I noticed it several times. The other day when she gave me the rosebud and asked the language of it, she looked rather witchingly, but perhaps it is all her kind way. I have been with her so much for the last eighteen months, it is only the familiarity of circumstances.

To be continued.

## EXTRACTS FROM A SERMON,

Preached at Massillon, Ohio, on the occasion of the death of P.G. GEORGE MILLER, of Sippo Lodge, No. 48.

BY REV. BRO. JOHN HAMILTON.

[The text was 2 Sam. i. 26. The Rev. Brother quoted from 1. Kings, i. 19th to 27th verse, and proceeded; ]

In the contemplation of this subject, let me direct your attention,

1. *To the love of women.* We have a very moving incident in the history of a mother’s love, recorded in the 2d book of Samuel, 21st chap. “But the king took the two sons of Rizpah, the daughter of Aiah, Armoni and Mephibosheth, and the five sons of Michal, the daughter of Saul, and he delivered them into the hands of the Gibeonites, and they hanged them in the hill before the Lord, and they fell all seven together, and were put to death in the days of the harvest, in the first days in the beginning of barley-harvest. And Rizpah, the daughter of Aiah, took sackcloth, and spread it for her upon the rock, from the beginning of harvest until water dropped upon them out of Heaven, and suffered neither the birds of the air to rest on them by day, nor the beasts of the field by night.”

Can the history of a mother’s love present a more profoundly affecting instance of deep devotion than this short record? Through the long summer season, for six weary months, did this bereaved mother sit beside the dead bodies of her sons. No friend was there to cheer her sunken spirits. No social ties could separate her from those mouldering forms. There she was by day, when the Heavens were bright over her and the earth glad around her; there she was by night, when the stars lit up the firmament with milder beauty, and the landscape was quiet before her. We can witness death—“we can see the dark shadow steal slowly over the countenance, and the radiance passing away from the eye”—we can look upon the cold, pale face of the dead, and kiss the brow on which beauty yet lingers; but who of us could sit for long, long months by the side of the dead, and watch the progress of decay and dissolution? And yet, this was the lonely task of this true-hearted mother! Worthy is maternal love of all that eloquent tongues have spoken of it! Such a sentiment, such a passion, so pure, so perfect, so heavenly, cannot be too fervently admired or too highly praised.

Of all human affections, it is the loveliest and the noblest; of all human acts, its untiring devotion, its self-sacrificing generosity

approaches nearest to the ministry of angels. No wonder that Jesus Christ, amid the awful sublimities of the crucifixion scene, cast a dying look on the countenance of his beloved mother, and commended her in his dying tones to the arms of John? It was then that Heaven sanctioned and hallowed a mother's love, so that wherever that cross is reared, and wherever its holy doctrines are proclaimed, the touching story of Christ's filial affection and Mary's undying love, is also announced.

There is something within that impels us to value love far more than anything else, and all things else together. Intellect is only glorious when it is sanctified by love, and when it gathers beautiful thoughts to whisper to love. The pearls of knowledge are only valuable when love keeps the casket in which they are deposited. Memory has no joy, and imagination no bliss where it is wanting. The counterfeit sources of human happiness have gained their power over us by false pretences to love. Mammon must be endorsed by the heart, ambition must get its murderous commission from the passions, and even folly must plead love, before they can effect their ends. It is love that endears infancy and youth to our darkening memories, and casts its mild and mellow light before us thro' all the dark valleys, even to the darkest spot of all—the grave. It is love that makes home a better world than the world at large, and clusters so much blessedness within its bosom, like honey nestling in the cups of flowers. It is love that hallows the resting places of the departed; it is love that binds our affection and faith to the skies. Nothing in all the Universe, among men or angels, is so poetic, as love.

Having exhibited the history of a mother's love, with an illustration of its hallowed influence, permit me now to call your attention to the love of Jonathan to David, which must have been more ardent, more devoted, and more touching, for David says, "Thy love to me was wonderful, passing the love of woman."

Jonathan's love to David was founded on his knowledge of David's history. He knew him to be a true patriot. He was deeply imbued with the love of country. In early life he left his quiet home, and his peaceful pursuits, and offered his humble services to his country then struggling with a formidable foe. His offer was accepted. He went forth to battle for his country, and in single com-

bat, slew their enemy's champion, and delivered his country from the hands of the Philistines. This heroic act secured to him the favor, approbation, and friendship of his countrymen. The whole country was vocal with his praise. This aroused the selfishness of Saul, who supposed that David designed supplanting him in the affections of his people. The young prince Jonathan entertained a more honorable view of the character of this noble youth, and without consulting his father, determined upon making David his companion and covenant friend. Jonathan knew the patriotism of David was a most elevated sentiment. It was associated with his religion, as well as his country. All the miracles that had signalized the national history of his country—the memory of ancestral worth—the fondly cherished hope of the Messiah, dearer than any memory, and brighter than any other hope—the exclusiveness of his national character—all conspired to awaken patriotic feelings.

Entertaining the most lofty sentiments for his noble companion, Jonathan manifested a willingness to incur the royal displeasure in the defence and protection of his beloved companion, and in after-life he found that his confidence and love was not misplaced in his trust-worthy friend.

Most persons act very extensively under the influence of selfishness. Very few compared with the multitude, crucify self, or rigidly practice the true spirit of self-denial. Now, there is a principle of self-love which is lawful, and which is planted in our nature for the very wisest of purposes. Every man has an innate love of life, of happiness, and of prosperity. We are not to be indifferent to these things, but love to these things may become so inordinate, and so absorb our feelings and thoughts, as to transform us into the character of those who "seek their own," or who are described by the Apostle as "lovers of their own selves." Jonathan was not selfish. He sought the prosperity of his friend in preference to his own interests. In this he evinced a self-sacrificing principle, which, after his death, called forth from the heart of David this grateful expression—"Thy love to me was wonderful."

2d. *We notice the amiable character of Jonathan, which is worthy of report.* This is implied, if not expressed, in these words—"Very pleasant hast thou been unto me." Jonathan's whole conduct towards David was courteous, affectionate, and polite—evincing

the most refined manners, the most polished attainments, and the most tender regard for his esteemed friend. This made him a very desirable and pleasant companion.

The apostle Paul, who was not less a great philosopher, and a man of polished manners and address, than an eminent saint, in the portrait which he draws of the Christian, in *Philippians*, chap. 4, v. 8, adds to the more important qualities of truth, honorable conduct, justice, charity, purity, and temperance "whatsoever things are lovely and of good report" manifestly by referring to those ornamental graces of a useful and beneficent conduct, by which we should recommend the principles of our holy religion to the world. This is a branch of duty which has attracted less attention, and received less illustration from Christian divines and moralists, than any other, and certainly, has been inculcated with less frequency and seriousness than its importance demands. The will of the Creator upon this subject, is not obscurely indicated in the whole structure of the universe. In all his works we see beauty combined with utility. And that man may enjoy it with the higher pleasure, and be led, by this sensibility to a warmer and purer devotion, he is endued by God with a lively taste of the beautiful in nature, and of all that is lovely and amiable in human conduct. In conformity with this universal system, we perceive that there are certain graces of manner that some men possess, which contribute to render a character otherwise good, peculiarly interesting. Many pious men, especially in the humble stations of life, have imagined that, if we possess the substantial virtues of the gospel—its integrity and truth, its penitence and faith, the more amiable and ornamental graces of refined manners are hardly to be desired. This persuasion of these good men, so contrary to the order of nature, is not less opposed to the evangelic order. For the holy apostle, a man the most abstracted from the vanities of the world, enjoins, with peculiar emphasis, the cultivation of "whatsoever things are lovely."

The peculiar character of virtue, which is here the subject of the apostolic injunction, consists in those dispositions of kindness, benevolence, and consideration for others, which form the most amiable features in the commerce of mankind, expressed with that suavity of countenance and gesture which carries their emotions directly to the heart. Formed for society, we regard with peculiar complacency those manners which contribute to

refine the ties, and to render its intercourse endearing. But, far be it from our holy religion, to recommend that polite foppery, or that studied and distant urbanity of behavior, which is merely the ape of benevolence, a painted image without a heart, which is more concerned for the manner of doing an action, than for its goodness, and much more vain of its own grace, than interested for your happiness. The politeness of a true Christian is the simple and unaffected expression of the benevolent sentiments which occupy his mind. These sentiments impart a meaning to every look and action, which enters the soul by a charming insinuation, and creates an interest in the hearts of others, infinitely superior to any effect of the artificial, and cold civility of the world.

The most benevolent intentions, and the most beneficent actions, often lose a great part of their merit, if they are void of delicacy. And a certain insinuation in the style of conferring a favor, or expressing our regard and consideration for others, which is the result only of benevolent feeling, and of a heart cultivated, if I may speak so, by divine grace, bestows on the act an unspeakably higher value. "Whatsoever things are lovely," therefore, should ever employ the attention of every benevolent person, that, according to the declared design of the sacred writer in giving this injunction, they may render their virtues more amiable in the eyes of mankind, and thereby augment, which is the first wish of every philanthropic person, their power of doing good.

In the beautiful portrait of Christian character traced by the first of the apostles the loveliness of its manners is not to be exclusively confined to the amiable expression of its benevolent dispositions towards others, but may justly be extended to all those small but important attentions to the proprieties of the person, which contribute to render the intercourse of society more pleasing. It has been the error of some devout men in every age, to conceive that religion is so exclusively occupied with the great interests of our eternal being, that the body, which is destined so soon to perish, is hardly an object of its pious care. Yet, that a certain condescension to this earthly part of our nature is not unworthy the sublimity of its views, is manifest from the whole ritual of the ancient dispensation. By how many ablutions, and purifications, did the law of Moses express its solicitude, not only for the health, but for all the decencies of the

body? And is it not most reasonable that, while our corporeal and spiritual faculties exist, and compose but one nature, religion should embrace the improvement and perfection of both within her cognizance?

Let no one be surprised, then, that attentions even of this personal kind, are among the virtues of the gospel. Religion, indeed, recommends no frivolous or excessive care of ornaments, which are always the indications of a vain, and unchaste mind; but it is equally remote from that grossness of sentiment which disgusts by its neglect, a decent regard to appearance, according to men's several stations in society—and above all, purity of person, though under the homeliest garb, are proofs of a benevolent desire to please and be pleased, which can never be separated from Christian charity.

Their precious influence is, perhaps, chiefly perceived in that society which is the most intimate, and ought to be the most dear to man; I mean the conjugal and domestic, which, when supported by delicate and mutual attentions, is the scene of his purest earthly joys; but when poisoned by negligence, or any want of the decencies and properties of life, is the source of some of his most poignant infelicities, and of his greatest errors and vices.

Shall these attentions, then, be esteemed too light and unimportant to obtain so conspicuous a place in the Christian system when so much of the happiness of mankind depends upon them? Nay, I fear not to class them with the essential duties of piety, and to claim for them a rank and consideration in the scale of morals, which has seldom been assigned them. And the same appears to have been the opinion of the apostle, certainly the greatest and holiest of mere men, when he says, "Whatsoever things are LOVELY—think of these things."

The apostle, in enjoining on his brethren the cultivation of amiable manners, enforces his recommendation by extending it to those things that are of good report; that is, which not only please and delight those with whom we have immediate intercourse, but gain general esteem, on the score of their benignity and amiableness, from all who observe them, or who have access to learn their history. If we attempt to mark them by a definite character, and to discriminate between these, and such as simply are lovely, they consist of such conspicuous and acknowledged acts of virtue and goodness as are calculated to attract pub-

lic reputation. Reputation, in a certain degree, is attached to the practice of every virtue, but is especially won by distinguished acts of beneficence and charity. Accordingly, in the exercise of the charitable virtues, the primitive Christians are recorded to have exceeded all mankind, and, by the effects of this amiable spirit, to have pre-eminently contributed to the early and wide diffusion of the doctrines of the gospel.

And the apostle, in this exhortation, had doubtless his view fixed on those extraordinary efforts of charity which so illustriously distinguished the Christians, and were then, for the first time, to the great honor and advantage of the Christian name, displayed in all their beauty before the Pagan world. All men, indeed, do not possess equal means of making this benevolent spirit shine before the world. But in the humblest stations of life, if they have not wealth to bestow in the relief of suffering indigence, they have their sympathies, their assiduities, their ten thousand tender and humane offices. Who is so obscure as not frequently to have it in his power to render some alleviations to the afflictions of others; to succor, or in some way to befriend injured innocence; to assist or console virtuous sorrow? But if Heaven has blessed them with affluence, it is only putting in their power an opportunity of exerting their beneficence in acts of greater praise. What a pure, virtuous, and extended reputation may be acquired by establishments for relieving helpless distress? By furnishing to the poor the means of an honest and useful industry? By institutions for diffusing knowledge, and promoting virtue among the most indigent orders of the community? A good report, sought by such means, is a just and noble object of ambition, and contributes as much to the honor of religion, as to the praise of the individual, or to society engaged in such a noble work. In the class of actions most amiable and lovely in the human character, these, perhaps, are entitled to bear the highest rank.

If those who aspire to honorable distinction in their country, would employ their means in works of public utility, in augmenting the grandeur, the industry, and solid power of the state—in improving arts—in advancing knowledge—in promoting morals—in extending the interests of religion—and in alleviating the unavoidable calamities of human life; how might they flourish in the opinion and good report of their fellow citizens and fellow Christians! What a glory might they

not shed on the charitable principles of the gospel, which, in the most splendid periods of Greece and Rome, were little understood by those cultivated nations!

Brethren, you have seen, no doubt, in the portrait which I have drawn of Christian character, a reflection of the amiable character of Jonathan, which called forth the praiseworthy report of David, "very pleasant hast thou been unto me." And I may add, that this portrait is a tolerable accurate likeness of the moral worth of our beloved brother, who now sleeps with the silent dead. And, I have no doubt, that every brother and every citizen of Massillon, will endorse the sentiment of David, and say, "very pleasant hast thou been unto me."

I will now call your attention briefly,

3d. *To the affecting and painful bereavement of David.* "I am distressed for thee, my brother Jonathan." The endearing connexion which existed between David and the lovely Jonathan was founded in friendship, and the union of their hearts was formed by mutual confidence, and for mutual benevolence. This connexion was desirable, because it would be advantageous to David in the attainment of a knowledge of the King's displeasure, without endangering his life, and would be productive of mutual help, mutual comfort, and mutual protection. If Jonathan had survived the death of his father, David could have returned from his exile in peace, and shared the hospitality of the royal palace with Jonathan, and by their united wisdom and energy, remove all cause of disaffection among their countrymen, and place the kingdom upon a more solid and prosperous basis.

In the death of Jonathan, perhaps, David anticipated a revolution in the kingdom by conflicting interests among the aspirants to regal honor, which would deluge the country with the blood of his countrymen, destroy mutual confidence, and blast forever the fairest prospects of a glorious nation. In view of this we are not surprised to hear this noble patriot say, "I am distressed for thee, my brother Jonathan." David's heart was wrung with all the bitterness of anguish for the loss of one he so much loved. The image of his friend was never effaced from his heart. There were mementoes in the land which reminded him of his beloved brother. When he was elevated to the throne of Israel, and the cares of state gathered around him, did he then forget the friendship of his beloved brother Jonathan? No! David instituted this

inquiry, "Is there not yet any of the house of Saul, that I may show the kindness of God unto him." 2 Sam. 9, 3. Here we have an instance of true magnanimity, of real greatness! He does not make this inquiry for the purpose of revenging the unrelenting malignity of Saul, or to erase the last vestige of royal blood from the earth, so that he might sit more secure on his throne, but "that I may show the kindness of God unto him." Ziba informed the King that "Jonathan had yet a son, which is lame on his feet." Providence favors David with an opportunity of reciprocating the friendship of Jonathan. He sent for his friend's helpless orphan and made him comfortable through subsequent life.

Brethren, forgive my wandering. I am reminded by the sable festoonery of this hall, by the badges of mourning you wear, and by the presence of weeping friends, that inconsolable grief bears heavy upon your spirits. What hath smitten Sippo Lodge and Eureka Encampment? and why are we clothed in the habiliments of mourning? The answer comes from the grave, Brother GEORGE MILLER IS DEAD! The memory of our beloved brother is yet fresh within us, and as the withered verdure of a departed season lingers amid the flowers of succeeding spring and summer of our affections until we pass death's cold flood to meet him with the blood-washed multitude on Canaan's peaceful shore.

Beautiful is the last sleep of our brother! The peace of the calm skies descends upon him. He fell into the embrace of death as tranquilly as snow-flakes fall to the earth! and mercy laid its soft hand upon his eye-lids and closed them till the morning of the resurrection!

Shall we endorse David's lament and say, "I am distressed for thee." Nay, let us rather say,

Thou art sleeping, brother, meekly,  
And the tall grass waves above,  
Shielding many a flow'r that weakly  
Frithes o'er thee the life of love;  
Emblem of thine own days—fleeting  
Like the bow in troubled skies,  
With conflicting darkness meeting,  
Melting them in golden dyes!

Thou art sleeping, brother! sorrow  
Cannot wound thy heart again:  
Thou wilt never know a morrow  
With its earthly share of pain.  
Our reverses cannot harm thee,  
Still and throbless as thou art;  
Nor the voice of loved ones charm thee,  
Or a tenderness impart.

Thou art sleeping, brother! lightly  
Falls the dew upon thy mound;  
And the winds awaken nightly  
Sainted minstrelsy around.  
'T is a burden each good spirit,  
Watching o'er thee, murmurs sweet:  
Telling how the just inherit  
Bliss that earth can never greet.

### HONOR.

Every principle that is a motive to good action ought to be encouraged, since men are of so different a make that the same principle does not work equally upon all minds. What some men are prompted to do by conscience, duty or religion, which are only different names for the same thing, others prompted to by honor.

The sense of honor is of so delicate a nature, that it is only to be met with in minds which are naturally noble, or in such as have been cultivated by great examples, or a refined education. This essay, therefore, is chiefly designed for those who, by means of any of these advantages are, or ought to be, actuated by this glorious principle. But as nothing is more pernicious than a principle when it is misunderstood, I shall consider honor with respect to three sorts of men. First, with regard to those who have a right notion of it. Secondly, with regard to those who have a mistaken notion of it. And thirdly, with regard to those who treat it as chimerical, and turn it into ridicule.

In the first place, true honor, though it be a different principle from religion, is that which produces the same effects. The lines of action, though drawn from different parts, terminate in the same point. Religion embraces virtue, as it is enjoined by the laws of God; honor, as it is graceful and ornamental to human nature. The religious man fears, the man of honor scorns, to do an ill action. Seneca speaks in the natural language of a man of honor, when he declares that "were there no God to see or punish vice, he would not commit it, because it is of so mean, so vile a nature."

In the second place, we are to consider those who have mistaken notions of honor. And these are such as establish anything to themselves for a point of honor, which is contrary to the laws of God or their country; who think it more honorable to revenge than to forgive an injury; who make no scruple of lying, but would put any man to death that accuses them of it; who are more careful to guard their reputation by their courage, than

by virtue. True fortitude is indeed so becoming in human nature, that he who wants it scarce deserves the name of a man, but we find plenty who so much abuse this notion, that they place the whole idea of honor in a kind of brutal courage, by which means, we have many among us who call themselves men of honor, that would be a disgrace to a penitentiary. In a word, the man who sacrifices any duty of a reasonable creature to a prevailing mode of fashion, who looks upon any thing as honorable that is displeasing to his Maker, or destructive to society, who thinks himself obliged by this principle to the practice of some virtues, and not of others, is by no means a man of honor.

In the third place, we are to consider those persons who treat this principle as chimerical, and turn it into ridicule. Men who are professedly of no honor, are of a more profligate and abandoned nature than even those who are actuated by false notions of it, as there is more hope of a heretic than of an atheist. Those sons of infamy consider honor as a fine imaginary notion, that leads astray young inexperienced men, and draws them into mischief while they are engaged in pursuit of a shadow. These are generally persons who, in Shakespeare's phrase, "are worn and hackney'd in the ways of men." Such old battered miscreants ridicule everything as romantic that comes in competition with their present interest, and treat those persons as visionary, who dare stand up in a corrupt age for what has not its immediate reward joined to it. The talents, interest, or experience, of such men, make them very often useful in all parties, and at all times. But whatever wealth and dignities they may arrive, they ought to consider that every one stands as a blot in the annals of his country, who arrives at the temple of honor by any other means than through that of virtue. - *Token*.

BEAUTY.—Beauty has so many charms, one knows not how to speak against it; and when it happens that a graceful figure is the habitation of a virtuous soul, when the beauty of the face speaks out the modesty and humility of the mind, and the justness of the proportion raises our thoughts up to the heart and wisdom of the great Creator, something may be allowed it and something to the embellishment which sets it off; and yet, when the whole apology is read, it will be found at last, that beauty, like truth, never is so glorious as when it goes the plainest.



## OBJECTS OF ODD FELLOWSHIP.

Odd Fellowship is the Order above all others, to which suffering humanity may turn for aid and support, against the ills that constantly assail man in his "journey through life." Its every function is to assist in surmounting the difficulties to which all are exposed, and from all of which few escape. In becoming a member of the fraternity, the candidate is bound down to no religious or political creed; but left free to act according to the dictates of conscience, guided by the light that heaven sheds around intelligent beings. No inducements are offered for the gratification of ambition or vanity—no princely offices are within the gift of the Brotherhood, and even the contributions which a brother drops into the treasury, are as the blood that courses in the veins unobserved, yet giving life to the body, and elasticity to the limbs, while the fountain remains in obscurity. "To relieve the distressed, to bury the dead, and educate the orphan," are the positive duties of an Odd Fellow. To persuade the erring to return from the haunts of vice to the halls of virtue, are among the fruits of its discipline. In order that all may judge of the title of this institution to the merits that its advocates claim for it, we will invite the reader to accompany us while we follow an Odd Fellow in his round of duties.

We will commence our journey as he leaves his home on the way to the Lodge—he is hurrying on, for his heart is engaged in the work that he has before him. Now he enters the Lodge and silently takes his station—now he is appointed to assist in the initiation of a candidate—now that solemn, appropriate, and impressive service is over, and the Lodge is informed that a brother is sick, and needs watchers. Our guide is appointed on a committee to attend to that duty, and at once starts for the sick chamber. As he enters, the care worn countenance of the wife of the patient, assumes a brighter hue, for she beholds a friend and brother, one to whom she can entrust the care of her nearest friend, while she seeks repose from her weary watching. During the night the watching brother assiduously attends to the wants of the invalid; administers to his necessities, and gives him assurances that should it please Heaven to call him hence, "those that are near and dear to him" will receive the fostering care of the brotherhood. Morning having arrived, our brother leaves the chamber of the sick to attend to his du-

ties at home. \* \* \* \* A few days have passed—death has entered the dwelling of the sick brother—he is laid in his winding sheet and lies coffined there before us. Near his corse, weeping, stands habited in a mourning garb, "the partner of his joys and sorrows" and the children of their mutual love, while gathering round to once more see the familiar face of one that often mingled in the councils of the Lodge, and friendly grasped the hands of brothers, comes his late companions, and sadly turn aside their eyes, from whence flow affections tears \* \* \* \* The grave is closed; the last duty to the brother is done; earth has received its own, and his immortal spirit is with its God. But though he needs no more of our aid, yet he has left those who still claim our care. That brother, while in health, provided for those he called his own; but left them naught save an unstained name. They are now the children of the Lodge. Food and clothing must be provided for the bereaved, and those infants must not be cast aside with merely the means of animal subsistence—their minds must be stored with knowledge \* \* \* \* \*

Years have elapsed, and again we enter the Lodge; and as in years gone by, behold the emblems of our "Friendly Order." In that chair trimmed with scarlet, sits the orphan boy of the brother, whom we first saw when "death had marked him for its own." Educated by the Lodge, his sympathies and attachments conducted him hither, and he is now returning upon others, the benefits that he received when in need.

Such are the legitimate fruits of Odd Fellowship, and such the duties of members of the Order. We would be glad if we could add that such was the conduct of every Odd Fellow; but truth and a sense of right forbids. We have depicted above what Odd Fellowship is in theory, what the duties enjoined; and we are happy to add the work performed by many Lodges and brothers. The Lodge is a school, in which, all well regulated minds will receive instruction and be improved by the discipline. But sublime as are the principles, benevolent the designs, and charitable the works of the Order, there are evils existing in the practices of many Lodges, and members, that merits solemn consideration with a view to reform. We will commence with the admission of persons to membership: some Lodges act upon the principle that it is of the utmost importance to get as large a number to join as possible, consequently they are

careless about the character of candidates, or of inquiring into their object in desiring to become members; and many persuade their friends to join, solely on account of the benefits that may be received in case of sickness; they inform them that if they pay their initiation fee, and quarterly dues, that they need never enter the Lodge room again; and if they should be sick they will be entitled to their benefits as much as though they were regular in their attendance, and performed their share of the duties of a *true* Odd Fellow. Another inducement that is frequently brought to bear in favor of a union with the Order, is the advantage that it will be to the Brother in a business point of view—that is, being an Odd Fellow the brothers will give him a preference over others in all business matters. But it would be far better for the Order if no person that requires any such arguments to persuade them, should ever enter the Lodge room. We would not underrate the importance of the benefits which a brother receives in case of sickness, but it is only a tithe of what may be gained by a strict attention to, and participation in the work of the Order. Callous must be the soul of that brother, who can witness the impressive and appropriate rites of the Order without feeling that he has gained something that will be of lasting benefit.

But there are acts performed in the Lodge, that should never be tolerated—acts that are entirely unauthorized by the laws or the principles of the Order—the whole work of which is based upon the Divine precepts of Friendship, Love and Truth. Yet, notwithstanding, angry debates will sometimes arise about the most unimportant question, some brothers have such an overflow of combativeness that they appear to think that they must debate every question that is brought before the Lodge; and if no one gives them occasion to display their *superior powers* they will raise a question themselves. We would ask such wordy brothers to take an opportunity, in the midst of their pointless harangues, to pause, look about them and observe the countenances of the other members of the Lodge: one listens with pity, another contempt, and others pay no attention, and all are rejoiced when he takes his seat.

Our object in directing attention to the errors (not of Odd Fellowship, but of Odd Fellows) is not to prevent others from joining our standard, but to correct such errors, in order to have the institution still more worthy

the favorable consideration of every well-wisher of the human race.—*Banner of the Union.*

Original.

"Who shall stand when He appeareth?"

BY MRS. M. L. GARDINER.

When darkness veils the orb of day,  
And like a scroll shall pass away  
These ever-changing skies;  
Who, when from far a voice is heard,  
To saints most sweet, by sinners feared,  
Who'll then to glory rise?

Will men of wealth, whose narrow souls  
Ne'er stoop'd to calm the wave that rolls  
In stern misfortune's hour—  
Will they, with joy, look up to meet  
A Saviour? they his coming greet,  
Clothed with terrific power?

Who, who in that great day will stand,  
When like a leaf the solid land  
Shall shiver in the breeze?  
Are they the men of pleasure? they  
Who at the wine-cup love to stay,  
And its enchantment seize?

Is it the avaricious heart,  
Who for the sorrowing would not part  
With aught of all his store?  
Who night and day, and day and night,  
Counts up his gold with proud delight,  
The interest o'er and o'er?

No! 'tis not these will hail the day  
When this green earth shall pass away—  
It is not these will raise  
Their beaming eyes and joyful sing,  
"Welcome! Redeemer, Saviour, King!"  
Not this the song they raise.

Who then? Arrayed in glorious youth,  
Friendship, and Love, and holy Truth,  
These sister spirits see!  
Pure joy lights up their wondering eyes,  
While each with rapture and surprise  
Exclaim, "My God! 'tis He!"

This blessed trio, they who stayed  
The fainting head when sorrow laid  
It weeping in the dust—  
Who sought the stranger in distress,  
And promis'd to the fatherless  
A balm of blessed trust.

'T is these the Son of God shall hail  
When earth, upon the furious gale,  
Is borne like chaff away.  
'T is these shall spring with buoyant feet  
Their Saviour and their God to meet,  
In Time's last risen day.

Sag Harbor, L. I.

A princely mind will ruin a private fortune.  
Keep the rank to which Providence hath placed you: and do not make yourself unhappy, because you cannot afford whatever a wild fancy might suggest. The revenues of all the kingdoms of the world would not be equal to the expenses of one extravagant person.

## THE MISSION OF WOMAN.

Poets, scholars and sages, throughout the last eighteen centuries, have cudgelled their brains to define the mission, the destiny of woman; and their songs of rhapsody, their themes of discussion, and their theoretical conclusions have all differed, as age differs from age, generation from generation, and man from man; between song and theme, theme and theory, there has been ever wide divisions, and as endless has been this undeniable variety as the days of time or the eras of eternity. Woman has been as variously estimated, as lightly and as highly appreciated, as men have essayed to estimate or ventured to hazard an opinion, or express a comparison expressive of appreciation. At one time held in erroneous submission, and at others idolized, we behold woman in ten thousand phases of existence, and note her peculiarities in each. From degradation and abject slavery she has often advanced to tyranny and overbearing rule, but only in individual instances, which have ever been singled as occasions in which she has become, as it were, unsexed. The sex have pursued a steady advance, with the onward march of civilization, and woman has forwarded her position with the growth of refinement to the highest post of honorable remembrance, affectionate regard and eulogistic mention. Through every variety of being she has passed, encompassed around with a golden halo of light, and enveloped in the pearly mantle of purity, in every trial she hath been resplendent in meekness, and commands our admiration in every change. Despite all, however, she has been berated; calumny has watched her progress, suspicion lurked about her footsteps, and falsehood has spread its snares in her thorny path. The heartlessness of earth has rebuked her forbearance, and mistaken her holy and patient endurance for cowardice; indeed, the barbarity of former ages has declared her not only the slave of man, his dependent, created only to pander to his idleness, satisfy his depravity, to be blindly, stupidly and dumbly subservient to his caprice, but they have gone to a wilder extreme in their nighted intellectuality; they have stigmatized her as soulless, levelled her to the debased level of the brute, and stripping from her all that made her lovely, they have trampled upon and crushed her; yet happily they have not exterminated the germ of life, of spirituality and perfection, that has outlived abuse and smiled sweetly, not contemptuous-

ly, upon destruction, that has arisen from the mouldered mass, and asserted in mild angelic tones the superiority, the dignity, the heavenly attributes of its possessor, that has been preserved by the Almighty Hand which planted it, and reared with the increase of worlds, by that Omnipotent Shepherd who beheld it when fallen, and nurtured it as it burst from its temporary incubus.

Woman—let whatever may be spoken to her disadvantage, let whatever of scandal may assail her, still it must be allowed she possesses inherent qualities of loveliness too apparent to be unseen, too noticeable to be disregarded; gentle claims upon our charity, our affections, our love, which exert themselves to press upon us a knowledge of their existence, by no violent outbursts, but in quiet, noiseless, expressive demonstrations, which thrill the heart with their mild persuasion, and enchant our sensibilities with the melodious breathings, their spiritual advocacy. The frailty of woman has been exaggerated, her constancy unappreciated; she has been wronged by harshest judgments, and traduced by undisguised prejudices. Severity has measured her motives, while censure has clutched at her actions with hungry avidity, and mankind have forgotten her weakness, claiming our protection; her gentleness, our solicitude and love; her tender susceptibility, our kindness, our fostering anxiety, our regard. The attributes of her nature are peculiar to herself, and eminently her own, seeming to indicate to us her mission, but by signs too often misconstrued, which are apparent to an eye of reflective thought. They are of an order, we can but admire, a caste we can but respect; they woo us with an irresistible attraction, conquering with weapons of love, which, wounding, prove the ecstacy of pain.

From degradation to eminence, from disrespectful being to reverential love, the gentler sex has been gradually, but surely and progressively, raised by intellectual advancement. As men have waxed strong in wisdom, they have gained in love, and the wiser they become, the more sensibly have they perceived the equality of the sexes, the more humbly have they bowed to woman's gentle spell, and bent in submissive allegiance to her sway, and acknowledged that in her own sphere she is potent, and that she is to be honorably regarded in the exaltation of her position in her heaven-awarded station.

Such, then, is woman, as she proudly exists, having passed the ordeals ordained of God,

and come forth unscathed and purified. Such our age finds her, such our aid acknowledges her; with no blind idolatry, with no skeptical disgust, but with a just view, which ages has proved correct, as the equal of man—equal in moral if not in mental attributes—equal in charity and love, benevolence and kindness, if not in bravery and firmness, in conflict and cruelty, intellectual if not physical attainments—equal in those higher qualities which are common in our natures, in those spiritual endowments which raise us nearer God.

What, then, we ask, is her mission? Is it not obviously to bless our race, "to hover o'er tumultuous scenes of strife," and soothe the billows of contending passions, to calm the tempests, and to breathe upon the troubled waters "peace, be still?" Is it not her province to preside over joy, to weep with sorrow, to make glad the heart that is weary and heavy laden, smooth the pillow of death, and allay the anguish of the dying? And does she not with all her serenity grace these callings? Who will question that her love is boundless, that her heart is full of kindness, that her spirit yearns to do the good work, and she rejoices in deeds of charity and love?

What, we ask, is the mission of woman? In her daily walks she exemplifies it, in her intercourse with the world, and her sweet influence upon its harmony, we note it in her adaptation to the domestic requirements; and what tie is not weak when compared with that of maternal love? It is this that seems the centre of woman's mission, to rear the infant heart to God, and train the untaught thought to Heaven, pointing the tender soul as its eyes open, and its perception dawns, to that after-life which closes over this probationary existence. This is one of the sweetest responsibilities of woman's mission; it is one which elevates her position, and rightly burdens it with much esteem.

Aside from this there is in the mission of woman much which is responsible, which bears upon her with no trifling pressure, and which in its faithful performance showers rich and abundant blessings upon her head, making her spirit light, though burdened with care and buoyant in the midst of grief, adding boundless grace to her loveliness and happiness, to her overflowing heart for the sense of duty fulfilled with faith and discharged with a willing heart, becomes a fountain of joys which shall forever send its fertilizing streams throughout the otherwise barren deserts of the soul.

In works of mercy, of love, of charity and devotion, woman is pre-eminently graceful. Over distress like a guardian angel she hovers, bequeathing comfort, assuaging pain, and binding the broken heart. In trouble she is the silent mourner whose grief "passeth show," and from the fullness of whose sorrowing murmur may not escape; whose heart is content with the crumb of sympathy, but whose unuttered, unutterable anguish breaks not forth in wildest shrieks of petty woe.

The love of woman is no idle toy; it is her life, entwined with her heart-strings, and deriving sustenance from her own vitality; it is her second self, her identity, her realization; and like her charity, it is prompted by Heaven, to do whose bidding is the burden of her creation; to glorify whose name by the fullness of her devotion, is her high mission, the glorious calling to which she is called, the work for which her existence dawned, is perpetuated, and for which she is ordained by Him who in infinity of wisdom planned eternity for her heritage.—*Boston Odd Fellow.*

REFLECTIONS.—There are a thousand things in this world to afflict and sadden, but oh, how many that are beautiful and good. The world teems with beauty—with objects which gladden the eye and warm the heart. We might be happy if we would. There are ills that we cannot escape, the approach of disease and death, of misfortune, the sundering of earthly ties, and canker-work of grief; but a vast majority of the evils which beset us, might be avoided. The curse of intemperance, interwoven as it is, with all the ligaments of society, is one which never strikes but to destroy. There is not one bright page upon the records of its progress, nothing to shield it from the heartiest execrations of the human race. It should not exist—it must not. Do away with this—let wars come to an end, and let friendship, charity, love, purity and kindness, mark the intercourse between man and man. We are too selfish—as if the world was made for us alone. How much happier should we be were we to labor more earnestly to promote each other's good. There is sunshine everywhere—in the sky; upon the earth: there would be in most hearts if we look around us. The storm dies away, and a bright sun shines out. Summer drops her tinted curtain upon the earth, which is very beautiful, even when Autumn breathes her changing breath upon it. Murmur not at being so bountiful, and we can live happier than we do.

## PRINCIPLES AND PURPOSES OF ODD FELLOWSHIP.

It may be expected that in commencing the exposition which we here propose, we ought to say something respecting the *antiquity* of our Order. This we will not do for two reasons; first, that we have no correct data to start with or govern our remarks on such a head; and, secondly, we regard its antiquity as a subject of no importance whatever to the institution itself. When or where, in our opinion, the society commenced is matter of small moment—whether at Rome or among the hills of Scotland—whether among the early persecuted Christians, or those of a latter day, it matters not. These considerations can add nothing to its weight or real value. It must be then for the intrinsic worth which it *now* possesses. Could we conclusively show Odd Fellowship, in its present form, to be as old as the pyramids, it could make it no better; while, if we show as we shall endeavor to, that it be good and useful, it detracts nothing from its real worth, though it should be made conclusively to appear that it was originated but yesterday. The great question to be settled is its *principles*. Then, we hesitate not to say are not only good, but ancient—as old as the Bible itself, from which they are taken.

If in any employment or enterprise those engaged therein are unable to show some worthy object as contemplated by them, they certainly have but small claim upon the indulgence of the world, to whom they appeal for countenance and support; but in so far as the object they have in view is worthy and important, by so much may they look for sympathy from those to whom they make their appeal. Such we are aware has in one point at least, and that an important one, been the case with the cause of which we now speak. It has been the misfortune of the institution that it has been considered secret—to what extent those without have not been agreed. Yet, this notion has prevailed so widely that comparatively few have taken the trouble to examine whether the allegation was founded in fact, or how far the society felt itself at liberty to make public its principles, its purposes, or its operations.

That there are some things connected with this institution, in common with many institutions of the present day, which are necessarily secret, we pretend not to deny; but they are only those things which relate to the

immediate interests of the Order, and they have not the most remote bearing on the interests of any one not connected with it. But the idea of secrecy has lead some to suppose that all search would be vain, and hence they have either never made the attempt or have received what they have casually met with respecting the Order with dark suspicion or cold distrust. Such may possibly be surprised to learn that the principles and purposes of the Order have never been disguised or veiled in the least; but have been published and scattered as widely through the land as circumstances would permit.

The first principle of the Order is regularity of action in conducting the proceedings of each Lodge or separate body of members; the second, a respectful consideration for the rights of each and every individual member. In a Lodge room all those distinctions which obtain in society without are dissolved, and all who are entitled to a seat within its walls are entitled to equal interest, and enjoy equal respect. No matter how humble the circumstances of a member may be, he is here regarded as a man and a brother; and as such he is protected and respected—his opinions are weighed—his judgment is considered—in a word, he is made to feel that he is a *MAN*. Under such circumstances, the most timid or retiring finds that he can learn as well as others, and confidence in one's self gives courage for more public action, should circumstances demand it.

All business in a Lodge room is classified and arranged in beautiful order, and every proceeding is forwarded with exact harmony, so that the least attentive member cannot fail to have more or less method incorporated into his habits of life. The rotation which is demanded by the institution in conferring its offices, cannot fail sooner or later, to call out the talent of its members in one or another active business department of a deliberative body; whilst the constant recurrence of these active business scenes week after week, cannot fail to keep the details fresh in the mind until they are fully imprinted on the memory. It is in this way that this institution is noiselessly and cheaply instructing thousands of our countrymen in the first great duty of American citizenship, and instead of making them worse is making them better, because more orderly and intelligent citizens.

Another purpose contemplated by this institution is to make men "social and humane." Who has not lamented the social distinctions

which obtain in society? Distinctions not founded in moral or intellectual worth, but which rest on the mere circumstance of property or connections! Who has not seen some who were excluded from the very society which, were mind or morals or attainments considered, they were most fitted to adorn; and thus excluded because they were not rich, or had no connection to lift them into rank? Too often do we see cases of this kind, where mere money makes the man of influence, in contradistinction to that more noble gift of his Creator, mind. Nor can society, as it at present exists, remedy this defect in our social system. Nor do we pretend that Odd Fellowship can remedy or prove a universal panacea for this evil; because there are some in every community whom its plastic hand will not be permitted to touch. So far, however, as men will come within the circle of its influence this baneful contagion will meet with a prompt and successful remedy. That under its patronage men will be taken at their true value, artificial lines will be obliterated, and society will stand together as they came from the hand of the Creator, who "has made of one blood all nations of the earth to dwell on its face together."

The basis on which the institution rests is a sufficient guarantee of this. Indeed, it cannot depart from this rule without vitiating the whole system: because this is one of the important—indeed we can say, the *most* important principles on which it rests, and out of which arise many features of its beautiful details. Who will not say that a purpose like this has no humanity connected with it? What family will not rejoice whose head is thus lifted up into the radiance and beauty of equal enjoyment with his fellow-men, to whom he would in all probability never have been known but for the friendly offices of this institution? He is truly humane, who not only clothes the naked and feeds the hungry, but who hunts out the wounds which lie festering deep in the afflicted heart, and applies the healing ointment of consolation. And yet such is a prominent purpose of Odd Fellowship.

Another prominent principle of this Order is the training and correcting the moral feelings of men. To those who have looked upon this institution as evil and only evil in its tendencies, this may appear a most strange assertion, but it is nevertheless true. Whilst this society boasts the discovery of no new principle of action by which to govern the lives of its members, it does claim to enforce

upon them no lower standard of morals nor of duties, than those which are taught by the Holy Writings themselves. Hence nearly all the instruction it imparts is drawn from that sacred fountain of right, and these great truths are enforced by all the sanctions which God has appended to his instructions to our race. Its discipline, the rules of which are before the public, is sufficiently lenient, and at the same time firm and unbending when made to bear upon the erring, should they prove incorrigible to its mildest efforts at reform.

The penalties employed by the Order are moral and reformatory in their character; affording sufficient time for affectionate efforts of brethren to recall the erring from his wanderings, and to save to him a character put in jeopardy by uncalled for moral eccentricities on the one hand, and on the other, an opportunity for the mass of members to exercise that forbearance and carefulness with respect to another's reputation, which must always produce a happy influence upon those who are its subjects. Should the exercise of these friendly attentions prove unavailing, however, the offender may be fined, reprimanded, or suspended from membership for a time; and should any or all of these punishments fail of their intended effect, he must endure expulsion—the highest penalty known to the Order—a penalty which comparatively few willingly encounters.

The chamber of sickness or the house of mourning to which every member of this society must sooner or later be called—not as idle spectators but as those immediately interested in the scenes which are transpiring before them—cannot fail to have their influence on the heart. There they visit not a neighbor merely but a partner who is in distress. But this partnership is not one of commerce nor of gold, but one which is founded in view of that certain and dreaded hour which to one of their number has now arrived. They have been cultivating affections and sympathies for months, it may be for years—which has fitted them for this delicate and tender office, and now the fearful hour has come which makes one the subject of suffering, the others his faithful attendants. Under such circumstances can the hardest heart be approached and remain unaffected by those lofty and moral sentiments which live and breathe in the chamber of adversity? Can the *hand* called to administer them be reached out, and the red *heart* be not pulsating in its palm? Can the eye, though unused to weep, now fail to be moist-

ened with the tear of generous sympathy? It cannot be. Yet, scenes like this are addressing the hearts and consciences of members of this institution daily. Nor yet do they cease with the hours of sickness but speak from the low narrow house appointed to all the living, to admonish survivors of their certain end. They live and move in the faces and swelling bosoms of the wife and children left behind by the departed. The moral they teach dies not away with the sound of the falling clods on the coffin of him who is at rest, but prolong their echo with the memory of his name. If eloquence like this, appealing as it does directly to our moral nature, affects not the heart with proper sentiments nor commends not to the life proper habits, we are certainly at a loss to determine what means are within our reach to accomplish that purpose, nor which can be more effectual.

Allied to the foregoing purpose of Odd Fellowship there is another: It is to relieve the wants of the needy; not, as many suppose, the wants of those connected with this institution only, but want wherever found, and we have the ability to extend to its subject aid, without distressing our families or ourselves. It is true the funds of this institution are accumulated for a specific end; but this does not alter the principle nor the extent of its application, as they are only the instrument, not the end in view. The practice to which this purpose is reduced is evidence that the principle enforced and the object avowed is not an empty pretence, but that it is interwoven as far as possible with the life of all connected with this society. For each has an amount which he is to contribute each week for a given purpose as the price of his continuance with the establishment; so that when the evidence of this tide of benevolence flowing from his soul ceases, he also ceases to be numbered among the brethren—as it is then evident that his heart is barren of those sentiments the society strives to inculcate, and that as a consequence he is unfit for those kindly offices which are expected at his hands.

We have already shown how the members of this Order are found with their affected or distressed brethren. In their Lodge rooms they never meet without inquiring of each other whether a brother is known to be sick or in distress. And when relief is demanded, it is controlled by a most perfect system. It is not the case that to-day the afflicted is overwhelmed with attention, and to-morrow allowed to suffer a perfect dearth; but as regular

as the succession of day and night, the countenances of his friends beam on him with inquiries for his welfare. Care and anxiety for attendance comes not down like corroding rust on the hearts of his friends; rule appoints them, and law and affection secure their attendance.

Such is an imperfect exposition of the primary principles and purposes of the Independent Order of Odd Fellows—principles and purposes which govern them in their intercourse with each other. None have ever appeared to controvert the *avowed* objects of the institution; they are of a nature too high and a character too sacred for any to presume to invade them. Yet, while this is the case, so far as their excellence is concerned, there are not wanting those who question the propriety of the means used for the attainment of the end contemplated, and have even considered those means not only questionable but criminal. The limits nor intentions of this article will not permit us to speak to this charge; but, in future numbers of our journal, should the project of presenting it regularly succeed, we will endeavor to answer any and all objections, including the above, which have from time to time been opposed to the claims of our noble Order.

#### THE EDUCATION OF THE ORPHAN.

One of the most beautiful features of our Order, is that of the education of the orphan; of providing the means of instruction for those unfortunate beings, who, in the wise dispensation of a mysterious Providence, have been deprived of those earthly benefactors, whose duty, and whose pleasure it was, to provide for their offspring such instruction as should be to them more valuable than gold, and more precious than even a monarch's crown. The blessings of education, who can prize? Its value, who can rightly estimate? In the language of an eloquent writer, "it is a companion which no misfortunes can depress, no climate destroy, no enemy alienate, no despotism enslave: at home a friend, abroad an introduction, in solitude a solace, in society an ornament: it chastens vice, it gives at once a grace and a government to genius. Without it, what is man? A splendid slave! a reasoning savage, vacillating between the dignity of an intelligence derived from God, and the degradation of passions participated in with brutes. . . . What is this wondrous world of his residence?"

A mighty maze, and all without a plan;

a dark and desolate and dreary cavern, without wealth, or ornament, or order. But light up within it the torch of knowledge and how wondrous the transition! The seasons change, the atmosphere breathes, the landscape lives, earth unfolds its fruits, ocean rolls in its magnificence, the heavens display their constellated canopy, and the grand animated spectacle of nature rises revealed before him, its varieties regulated, and its mysteries resolved! The phenomena which bewilder, the prejudices which debase, the superstitions which enslave, vanish before education. Like the holy symbol which blazed upon the cloud before the hesitating Constantine, if man follow but its precept purely, it will not only lead him to the victories of this world, but open the very portals of Omnipotence for his admission." Such is the testimony of one of the greatest geniuses of Ireland. Of one who had been reared amid its depravity, its degradation, and its ignorance. One who had witnessed all its crime, its wretchedness, and wo! and was therefore peculiarly fitted to form an estimate of the value of education in promoting the peace, the harmony, and the happiness of communities, individuals, and nations.

"Knowledge is power." The truth of this maxim is almost daily displayed before our eyes. In all countries, and in all ages, the great and learned have generally held the reins of government, and have too often employed their knowledge in oppressing and enslaving the ignorant, rather than enlightening their minds and elevating their characters. We see this unjust abuse of knowledge and power, in the oppressions which have been heaped upon Ireland, and other unfortunate portions of our world. And when we turn our eyes back through the long periods of the past, we find the pages of history darkened, with the records of blood and carnage, which have been the fruits of an unholy ambition, that did not hesitate even to desecrate political and intellectual power to its own unhallowed purposes. And thus the ignorant have been oppressed; the unlearned have been bowed down beneath the iron yoke of bondage; and the illiterate have groaned beneath the heavy burthens of an educated, but merciless and unrelenting aristocracy. Who, then, can fail to see the importance of a universal education? and who does not see in it an antidote for many of the "ills of which flesh is heir to?" But it is in a republican government more particularly, that such an

education becomes necessary. In a country like ours, where the people are their own law-makers, and entrusted with the power of choosing their own rulers, it becomes highly necessary that they should be prepared to "act with prudence, zeal, and discretion," that they may not run blindly on to destruction. Hence, it appears evident, that a certain portion of education is essential to enable each individual to decide what measures are the best suited to promote the common good, and what men are best qualified to execute them.

Odd Fellowship, then, so far from being a *dangerous* or *suspicious* institution, is at once a friend, and a blessing to a free government. In its endeavors to furnish an unfortunate class of community with a suitable education, who otherwise might remain neglected and forgotten, it is doing more to bless mankind, and to preserve the independence, and protect the liberties of our country, than all the enemies of Odd Fellowship combined ever *did*, or ever *will* do, or ever dreamed of doing. At this very moment, when its traducers are raising the cry of "Treason! Dangerous institution!" &c., and are using their utmost endeavors to crush it, our Order is silently and faithfully engaged in educating the orphan, and fitting him for happiness and usefulness in the world, a duty which our opposers, in their zeal to destroy us, have entirely neglected. God grant that if they cannot find time to attend to their own business, that they may at least not hinder us in attending to ours. But our cause is a good one, and we need fear no evil. A few years hence, and thousands will stand up in our land living monuments of the utility and beneficial tendency of Odd Fellowship; and as they tower among us magnificent and glorious, they will put to shame and confusion of face all who dared to lift their voices against us, and silence forever the serpent-tongue of slander.

Then, brethren, let us persevere in our endeavors to do good. Remember that the "Orphan's wail" is still heard in our land, and that we have therefore a work to perform. Let us hush that plaintive wail; let us wipe away those scalding tears; let us become protectors to the helpless, and friends to the fatherless; and ere long, many whom we have been instrumental in rescuing from ignorance, degradation and ruin, will shine forth as stars and jewels in the crown of our rejoicing.

There is no face so pleasant to behold as the face that loves us.



Original.

## FORGIVE INJURIES.

This is indeed a task for poor human nature to perform, particularly when we consider that nature has planted in every man's breast a keen sensibility of wrong, and a faculty, the object of which is to avoid and repel aggression. These were given to man for wise and benevolent purposes, and when properly exercised, is fraught with results the most beneficial and advantageous; but when, on the other hand, this spirit runs unchecked by justice, and without the direction of reason and morality, a spirit of retaliation, hatred and revenge is generated, accompanied with their train of evils. To avoid an injury, to repel aggression, is a law of our nature, which if wavered is wrong; but when so construed and used to inflict an injury on another, though he has already injured you, is equally wrong, because it frustrates the very object for which this faculty was created; its object being to avoid and prevent an injury; not to provoke one. If an enemy lurks about you, watching for an opportunity to in some way injure you, the interest of this faculty is ever to be on the alert, with sentinels posted at all quarters to watch and frustrate his movements, and thus prevent the attack. But if by stratagem or otherwise, he should, notwithstanding all your efforts to the contrary, carry out his designs and injure you, to use this faculty in closely watching his movements, to retaliate, to inflict a similar injury on him is to abuse it, and thus to render yourself equally odious with the aggressor, and to merit a punishment for such infraction. This is human justice, unaided by the light of Him who taught all law in a single sentence. "Do unto others, as you would they should do unto you." To retaliate a wrong, is to arouse and call forth deeper and more crying injuries, to rankle and establish such deep hatred against you, as can never be eradicated; 'tis feeding the very principles; adding fuel to the very flame; goading on the very spirit that has transgressed and against which you complain, to similar actions, besides rendering yourself inconsistent, by condemning in others what you are guilty of, and thus to criminate yourself. But if, on the other hand, when the most favorable opportunities are offered to avenge an injury, you pass it by, and thus by this example teach him who has wronged you, that you bear no malice or ill-will to-

wards him, by acts of kindness, and a spirit of unsophisticated friendship, that you feel not his insults, heed not his injuries, that you keep yourself aloof and look far above the base spirit of retaliation and revenge; that such actions are foreign from your purpose that you are as ready and willing as ever to do him a kindness; you make him feel acutely his own inferiority; the meanness, the baseness of his acts. You open up and present before his eyes the blackness of his own heart; you smite your victim without inflicting stripes, and compel him to admire your nobleness and generosity of soul; to esteem your judgment; to venerate your wisdom. Thus may you convert him who was your bitterest enemy to be your most ardent and sincere friend; his anger melts before the smiles of your countenance; the rough and uncouth is supplanted by the smooth and pleasant; the mean and contemptible yields to the noble and dignified. Hatred is superceded by love; in a word, you almost change the entire being from a demon to a creature created in the image of God. Could we but look into the hearts of those who are conscious they deserve ill, we would find a kindness from the injured one from whom it could least be expected had struck deep into their hearts, and made a lasting and favorable impression upon their minds. Resentment is the very bane of society, smiting not only its object, but he who resents, whilst forgiveness is its inspiring cordial, the elixir of happiness to both alike. Base indeed is he who treasures up an injury in his heart, there to cower and brood, until an opportunity offers to glut his revenge; far is he from the Christian's hallowed paths, who, with untiring zeal, awaits the time when he may sip the nectar of revenge. Condemned is he who suffers this spirit to glow in his breast and die with it concealed therein, and mangled is the peace and blighted are all the fair prospects of him, who designs to cultivate this passion. To forgive is godlike; to admonish is noble; to reprove is just; to yield is to conquer; but to revenge is infernal. Nor is this all. This passion when indulged in, renders men splenetic and so very susceptible to injury, that they are harassed by every little report, however vague; hence are they always upon some mission of revenge, ere they know they are really injured. 'Tis few I fear very few, who know how to forgive, or how to check the uprisings of this revengeful spirit.—'tis so fine a virtue, such an excellency as few indeed attain to, although attainable by

all. The brave, the noble know only how to forgive; they alone know how to exercise this virtue. Particularly should members of one body bound and cemented together for one glorious purpose, forgive injuries one from another, 'tis human to err, but divine to forgive; yea, not only seven times, but seventy times seven, should brothers forgive one another. Oh! ye who have rallied under and flung to the breeze, that banner, whose motto is Friendship, Truth and Love, who are bound together by mystic ties, and marching with gigantic strides, in one solid phalanx to the goal of perfection, buckle on your armor, let this be your shield, and the arrows of the enemy shall fall harmless at thy side. Let this be your watchword, and the walls of your gorgeous citadel shall stand. Let this spirit guide, and the beauty of thy sanctuary shall remain untarnished. Let each breathe deep of this invigorating principle, and ye shall not weary; neither shall ye faint. Let this light shine upon you and your cause shall be triumphant, and whatever has befallen others who long since struggled for the prize, laurels of victory shall crown your efforts.

A. J. H.

Fort Wayne, Indiana.

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### ODD FELLOWS.

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The following article was written some years ago, by the editor of the Providence Sentinel, who, although not a member of the Order, shows that he is devoid the foolish prejudices which at that time obtained so largely in the minds of some people:

We like the Odd Fellows on many accounts—though not of their number ourself. If there is childishness in their ceremonies, as some alledge, there is a dignity, too, in the manner of performing them, and something even more beautiful than mere dignity in their moral bearing and influence. As an association, Odd Fellows accomplish something; and something frequently, worthy of men—something tending to raise up humanity, and make it respect itself and have confidence in its strength, as well as to do as to resist—as well to move upward as onward.

They understand, or appear to understand, *human nature*—a thing not any too generally understood, we fancy, by those who would give direction to the human thought. Thus they mix poetry with their prose—recreation with their labor—and blend the beautiful with the substantial in their erections. They bury

their dead—not as the “town” buries their dead—not as the king buries his subject—not as puffed-up wealth buries crushed down poverty—but as brother buries brother—as humanity commits humanity to dust and to its God. They minister to the afflicted—to the sick and poor. Some say they do it, not in charity—not in the spirit of gift from a fortunate to an unfortunate man—but as an insurance company pays over to the insured the value of his lost property. So much the better; for now the recipient feels that he is only getting his due—his right. *Charity*, as it has got to be understood in this selfish world of ours, might enslave him, or make him blush for his poverty; it might be turned to base uses by the dispenser of it, and make a tyrant of him. While the payment of an honest debt enslaves no one, shames no one, makes a tyrant of no one.

The regalia of Odd Fellowship—the sashes, collars, aprons, crooks and banners—are deemed objectionable by some, because they are *useless* to all appearances. So are the rings, pins and bracelets of the fashionable lady, useless, in the same sense. So is very much of the ornamental in our churches and parlors. So, in this restricted sense, is half we pay our money for—half we live for. The surplice of the priest, the uniform of the soldier, the crown of the king, all these might be dispensed with, if we wish to become Quakers or anchorites; but we should find it hard, while human nature remains as it is, to dispense wholly with ornaments, or with distinguishing marks, quite as useless as those employed by Odd Fellows. Human nature is not made up of rough rocks and unhewn stones.

Odd Fellows may have their little differences—their bickerings, for aught we know—but they keep them to themselves, and settle them among themselves. The community has never been excited or divided with any quarrel of theirs. They never attack any one, or any sect, or any party, that we know of. They do not, that we know of, violate the laws of the land, or rules of right, or the ordinary proprieties of life. They build halls, and decorate them tastefully—hold frequent meetings—parade in the streets, go on excursions, and have celebrations, just as any other association of the kind must do, or die. For one, we make no objection to it; we rather think well of it.

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The more a man works the less time he will have to complain of hard times.

Original.

## ENERGY OF CHARACTER.

Extract from an Address.

BY REV. BRO. C. HARTLEY.

It is the great duty of man to be active. Possessing talents capable of endless improvement, and surrounded with objects on whose present interest and future destiny he may exert an important influence, he is urged by every personal consideration, by the voice of humanity and the voice of God, to do with his might whatever is presented in his sphere of action. His usefulness in life, his own improvement and distinction alike demand his active exertions, whatever the object of pursuit it is to be gained, not by indolent repose, but by noble and vigorous enterprise.

Superior natural endowments can never crown the indolent with the laurels of distinction. Their lustre may dazzle for a moment. The youth of brilliant talents may excite admiration and give flattering hopes of future greatness; but unless corresponding energy and zeal distinguish his riper years, he will blast the expectations of his friends, and go down with the multitude to oblivion.

Give the youth not only talents and the means of being distinguished in life, but let him have an ardent desire for celebrity, and in the height of enthusiasm resolve to attain it, still, if he lack that firm decision, that intrepid energy of character which amid difficulty and danger, leads the hero on to success and conquest, his talents, his advantages and resolves can never crown him with success. Not the superior powers, nor the plans and purposes of the great alone, but their vigorous and unwearied exertions, have led them on to those attainments which excite the approbation and applause of the world.

It is that firmness of purpose, that ardor of soul which shrinks at no discouragement, startles at no false alarm, but with an eye fixed steadily on the object of pursuit, marks its way with resistless energy to the attainment. It is this that elevates the character of man and gives him a "reputation and a name" which will descend to distant generations. It is the want of this that hides in obscurity or sinks in ignominy and disgrace, many who might have been conspicuous ornaments of the country. Their breast may have throbbed with desires for usefulness and distinction; and amid convictions of duty and prospects of success, they may have resolved to perse-

vere, but fickle as the wind, the suffered objects of the greatest importance, to sink into comparison with the gross indulgence of the moment, and then vainly preferred the latter.

View the man who has been nursed in the lap of indolence, or the youth attracted by her charms, while he reflects upon the pleasures which will attend the pursuit of some worthy object, and the rewards which will finally crown his exertions; he resolves to go forward, but delays to execute his purpose. He casts a lingering look at the sensual pleasures and repose, which must, if he proceed, be relinquished -- dwells upon the difficulties and hardships which he must encounter -- the numerous toils and exertions necessary to accomplish his purpose -- and again contemplates the mighty task. It swells in imagination until every object which threatens to retard his progress appears insurmountable; the mole hill becomes a mountain; and the shadows of the grove which border his course are transformed into an impenetrable forest. He shrinks from his design, gives up his hopes as an idle dream, and remains to reap the rewards of sloth and stupidity.

Such is not the man possessing true energy of character. He not only *resolves*, but *executes*. When duty and interest point out his course, instead of consulting his ease, he calls into action and energy every power of his soul -- bursts the delusive chains of indolence, and marches forward with undeviating step to the attainment of his object. His attention is not directed by every trifling incident, nor his purpose shaken by the creations of fancy. If he meets an obstacle as he advances, he immediately encounters it and gains fresh vigor from the conquest. Foes which he once thought invincible, now fly before him, till at length he gains the field in triumph.

To whatever object his attention and efforts are directed, he labors not in vain. If he engages in the cause of humanity, and labors to meliorate the condition of his race, he becomes universally distinguished as the benefactor of mankind. If a patriot, he is enrolled among the deliverers of his country. If he ranges the more extensive fields of literature and science, his own pen shall record his attainments, and future generations venerate his worth.

This trait of character is not only indispensable to celebrity in any pursuit, but is productive of pleasures and enjoyments which the indolent can never realize. Need we mention the pleasures of success, the joys of active benevolence, and the pure delights

which flow from moral and intellectual excellence? Look at the active man after he has passed the meridian of life. If his motives of action have been pure he has at least one source of consolation which infinitely exceeds all the pleasures of sense. It is the reflection of having done his duty — of having acted well his part on the theatre of life. This will give him that support, that joy and consolation in his declining years which neither titles, nor honors, nor triumphs can bestow.

But these are not the pleasures of the man who has spent his life in indolence. He finds no delight in reviewing the past. His whole life is one gloomy waste, where no plant ever flourished, no flower blossomed, no fruit matured. Nothing is seen but monuments of folly and disgrace. His time and talents have been wasted, his advantages misimproved, and his reputation blasted forever, his consolation is the dismal picture of the past, and the still more dismal picture of the future. "He dies leaving no name."

How mighty are the motives which urge us to activity and exertion, even if we limit our views to the present life. How necessary are a firmness of purpose, and an energy of mind to the attainment of human knowledge, the improvement of human intellect, and to success in every worldly enterprise. Indeed, without these attributes we shall never accomplish much that will be noteworthy or useful. God has not endowed us with capacities susceptible of indefinite expansion, merely to fritter away existence in lazy wishes and splendid idleness!

Dr. Young has written four lines which every person in the land should commit to memory to goad him to right action.

"We waste, not use our time; we breathe, not live;  
Time wasted, is existence: used, is life:  
And bare existence, man to live ordained,  
Wrings and oppresses with enormous weight."

Yet how many, even in regard to things of the highest and holiest importance, are characterized by an indecision and want of energy, which deeply reproaches their better nature.

But what though I cannot do a deed which shall go down to future ages "tinged with all the golden coloring of fame"—what though my name may not be emblazoned with earth's illustrious sons, shall I therefore do nothing? Shall I fail to improve my one talent because I have not ten? True, our individual efforts may appear very insignificant in the midst of so much inactivity and sloth, and though we

may not be able to startle the world by the accomplishment of great or daring exploits, yet may we in the full exercise of manly exertion, and unwearied zeal, leave impressions of truth and goodness all along our pathway in life, and the examples of virtues that shall blossom for our sons and daughters from the tomb.

"Honor and shame from no condition rise;  
Act well your part, there all the honor lies."  
Canal Dover, Ohio.

ORIGINAL.

## STANZAS—MY VALENTINE.

BY ORION.

I.

A fancy form is in my room,  
With blue and melting eye;  
And golden ringlets veil a neck  
MARY herself might vie.  
A flow'ry wreath entwines her brow,  
More rich than pearls would be;  
A beaming smile is on her face—  
How bless'd it but for me!

II.

A merry mood is on me then,  
When she is by my side,  
And hope half whispers to my heart  
"O were she but my bride!"  
But then those dreams like snow dissolve,  
And quickly flee away,  
And clouds come gathering thick and fast,  
With not one shining ray!

III.

For why should I her love try gain,  
When she is happy now,  
With not a care or sorrow e'en  
To damp that sunny brow?  
Still, oh beautiful Genevieve!  
I e'en must love thee yet;  
For thou art all my soul desir'd,  
Though soon you may forget.

IV.

I would not, if I could, forget!  
For sad indeed 't will seem,  
When, oh! the "memory of our loves"  
Wake not some joyous dream!  
Yes, I'll love thee—love thee still,  
And not in sadness grieve;  
For Hope is best—say, is it not?—  
Dear, lovely Genevieve!

V.

Sweet Genevieve has listen'd, yes!  
To Love's pure, simple lay;  
A rosy blush is on her cheek—  
Those eyes half turn'd away;  
I never now come in my room  
At noon, or even-tide,  
But still she smiles as she did then,  
When first she was my bride!

Fine sense and exalted sense are not half so useful as common sense.

# The Ark.

ALEX. E. GLENN, Editor.

## THE REMOVAL QUESTION.

The subject of the removal of the Grand Lodge of Ohio, from Cincinnati to Columbus, which agitated the jurisdiction for some years, was finally decided at the annual session of the Grand Lodge in January last, in accordance with the directions of the Grand Lodge of the United States; and now that it is settled, and the fact heretofore announced, it was not our intention to have alluded to it again; but a fact has come to light which induces us to make another publication.

In The Ark for November, 1850, we gave a detailed account of the action of the Grand Lodge of the United States on the application from the Grand Lodge of Ohio, for a removal of the latter body to the city of Columbus, and showed that the committee on Petitions, of which a Representative from the Grand Encampment of Ohio was chairman, totally misrepresented the application, and placed the matter in a false position before the body. *The true facts*, although in possession of the committee, as directed by the Grand Lodge of Ohio, *were suppressed*, and a report made based upon false assumptions. We were somewhat surprised that the committee permitted such a report to be presented, though not at all astonished that the chairman presented the report he did, or at his future inconsistent action in regard to the Grand Lodge of Illinois. An effort was made to place the true facts before the committee by the Representatives from our Grand Lodge, (who faithfully discharged their duties, and ably represented *the will* of their constituents;) and by others not members of the body; but other influences prevailed; and we supposed the reason that the truth did not prevail, might be the impression of the committee that those who favored the removal done so from interested motives. Such was not the fact. The only *interest* at work was the prosperity and harmony of the Order in Ohio.

But the truth always triumphs. We stated in the November No. of The Ark that we had good authority for saying that Rep. Chester of Michigan, (one of the committee on Petitions,) would not have signed the report, had he understood the facts. We have now before us the proceedings of the Grand Lodge of Michigan at its semi-annual session held on the 15th of January last, which contains the report of Grand Representative Chester, to that body, from which we make the following extract:

"The undersigned begs leave to report to your honorable body, that the committee of which he was a member, in their action upon applications from Grand bodies for change of their locations, recognized their right to control their own affairs, (provided their proposed action should not conflict with the general policy of the R.W. Grand Lodge of the United States,) that their report upon the proposed change of the Grand Lodge of Ohio was based upon testimony showing that the application therefor was obtained by fraud, and that it did not express the wishes of the Order in that jurisdiction; the undersigned feels assured that this testimony was erroneous, and that it is due to the Grand Lodge of Ohio, your honorable body, and himself, as your Representative, to state that had the committee been advised of the true state of the case, he at least would not have concurred in their report. He is gratified that the subsequent action of the R.W. Grand Lodge of the United States has empowered the Grand Lodge of Ohio to effect the proposed change at its next session, should it then elect to do so."

It is thus seen that our statement was correct. Rep. Chester was imposed upon, and like an honorable man he acknowledges the report was wrong; and that had he understood the true facts, he would not have signed it. So by suppressing the documents and the facts, the petition of the subordinates of this State, was not granted!

All that was required by the Grand Lodge of Ohio to be placed before the Grand Lodge of the United States, in regard to the removal, was presented to the latter body, properly attested; yet it was stated on the floor of that body by a Representative from the Grand Encampment of Ohio, that had he time he be-

lieved he could show that the Lodges had not all voted as the Grand Secretary had reported. An investigation of this serious charge was invited, yet that individual *shrunk from it* when he had an opportunity to examine all the votes! The charge *answered his purpose* at the time, and he was satisfied to let it rest, no matter how great the injury he might have inflicted!

We will hereto append the report and resolution of the select committee of the Grand Lodge of Ohio, at its late session, to which all matters in relation to the removal of the Grand Lodge was referred, and then dismiss the subject, leaving the aforesaid Grand Representative "alone in his glory!"

*In Grand Lodge of Ohio, Jan. 23, 1851.*

Rep. Covey of No. 36, from the select committee to which all matters in relation to a removal of the Grand Lodge from Cincinnati to Columbus had been referred, submitted the following report:

*To the R. W. Grand Lodge of Ohio:*

The select committee to which was referred the matters relating to the removal of this Grand Lodge from the city of Cincinnati, have had the same under consideration, and from the evidence placed before them they find the following facts:

From the proceedings of this Grand Lodge at the January session, 1850, it appears that resolutions were adopted at that session, requiring the subordinate Lodges at their first meeting in May, 1850, to vote for or against a removal of this Grand Lodge from the city of Cincinnati to the city of Columbus; and also, at the same time to vote for or against making the Grand Lodge a movable body, determining at each session where the next should be held.

From the returns of the subordinate Lodges placed in the possession of the committee by the R. W. Grand Secretary, it appears that of the one hundred and fifty-four Lodges at that time existing, ninety voted in favor of a removal and permanent location of the Grand Lodge at the city of Columbus; forty-five voted in favor of making the Grand Lodge a movable body; fourteen voted against any change of location, and from five Lodges there has been no return of any vote. This shows a majority of twenty-six subordinate Lodges in favor of a permanent location of this Grand

Lodge at the city of Columbus, and an actual majority of one hundred and sixteen in favor of a removal from Cincinnati.

The subordinate Lodges in this jurisdiction have thus spoken in a manner too plain to be misunderstood; and, in the opinion of your committee, this Grand Lodge is bound by its own action in the premises, and by the usages of the Order, to respect the voice of her subordinates.

The evidence placed in the possession of the committee to show the vote of the subordinate Lodges upon the matters above mentioned, consists in their regular returns of the vote taken at the time specified in the resolutions of this Grand Lodge, with one or two exceptions, wherein the returns show the vote to have been taken at a later day than that specified in said resolutions. These, however, equally with the others, express the voice of the Lodge upon this subject. The returns are all certified to by the respective Secretaries, and, with very few exceptions, are regularly authenticated by the seal of the Lodge.

From the proceedings of the Grand Lodge of the United States, at their September session, 1850, held in the city of Cincinnati, it appears that this subject was brought before that body for its consideration; and although said Grand body, at the same session, authorized the removal of Grand Lodges in other States, where votes for the same had been held in the same manner as the vote had been taken in this State, and where the evidence of such vote was far inferior to the evidence of the vote in this jurisdiction, yet the prayer of this Grand Lodge was rejected, and that too while the measure of a removal was advocated by both the Representatives from this Grand Lodge. The most that could be obtained from the Grand Lodge of the United States, in answer to the prayer of this Grand Lodge, was the passage of the following resolution, to wit:

*"Resolved, That the whole subject be referred back to the Grand Lodge of Ohio, to determine at her next annual session whether she will hold her sessions in Cincinnati or Columbus."*

Your committee, therefore, being satisfied that a majority of the subordinate Lodges within the jurisdiction of this Grand Lodge, are in favor of a removal of this Grand Lodge from the city of Cincinnati to Columbus, and feeling that a compliance with this plainly expressed wish of the majority will conduce to the harmony, prosperity, and general good of

our beloved Order throughout the State, would earnestly urge upon this Grand Lodge the necessity of granting the request of her subordinates.

Your committee therefore offer for adoption the following preamble and resolution:

WHEREAS, in compliance with resolutions of this Grand Lodge, passed at its January session, 1850, a vote has been taken by the subordinate Lodges of the State of Ohio on the subject of removing this Grand Lodge from the city of Cincinnati; and whereas, a majority of said subordinate Lodges have voted for such removal, and in favor of the permanent location of the Grand Lodge in the city of Columbus; and whereas, at the September session, 1850, of the Grand Lodge of the United States, the matter of such removal coming before them, the same was referred back to this Grand Lodge, to determine at its present session "whether she will hold her sessions in Cincinnati or Columbus;" therefore,

*Resolved*, That all future sessions of this Grand Lodge shall be held in the city of Columbus, at which place this Grand Lodge is hereby declared to be permanently located.

All of which is respectfully and fraternal-ly submitted,

C. C. COVEY,  
JNO. W. SHIPLEY, } *Committee.*  
WM. F. SLATER,

The vote on the adoption of the report and resolution stood ayes 46, noes 27.

### HOSPITALITY.

Some time since—perhaps three months ago—our eye met an article in the Pittsburgh Token, from a correspondent, headed as above, in which the writer complained of the cold and indifferent treatment received by himself and others, from the Odd Fellows of New Castle, Penn., where they had gone by special invitation to participate in an Odd Fellow's celebration. No one invited the visitors to their homes, and they were compelled to stop at a public house, and patronize a tavern where liquors were sold, much against their will, &c., being all temperance men—that no one welcomed their coming, and they left the town without as much as a "thank'ee or a good-bye."

The conduct of the New Castle brothers in

this latter particular, was inexcusable. Such coldness ought never to exist; but it is sometimes the case, and in many instances not attributable to the want of proper feeling. Very often the arrangements for celebrations and processions are left undone until the very morning of the day, when the members have to bestir themselves, and there is no time to attend to visitors, and extend to them those fraternal greetings and courtesies which is their due, and which they have a right to expect.

We are not the apologist of the New Castle brothers; but in the case of their not inviting their visiting brethren to their homes and making them their guests, we are with them, and say they are right. There are many good reasons, to our mind, why brothers should not entertain visitors on occasions of this kind. It is not always convenient to do so. It is not every brother that is situated so he can do so. Others cannot do so in a manner they would perhaps wish; and if arrangements were made for entertaining visitors, perhaps some would be overlooked, and such would feel themselves slighted and aggrieved. Such, indeed, is almost universally the case. We have yet to know a single instance of a failure.

So with public or free dinners. We have ever opposed them. If a Lodge makes a public or a free dinner, it is so much lost without any corresponding gain. It is an evidence of kindness and good will on the part of those who give it, and that is all. Certainly no brother will go to an Odd Fellow's celebration, and take his wife with him, merely that they may get a good dinner! The idea is absurd.

We are opposed to all kinds of dinners on such occasions except those that are to be obtained at a hotel in the ordinary way. Where a dinner is made expressly for the occasion, the charges are generally unreasonable, and dissatisfaction with the visit, the celebration, and the town, is the consequence. Such has often been the case.

We are in favor of these celebrations and processions, for several reasons. One good one is, that they bring the brothers together

in social meeting, extend acquaintances, and make men feel that they are indeed brothers. When properly conducted, they never fail to do good. Every thing, then, calculated to create unpleasant feelings should be guarded against.

In cases of new Lodges, and those in the smaller towns, or where there is much ignorance and prejudice to contend with, (and there are many such,) public processions, with an address, are calculated to do much good, as they set the public mind to investigating and inquiring; and no candid mind will fail to be convinced of the necessity for our institution. We hold it to be the duty of the brothers of the neighboring Lodges to attend processions at such places, and aid their weaker brothers all in their power. It will cost but a trifle, and they can bear it, being conscious they are endeavoring to aid in the spread of Odd Fellowship.

On such occasions we always wish to pay our way; and we will never set out without scrip enough to take us through. This has always been our practice; and we neither ask nor expect free dinners nor free tickets. We have lived near two score years, have been over the country to some extent, and have yet to be ranked for the first time with "chalked hats" or "dead-heads;" nor do we ask any such position. Free dinners, quartering on friends, getting through without pay, are all of a piece, and we can see any thing else in it than true hospitality.

Hospitality to the *stranger* is inculcated in our ritual. It is one of our duties to relieve and comfort our strange Brothers; but we are not commanded to do so to visitors—to those who come to visit us on the occasion of a public festival. It is pleasant to go abroad—to meet in a large assembly—to exchange greetings, and commingle together; and we repeat, on such occasions let all fraternal courtesies and civilities be extended possible to give, and let every thing calculated to give offence, be avoided. Then all will return well pleased with their visit or excursion, and will be willing to repeat it at another time.

### BEWARE OF AN IMPOSTER!

The members of the Order throughout the country are warned to beware of an individual calling himself *W. H. Tew*, and designating himself "Professor Tew." He lectures on what he calls the science of "*Anthropology*." He professes to be an Odd Fellow, and has doubtless gained admission to some Lodges; but he is a grand imposter, as his own statements show. He has been guilty of uttering many falsehoods in regard to his connection with the Order, stating that he joined the Order in Europe, came to New York, visited Lodges there, and finally deposited his card with the Grand Lodge of Ohio. It is singular that members of Lodges could be imposed upon by such a statement. Said Tew is represented to be a shrewd chap, thirty or thirty-three years of age, about five feet ten inches high, light hair, wears moustaches, has a small scar on his forehead, pleasant and free spoken, speaks French and German, and is just the man to deceive the unsuspecting. This fellow has found some *weak* brother beyond doubt, and imposed upon him. We would commend the attention of all such to an article in *The Ark* for March, 1851, on page 93. He may change his name and we have no doubt will do so.

PAINESVILLE, O.—Northern Light Lodge, No. 64, at this place, is in a most prosperous condition. Indeed, it could not well be otherwise, for it is composed of the best citizens, and none but good men are admitted. They have recently fitted up a most beautiful Hall, which was dedicated on the 12th of March. Of the dedication the *Telegraph* speaks as follows:

"The spacious Hall was filled completely. We have seldom witnessed a ceremony of such interest. The choir discoursed most excellent music, appropriate to the scene and the occasion. The solemn ceremony of dedication by the officers and brethren—the impressive, and truly eloquent oration—the picturesque effect of the insignia of the Order, worn by so great a number, and meeting the eye on every side—all conspired to produce a deep and pleasurable, and lasting impression."



## NEW ENCAMPMENTS.

**OLEANDER ENCAMPMENT, No. 44,** was instituted at Batavia, Clermont county, on the 1st of March, by G. J. W. Stark R. Reed, assisted by Pats. N. F. Luckey of Cincinnati, and D. Brunson of Milford. The officers elected and installed are Samuel R. S. West, CP; Lindsey C. Moore, HP; Jesse Hunt, SW; Lewis Tice, JW; John Curry, Scribe; Daniel Kelley, Treas'r. Nine petitions were received, and all elected—five were exalted to the R. P. degree. Nights of meeting 2d and 4th Mondays. Batavia has an excellent Lodge, and plenty of material for a good Encampment.

**AMELIA ENCAMPMENT, No. 145,** was instituted at Milton, Clermont county, March 15th, by the Grand Patriarch, assisted by Pats. Chidsey and Addis of Cincinnati. We have mislaid our memorandum of the officers of this Encampment. Two petitions were received, acted upon, and the Brothers exalted to the R. P. degree. The Lodge at Milton is composed of good men, and it is in the power of the Encampment to have a branch of the Patriarchal Order which will reflect credit upon themselves.

**UNION ENCAMPMENT, No. 146,** was instituted at Painesville, on the 18th of March, by the Grand Patriarch, assisted by P. G. Rep. E. M. Fitch of Cleveland. The officers are M. L. Root, CP; C. D. Adams, HP; R. McCormick, SW; E. B. Adams, Scribe; D. R. Paige, Treas'r; Spencer Shears, JW. Eight petitions were received, acted upon, and the Brothers exalted to the R. P. degree. This Encampment commences with the most flattering prospects, and it will be sustained in a manner creditable to the members and the Order.

**HURON ENCAMPMENT, No. 47,** was instituted at Monroeville, on the 20th of March, by the Grand Patriarch, assisted by Pat. Hawley of Sandusky, Pats. Lee and Baker of Mansfield, Turner of Shelby, and Davis of Fairfield. The officers are John Tift, NG; Kneeland Townsend, HP; G. W. Wood, SW; John S. Roby, Scribe; H. K. Steele, Treas'r; David Higgins, JW. Five petitions were re-

ceived, acted upon, and three of the Brothers were exalted to the R. P. degree. This Encampment also commences under most gratifying auspices. It is in the hands of those who will sustain it, being men of the first standing, and thorough-going Odd Fellows.

**MILAN LODGE, No. 105.**—In the report of the Grand Secretary, made to the Grand Lodge, last January, it is stated that no report had been received from Milan Lodge, No. 105, for the term ending June, 1849. It is but justice to that Lodge to say that during the summer of 1849, the cholera raged violently at Milan, and many of the officers and members were sick or absent, so that no meetings could be held, and no report could be made; but the whole year was included in the report made to the Grand Lodge at the January session, 1850, as the report on file shows; so there was in reality no delinquency. The matter was overlooked by those who examined the reports.

**NEW LODGES.**—We are informed by Grand Master Craighead that he has instituted the following Lodges, all located in the city of Cincinnati:

Palmetto Lodge, No. 175, March 14th.

Chrystal Fount, No. 176, March 13th.

Teutonia, No. 177, March 15th.

Vulcan, No. 178, March 17th.

**KENTUCKY.**—We thank our correspondent G. W. M. for his very interesting letter. We are pleased to learn that the Order is so rapidly advancing in that Commonwealth. The Grand Encampment it seems, is somewhat like our own—not too much thought of. The sooner they are abandoned the better for the Order.

**COMMISSION BUSINESS.**—We refer all brothers who may have commission business to transact at St. Louis, to the house of James M. McFaddin & Co. We have had a long personal acquaintance with Bro. Miles Sells, of that firm, and know him to be a gentleman in all respects, one who understands his business, and is worthy of patronage.

# THE ORDER IN OHIO.

We are enabled to present to our readers an abstract of the condition of the Order in this State, for the year ending on the 31st of December 1850, taken from the published proceedings of the Grand Lodge. At the close of the year there were one hundred and seventy-one Lodges in the State. A number of these were instituted at too late a period to make a report, so that reports were from but 154 Lodges. During the year there were

Initiated	- - - - -	2115
Admitted on card	- - - - -	585
Withdrawn by card	- - - - -	817
Rejected	- - - - -	209
Suspended	- - - - -	158
Expelled	- - - - -	266
Reinstated	- - - - -	47
Deaths	- - - - -	148
Past Grands	- - - - -	1450
Total number of members	- - - - -	11,593
Total amount of revenue	- - - - -	\$80,885 90
Amount paid for benefits	- - - - -	15,149 05
Expended in charity	- - - - -	3,132 12
Relief of widows and orphans	- - - - -	1,689 04
Education of orphans	- - - - -	63 23
Expended in burying the dead	- - - - -	4,932 24
Total amount	- - - - -	\$26,444 50
Number of Brothers relieved	- - - - -	1,533
Number of widowed females relieved	- - - - -	97
Number of Brothers buried	- - - - -	135

This statement shows a very gratifying picture of the condition and progress of the Order in Ohio. The increase of membership and revenue, and the amount expended in benefits and for other benevolent objects, is equal to that of any preceding year; and altogether, we have much reason to be proud of the Order in Ohio.

**REFUDIATION.**—The Grand Lodge of Pennsylvania has resolved not to pay the assessment tax levied by the Grand Lodge of the United States, amounting to \$2,079 12½, notwithstanding the G.L.U.S. insists upon the payment. We regret to see this step taken by our elder sister; and presume it will be reconsidered. We could not well get along without her voice in our National Council.

Much as we consider the assessment unjust, yet we think all the Grand bodies should provide for its payment.

**IOWA.**—Extract from a letter from a brother at Farmington :

The Grand Lodge of this State held its annual session at Muscatine in January last, which was one of considerable interest to the Order, as every Lodge in the State, was represented but three.

The question of the removal of the Grand Lodge from Muscatine to Iowa City, came up, and was lost by a vote of 15 to 8.

According to the report of the Grand Secretary there is now 30 Lodges in the State, with a membership of 1046. The reports of the Lodges exhibit a flourishing and healthy condition of the Order in this jurisdiction. The officers chosen for the present year are : W. D. McCord, M.W.G.M., Burlington. Wm. H. Tuthill, R.W.D.G.M., Tipton. J. Bridgeman, R.W.G.Secretary, Muscatine. Rich'd. Cadle, R.W.G.Treas., Muscatine. W. H. Seeers, R.W.G.W., Oskaloosa. H. Christy, R.W.G.C., Wappello. A. D. Anderson, R.W.G.M., Du Buque. Jas. M. Tuttle, R.W.G.G., Farmington. Rev. R. P. Walker, R.R.G.Chap., Iowa ville. J. H. Bonney and Thos. Hardie, R.W. Grand Representatives.

**EXPLANATION.**—We have received a letter from Bro. Thomas J. Melvin, of Terre Haute, Ind., in which he complains that we have done him injustice in the publication we made in regard to his agency for The Ark. The facts are these: At the solicitation of Bro. Melvin, and the recommendation of others, we gave him an agency sometime during the past year. We never had any return from him, and heard nothing of him until we received a letter from Winchester, Ill., saying several brothers there had subscribed to Bro. Melvin and paid him for The Ark, and had not received it. We then wrote to the Secretary of the Lodge at Terre Haute, stating the fact, and inquiring after Bro. M. The Secretary laid the letter before the Lodge, and replied that Bro. M. was there, and stated he had sent us the money received at Winchester, from Peoria, and had also sent us two letters after that. Not one of these letters has reached us. Bro. Melvin has, however, remitted us \$4,00, the amount received at Winchester.

## "THE STATE OF THE ORDER."

LETTER FROM LOUISVILLE, KY.

LOUISVILLE, KY., Feb. 28, 1851.

DEAR BRO. GLENN—It was my intention to have written a short communication for The Ark at an earlier period, but other engagements have prevented my doing so until now.

The R. W. G. Lodge of Kentucky held its semi-annual session commencing January 14, 1851, and continued in session for three days. There was a large representation from the various parts of the State, and much business of importance was under consideration. Never before having had the privilege of witnessing the deliberations of a body of this kind, I was a little curious to ascertain the manner in which the business was transacted. I confess I was some what surprised to find so dignified and intelligent a body of men, and it was gratifying and instructive to see with what precision the business was conducted.

The Grand Master of the State, George W. Johnson, (and the present Speaker of the House of Representatives of Kentucky,) being unable to attend the communication, the duties of that office devolved on D. G. M. William Riddle, and they were performed in the most courteous and dignified manner. The proposition to reduce the per centage of Subordinates to the Grand Lodge from ten per cent. to five, was under consideration, and gave rise to a lengthy and very spirited debate. This question has been repeatedly agitated within the past few years; a large majority of the Lodges out of the city have long been of the opinion that it was too great a tax upon them. Others are of opinion that the Grand Lodge requires this amount to sustain herself. The question was finally disposed of by reducing it to five per cent.

The following general law, passed at this session, is an important one, viz: "Each Subordinate Lodge shall procure and keep an alphabetted book, and insert in it in the proper place, the name of every brother of whose expulsion, suspension, or re-instatement, it shall have been informed of during the present term, or of which it shall hereafter be informed, by a properly authenticated communication, together with a reference to the page of the Lodge Journal on which it shall be recorded, and whenever a Brother from another Lodge applies for admission into any Lodge, the N. G. or V. G. thereof shall, before admitting him, require the Secretary to exam-

ine the alphabet to see if the visiting Brother is in good standing in his Lodge."

A Lodge cannot be too strongly guarded against imposters, or those who have no right to be admitted within its walls, and I have always been of the opinion that we were defective on this very point. The custom heretofore has been, so far as my knowledge and observation extends, for the Secretary to note upon the Lodge Journal the expulsion or suspension of a Brother, and to make a record of the same on a sort of memorandum book kept for the purpose, which is kept in the archives of the Lodge, and scarcely ever examined by the presiding officer or the examining committee. We have thus been continually liable to imposition from a lack of system in this matter, and this evil will be completely remedied, provided the above plan be adopted by Subordinate Lodges.

There are, at present, under the jurisdiction of the Grand Lodge of Kentucky, seventy-five Subordinate Lodges in good standing. The receipts during the past six months were upwards of \$17,000; the number of contributing members are about thirty-six hundred and twenty, showing an increase of nearly three hundred, within the above named period.

The R. W. Grand Encampment held its session January 16th, 1851. The principal business transacted by this body was the adoption of a constitution for Subordinate Encampments. By this constitution the creating or continuance of the widow and orphan fund is left discretionary with Subordinates. It was the opinion of a large majority of members present, that it was entirely useless to set apart a fund of this kind in a Subordinate Encampment, for the reason that scarcely ever a dollar of it was appropriated, and that the most legitimate place for such a fund was the Subordinate Lodge, since the wants of the widow and orphan were supplied by the Subordinate Lodge, and not by the Encampments.

What disposition will generally be made of this fund, I am unable to say. There is a proposition before one of the Encampments in this city, having a fund of this kind, amounting to about four hundred dollars, to divide it *pro rata* among the subordinate Lodges that are represented in it.

A reformation of some sort in this branch of the Order is very much needed. Under its present organization it does not command the attention and respect of its members that its

friends designed it should. How this reformation is to be produced, I shall leave to the consideration of wiser heads than mine; but certain it is, that unless its members manifest more interest in it than they have done since I have been a member, it were infinitely better to abolish it altogether. Let us have something with shape of a body, worthy the attention of its members, or have none whatever -- that is my doctrine. These remarks are intended to apply entirely to the Grand Encampment.

We were favored with an oration from Rev. Bro. I. D. Williamson, delivered at the request of the Grand Lodge, before the members of the Order and a large number of citizens. His subject, 'The Brotherhood of Man,' and disposed of in his wonted happy style. It was my intention to have furnished you a synopsis of his oration for publication, but learning that the G. L. had requested from him a copy for publication, I concluded to wait until I could furnish you with it in its original form.

In conclusion, I congratulate you on the evidences furnished by every section of the country, of the present healthful condition of our beloved Order — its rapid increase in numbers, virtue and intelligence, and of the great benefits resulting to those who are dependent upon its bounty, thus proving that it has not been in vain that we have associated ourselves together as a band of Brothers.

G. W. M.

### WEEKLY BENEFITS.

BRO. GLENN — I notice in The Ark for January and February, some articles relative to weekly benefits being granted members joining Lodges by card. As this is a subject now under consideration in the Lodge at this place, with your consent I will give my views on it, and propose a plan which I think preferable to either of those mentioned. It is this: When a member who has obtained the Scarlet Degree, joins a Lodge by card, let the Lodge in which he deposits it, allow him the weekly benefits granted to her other members. My reasons for preferring this are the following: In this State, I think, or at any rate, in our Lodge, a person must have been a member six months before he can obtain the Scarlet Degree, or receive benefits. There are many, from my observation, who join a Lodge and take only one or two degrees, as the case may be, or if they even receive more at all by our laws, are as much entitled to weekly benefits

as he who has received all the degrees, and paid his \$25,\* and worked faithfully in the Order for years. Among the first class would be found many I fear who were influenced to join the Order from selfish and mercenary motives alone, and who view our institution in no other light than that of dollars and cents. Therefore, I think none but Scarlet Degree members should receive benefits; or if so, some distinction should be made regarding the amount.

Another reason is, that a Lodge loses as many by card as it gains, as a general thing, and when a member changes his residence, and joins another Lodge by card, the Lodge to which he transfers his membership should pay him the weekly benefits as to another member, for although his funds for initiation, degrees and dues, have been paid into another Lodge, yet it went for the common benefit of our Order. For a Lodge to be bound to a member withdrawing by card, for benefits, for three or six months, after his depositing it in another Lodge, is calculated to operate unjustly, not to the Lodge he has left, but to the membership; for instance, if a member withdraws a card from a Lodge in this State, or Ohio, and removes to California, the Sandwich Islands, or to one of the extremes of the Union, he would be put to great trouble and inconvenience, in receiving the amount due him for benefits. Though it might be transmitted to him as he requested, it would be very uncertain whether it would ever reach him, for we all know the great uncertainty of transmitting money by mail to distant places.

Another reason is, that the Lodge to which a person belongs is the best judge whether he is entitled to benefits or not, and our Lodges are therefore not so liable to be imposed upon by unworthy members, of which there are too many. Moreover, so far as I have knowledge, the benefits granted to members, although they have full right to them, are in a majority of cases, returned to their Lodge, to be donated to the widow's and orphan's fund, or to some other charitable object.

This subject, I trust, will be brought before the Grand Lodge of the United States at its next session, and some uniform plan adopted

Yours in F. L. and T.,

R. S. W.

M —, Tenn.

\* NOTE — The Grand Lodge of this State has a uniform price for Initiation and Degrees, as follows: Initiation, \$10; first degree \$5; second \$4; third \$3; fourth \$2; fifth \$1; which I should be pleased to see adopted throughout the United States.

## A GOOD LETTER.

MURFREESBORO', TENN., Feb. 28, 1851.

BRO. GLENN—By this endearing title I may presume to address you, for though we have never met face to face, yet we are already acquainted by my letters and remittances heretofore, and by means of The Ark, on which, together with myself, I have before placed some twenty passengers for her present voyage. I trust we will become good friends, for Odd Fellows should ever maintain that relation to one another. In addition to those whose names were entered last month, I enclose \$5 to pay the passage of the following brothers on your vessel for 1851, and hope that you can yet find room for them, by supplying them with all the good fare, presented during the two last months. They are a clever set, and all true Odd Fellows, and one at least very good (Goode.) Without any flattery, permit me to remark, that all your passengers here are very highly pleased so far as they have sailed, regarding the fare and accommodations of your vessel as far superior to those of any other, sailing under our colors, on which they have ever taken passage. If The Ark (as we doubt not,) will maintain the character she has already made, for the balance of our present voyage, you need not be surprised if the next one should be still more prosperous. She is just the kind of vessel that some of us have endeavored to board several times before, but as often grievously disappointed. Names might be mentioned, but this is useless. I would earnestly advise all good Odd Fellows to enter in, for from the bill of fare already presented, they will be highly delighted.

Here let me talk to those brethren who have not yet come on board. Do any of your wives doubt the colors under which we sail? Show them the fare presented by The Ark, and their doubts will be scattered to the wind. Have any of your friends who would make good Odd Fellows? Come, try our fare yourselves, and then show the bill to them. Do you know any good men who are prejudiced against our noble institution? Show them the fare and accommodations with which our worthy captain presents us, and my word for it, they will soon become our friends. Do any of you wish to increase the number of our passengers? Our vessel is now on her eighth voyage, and is like the "Old Ship of Zion;" for though she is becoming crowded, yet there is room for many thousands more. As the Razor-strop

man used to say, he had a few more left, we may say of our vessel; there are a few more berths that might be filled. And finally to all our western brethren in particular, if you will use a little exertion this lovely little vessel will have a smooth and pleasant sail, and tho' there may not be as many different kinds of passengers as were on the Ark of which Old Father Noah was captain, yet our Ark of which Bro. Glenn is commander-in-chief, would be able to increase the bill of fare, for it would be hard to better it—so very good is it now, that the little Queen herself could not ask for a change.

A passenger highly pleased,

In F. L. and T.,

R. S. WENDEL.

## MARRIED.

At Middlebury, Ohio, March 3, 1851, by the Rev. E. Curtis, Bro. HORT L. HENRY, of Appollo Lodge, No. 61, and P.H.P. of Akron Encampment, No. 18, to Miss FRANCES W. NASH, both of that place.

At Aberdeen, Ohio, March 11, 1851, by the Rev J. R. Gibson, Bro. JAMES S. SCOTT, V.G. of Charter Oak Lodge, No. 137, to Miss MARY M. HELM, both of that place.

At Cleveland, Ohio, Feb. 26, 1851, by the Rev. Mr. College, Bro. M. LEIBENTHAL of Mansfield Lodge, No. 19, to Miss A. LEVI, of Cleveland.

At Haysville, Ohio, March 4, 1851, by the Rev. S. Diefendorf, Bro. J. KINNINGER, of Mobicam Lodge, No. 85, to Miss MARGARET A. McLAUGHLIN, both of Haysville.

At Muncie, Ind., March 6, 1851, by Rev. Bro. J. Colclazer, Bro. Dr. CHARLES MINOR, formerly of Xenia, Ohio, to Miss ELIZABETH RICHARDSON, of the former place.

## OBITUARY.

Died, at Cincinnati, March 3, THOMAS G., son of A. R. and Abigail Foote, aged 3 years, 4 months and 3 days.

Following close after a twin brother, who died five months and nine days before, the parents are deprived of two bright and interesting children. Having lost one, their double love was centred on the other, and stricken in grief, indeed, must they be when losing

Two tender flowers, which, like rose buds, bent  
Beneath a weight of sweetness as they grew;  
Two precious buds of promise richly laden,  
That twined around their hearts. A little while  
And angels came and claimed their own;  
The blossomed buds then bade adieu to earth,  
And smiling, joined his Maker. W.

At Greenfield, Huron county, Ohio, Jan. 22, 1851, HARRIET, consort of Bro. BARNET ROE, P.G. of North Star Lodge, No. 122, aged 37 years.

At Milan, Ohio, Feb. 28, 1851, MARY ANN, wife of Bro. GEORGE W. WOOD, and only daughter of Bro. KNEELAND TOWNSEND, aged 16 years.

At Oxford, Ohio, Feb. 21, 1851, BRO. EBENEZER WARNER, aged 30 years, late of Invincible Lodge, No. 108.

At Sidney, Ohio, March 13, 1851, BRO. WILLIAM BECKTELL, of Bellbrook Lodge, No. 78.

At Oxford, Ohio, March 20, 1851, BRO. JAMES D. OWEN, of Galena, Ill. Bro. O. was among strangers, but he found brothers in Invincible Lodge, No. 108, who ministered to his wants, and was, by them, consigned to the silent tomb.

# THE ARK.

VOL. 8.

MAY, 1851.

No. 5.

Original.

CHARLES STEDOM;  
OR, THE WEALTHY ODD FELLOW.

BY REV. SAMUEL L. ADAMS, P.G.H.P.

## CHAPTER VII.

"Gwyne a have a weddin' at our house, I guess, aint we, massa Charles?" said Mose, the servant, whom the reader will remember was appointed to take charge of the school room, studio, &c., when Mr. Stedom first took charge of Judge Stokes' boys. He shall tell his own story.

"Ah! do you think so, Mose?" said Charles Stedom.

"I does dat. Things look kind o' suspicious about dese days."

"What, Mose, going to have another wedding at the quarters?"

"Yes, we is dat; right at head quarters at dat. Right in de Ginerals' family."

"Why, what do you mean, Mose?"

"Wy, I means simply dis. My young misses, Rosa Stokes, gwyne to git married."

"Is it possible? Are you not mistaken about that, Mose?"

"No, I is'nt dat. You can't fool dis nigger. I'se too ole for dat."

"I do not wish to fool you, Mose, nor do I wish you to fool me. What makes you think so? They have never said any thing to me, and I suppose they would as soon tell me about it as you?"

"O, dey has'ent tole me any thing about it. I only judges from circumstances; den I hears now and den a word about what Miss Rosa do when she gits to Bosen and Nagra Falls."

"Ah, and Miss Rosa is going to Boston and Niagara Falls, is she, and is to be married too? Who is the lucky man?"

"Did'nt I tell you, you could'nt fool dis nigger. You knows all about it, Massa Charles. I saw you and Mias Rosa, one afternoon a good while ago in de boat, on de lake. I tell

you, Miss Rosa did'nt use to look so serious, and you did'nt dip the oars so lightly in the water; and ever since dat, when Miss Rosa looks at you she smiles and looks so pleased. Even ole Missus herself shows how much she likes you. And when dey talks about Miss Rosa gwyne to Bosen dey allays talks about you gwyne along. You see, Massa Charles, dey aint much gwyne on on dis plantation, 'cept Mose knows somethin' about it. For more than fifteen years, I'se been the waiter in dat house. I'se slept in dat same little room at de end ob de big hall, and I'se locked de doors ebery night, and seen to de fires dat all was safe; and Miss Rosa never was on dis plantation one hour in all dat fifteen years dat I did not see her 'cept she was asleep. You see, Massa Charles, all dis family is under obligations to me, 'cause I saved Miss Rosa's life once."

"Why, how was that, Mose?"

"Wy, you see, Massa Charles, when I was about twenty years ole I got dis leg mashed in de cotton press; we was fixen it and one ob de pieces fall on my leg and mash it all to splinters; it was in hot weather, and de doctor said it might mortify and maybe kill dis nigger; so I was taken in de house so ole Missus could tend to me herself. One day when I was able to walk about a little I went to de lake to fish, and Miss Rosa was playing on de bank next to de house; she was den about three years ole; I hear somethin' splash in de water, and looked and it was Miss Rosa; I jist done forget broken leg and all, and run round there and splash in and took her out, but she was most gone — dey had to work wid her two or three hours before she could speak; and at last she got well; but I took cole, and it fell in dis leg, and like to kill Mose. I neber touch it to de groun for a whole year; and you see from dat day tlll now Mose hab lib in clober. I'se neber hab to sweat dis jacket, and Massa nor Missus neber speak cross to Mose from den tlll now. You see I loves Miss Rosa better dan I does myself. You gwyne to marry Miss Rosa, and I know you

loves her, but you don't love her no more dan dis poor nigger does. You see, Massa Charles, I belongs to Miss Rosa ; I neber 'spects to leave her."

"Well, Mose, that was a brave act in you to save Miss Rosa's life ; and I am sure that she is worthy of all the affection you bestow on her, and I know she thinks as much of you as you do of her ; but all that does not prove that Rosa is to be my bride."

"You can't fool dis nigger about Miss Rosa ; 'cause why, I'se watched her for fifteen years, and I knows all about her hopes and prospects ; and den what ole Massa buy Mr. Crampton's plantation and all his niggers for just awhile ago ? Ah, Massa Charles, you can't fool dis nigger ; didn't I hear Massa tell Missus that you had got a letter from your father tellin' you to draw on him for ten thousand dollars as your marriage outfit ? I tell you, Massa Charles, you can't fool dis nigger. I'se too ole for dat."

"Well, Mose, do all the servants on the quarters know this ?"

"Dey does dat ; and dey aint a nigger among dem dat is big enough to know what is good for dem but what is tickled to death wid de idea. Dey is some of dese niggers dat will go wid Miss Rosa when she leaves dis place, or dey will be mutiny on this plantation ; dis nigger is sure to go ; dat done settled long go."

When we left our friend Stedom last he was indulging in rather suspicious musings, as well as Rosa and her mother. The above conversation between Mose and Mr. Stedom gives the faint outline of the developments time had made in the several months that had elapsed since we parted with them the evening above alluded to.

It is true, as suggested by Mose, on a beautiful summer afternoon as the sun was hastening to her repose, in the crystal waters of the beautiful river that flowed gently by the place, and the shadow of the tall Lombardy trees rested softly upon the bosom of that pretty lake, Charles Stedom told Rosa Stokes that he loved her, and she as candidly responded that it was reciprocal.

"But, Rosa," said Charles, "do you love me enough to join your destinies with mine so long as we both shall live."

After a moment's pause, Rosa responded, "so far as I am concerned, I am ; but Charles, there are others who are almost as deeply interested in this as we ourselves ; if we were

alone in the world, I know we could be happy ; but there are others."

"I know," said Charles, "I would not ask you to disregard your parent's feelings in the least ; I only ask you to speak for yourself."

"This I have done. But I fear not to speak for my parents, but for yours. You know the prejudice some people at the North have to Southern ladies, because of the difference in our habits of life ; and this might render me objectionable to your parents."

"Never fear that, my dear Rosa ; I can speak for my parents ; but I think it respectful and due to our parents to let them know all about how the matter stands between us at as early a day as possible ; and with your consent I will name it to your parents to-morrow, if an opportunity offers."

"I agree with you, Charles, in what you have just said, and will join you in speaking to my parents on the subject."

"Suppose we go from here immediately and tell them all."

"Well, let us go. I have no fear of the result."

Away they went—Rosa with a light heart, and Charles feeling that he would have to speak that which was given him at the time, for he could not put three words together that he thought good sense on that subject. When they entered the reception hall they found Mr. and Mrs. Stokes alone, occupying the same sofa. Rosa had scarcely entered the door until she remarked, "Pa, I have almost completed an arrangement with Mr. Stedom, by the stipulations of which he is to remain with us a while longer."

"Well, I am truly glad of it ; I feared we should loose him," said her father.

"And so am I," said her mother, "but how come you to negotiate with Mr. Stedom, Rosa ?"

"Well, I scarcely know ; but it does not make much difference how we came to negotiate so we have made a good bargain."

"Well, let us hear what the bargain is," said her mother.

"Well, Mr. Stedom will have to tell you that," said Rosa, seriously ; and all eyes turned to Charles.

"It is true," said he, "that I have agreed to stay an indefinite period ; but not on a salary, but to receive from you Rosa's hand in marriage. We ask you to approbate our negotiations."

After a moment's silence, the Judge spoke and said, "This is an event not wholly un-

looked for, but at this time, and-in this manner it takes us by surprise. Yet, Mr. Stedom, such has been your course of conduct ever since you have been in our house, that we cannot refuse you. We have but the one daughter, and we prefer that she should marry a man whom we know to be good and kind, than one whose only recommendation was his wealth and position in society. Ever since the burial of the stranger in the village, I have had no doubts of the goodness of your heart."

"Well, Charles, you must not think of making your home in the North; you must stay with us," said the mother.

"I am thankful to you both for your approbation, but do not extort promises from me now, least in the lightness of my heart I should make some that future circumstances will not permit me to fulfill."

Just at this moment the servant Mose announced tea.

From that date until the time we introduced the conversation betwixt Charles and Mose, the principal topic of conversation in the Stokes family was the marriage of Rosa. Judge Stokes, who was very wealthy, had purchased the Crampton plantation and negroes for her; and had told them that that was to be their future home; and that as it was only a mile from the homestead, and half mile from the village, Charles could practice law in connection with the Judge, who had determined to retire from political life. In a conversation which Rosa had with Charles subsequent to the one alluded to above, she insisted on having the formal consent of his parents. So Charles wrote a long letter to them in which he informed them of his intention of remaining in the South another winter, and of his matrimonial engagement with Rosa Stokes, asking their approbation of the matter. To this letter Rosa wrote with her own hand the following postscript:

"MR. AND MRS. STEDOM — In the foregoing note of your son, you have a request from him to approbate a matrimonial engagement betwixt him and myself. I most respectfully join him in soliciting from your hands the only remaining consideration necessary to render our anticipated union perfectly happy. Those kindly and affectionate relations which ought to subsist between families that are united by the union of children in marriage, is most desirable on my part. In calculating this matter you must allow a large margin for the difference in the man-

ners, customs and habits of the extreme portions of our Union, in which we have been reared and educated. Of my honored father you have some knowledge. Hoping soon to receive your approbation to the arrangements above alluded to; which approbation in necessary to their consummation, in which event I hope soon to see you,

I am yours respectfully,  
ROSA STOKES."

In reply to the above note, Charles received the approbation of his parents in the substantial way spoken of by Mose, authorizing Charles to draw on his father for ten thousand dollars.

All the preliminaries being arranged to the satisfaction of all parties, the happy event of the marriage of Charles Stedom and Rosa Stokes took place about the close of the year 1847.

Charles had been admitted to the bar in the fall, and soon after his marriage a partnership was announced in the practice of law, the parties to which were Judge Stokes and Charles Stedom.

Charles was put in possession of the plantation and negroes of the Crampton's, and the ten thousand dollars he received from his father was to be used as a capital on which he was to carry on the planting business.

Another arrangement was that Charles and his wife were to remain at home until after the spring term of the courts, and the protection of his crops, and then he and Rosa were to spend the summer in the North with Charles' parents; all of which, as Mose said, 'were capital ideas.'

#### CHAPTER VIII.

*In which we shall have a conclusion.*

June had brought with her a very forward state of the crops; the courts were all over, and Charles had made a fine impression as to his legal ability; the time for Charles to start to see his parents had arrived, and all was hurry and bustle of preparation. Finally, the morning came, and they were to embark. They were accompanied by the Judge as far as Mobile, where he put into their hands three thousand dollars, and told them that they had better buy their furnishing in Boston while there. Charles had also about fifteen hundred dollars which he had provided for his journey and summer's expenses.

They were soon on their way to New Orleans, where they took passage to Cincinnati,



on board of the splendid steamer Duke of Orleans. They had been out from New Orleans but a few hours when Charles Stedom complained of severe indisposition, and by the time they arrived at Cincinnati he was scarcely able to sit in a hack long enough to ride to a hotel. The driver misunderstanding drove to the Pearl St. House and halted there; and Charles being so unwell yielded to the entreaties of Rosa and got out there. They were shown immediately to a room, in an airy and convenient part of the house, where every attention was shown them by the servants that could be desired; yet it is difficult to imagine the feelings of that young and beautiful woman as she passed silently and sadly about that room, and heard nought but the sound of the bell, and moans of her sick, loved husband. And when she turned to him for a smile to cheer her, she only found a deep frown on his brow, knit there by intense pain and excitement of the brain. If she spoke to him and he opened his eyes and forced a smile, it only showed the distortion that pain had wrought in his pleasant countenance. At length she sat down and wept. Her sighs caught the ear of her husband, who spoke to her.

"Do not weep, my dear. I shall be better soon I hope."

"How can I help weeping, Charles? Here we are in the midst of this immense city, a thousand miles from those that love us, and not a single face that we know. Let us send for a physician. But who shall we send for? You nor I do not know a good one from a bad one."

"Well, Rosa, please ring that bell, and hand me my pocket book out of my pocket."

She did so, and in a moment a servant entered the room to whom Charles said, "Ask the clerk to come up. I wish to see him."

In a few moments the clerk (who was no less than John B. Drake,) entered the sick man's room saying,

"I am sorry to see you so sick, sir. I hope you will soon be better."

"Well, sir, I hope so too; but I fear I am going to have a severe time of it. I must have a physician."

"Well, sir, we have plenty of them of all kinds. I will send for one for you, shall I?"

"I would be obliged to you if you would send for some member of an Odd Fellow's Lodge, if you know any such."

"I am a member myself, and suppose that you are from your enquiring for them."

"I am, and here is my card. I have plenty of money, but we need their company and advice. Rosa, my dear, stand by the window a moment, until I talk to this gentleman a moment;" and in an undertone he gave the unmistakable evidence that he was a brother in good standing, to his stranger brother.

"Well, Bro. Stedom, I will send for the brethren, and you shall be cared for properly."

The writer was at that time the N. G. of Eagle Lodge, No. 100, of Cincinnati, and happened that same morning to be in Jack Levi's Drug Store, in the Odd Fellow's building, when Bro. Drake came to inform him that there was a sick brother there. This same Jacob Levi was one of the old members of Magnolia, No. 83, and at that time her member of the relief committee. We went immediately to see our sick brother. On arriving, we were introduced in our official character by Bro. Drake, who immediately left us alone. It was only necessary to take a look at our Brother to know that he was very sick.

"You need a physician," said Bro. Levi, "had we not better send for one immediately?"

Charles remembering the name of the one he had seen before, asked us to send for him; and so we did. After we left the room, Bro. Levi engaged to see the committee of relief, and I went for the doctor. Shortly after Rosa approached her husband and asked him,

"Who were those gentlemen that just left the room?"

"They are Odd Fellows, Rosa. The clerk of this hotel is one also. They have gone for a physician, and are going to return again soon to stay with me awhile, that you may not be broke of your rest. O, dear Rosa, altho' we are strangers in this vast city, we are not friendless."

"Will they return again soon, think you, Charles?"

"Certainly, my dear; sure to return?"

"And did you never see those gentlemen before?"

"Never, to my knowledge; but it is not necessary to see each other in order to make us friends; it is only necessary to know that a brother needs the aid of friends, and they are ready on their mission of love."

"How did they know that you were an Odd Fellow?"

"When I asked you to step to the window a moment I convinced the brother by our secrets that I was an Odd Fellow."

Just at this moment we entered the room in company with the doctor, who administered to the case of our brother, at the same time informing him that he had symptoms of typhoid fever, and would be likely to be confined to his bed for several days, and perhaps weeks. And so it turned out; for three long weeks our brother languished on his bed, and one week of that time almost all hopes of his recovery fled. Being so situated as to have much of my time at my command, I spent many hours in that room, and often many were excluded least so many calling would injure him.

One day, on leaving in company with a whole-souled Odd Fellow, he said to me, "What a sweet bird that sister is! many is the stranger brother that I have seen sick here, but this is the first one whose wife was along with him; and I confess to you my sympathies are so wrought on for that poor lady that I could cry my eyes almost out for her; she seems so lonely; her husband so sick that he can't talk to her, and we are so little company for her; although I have tried to cheer her up every time I have called; I have a great notion to bring my wife up here to see her."

"That is a first rate idea; do so, and I think if some of us were to propose to Mrs. Stedom to ride or walk about the city that it would raise her spirits and do her good."

"Well, we will do that. Suppose we meet here at two o'clock, and I'll bring my wife up and we will try to relieve her thoughts from the gloomy prospect that lies before her."

"So let us do;" and accordingly it was so done. Quite a number of brothers brought their ladies to call upon her, and in this manner we were enabled to break the power of the gloom and loneliness that surrounded her.

After Mr. Stedom had so far recovered as to be able to amuse himself with a book, and to sit in an arm chair, I proposed to Mrs. Stedom that we should ride about the city to Mt. Auburn, Cumminsville and to Spring Grove, for her benefit, that she might see our beautiful young Queen City, to which she readily assented on Charles assuring her that he would not be lonely without her. So we started, and obeying the route above indicated, we were soon in Spring Grove, where we pointed out to her the beautiful lot bought by the different Lodges in the city for the burial of the strangers who might die in our midst. She called my name, and such was the sweetness of the voice that saluted my ears that I involuntarily turned and looked in her face

when I saw it lit up with the fires of enthusiasm, and continuing she spoke of her impression of the Odd Fellows on this wise: "I knew but little of the Odd Fellows before I left home. It is true I knew that Mr. Stedom was one, and he had some year or more ago given me some little outline of their operations, but I knew nothing of their worth until distress has given them an opportunity to show me their true character. We have with us over four thousand dollars; with that we could buy every thing that we wanted. Servants from the hotel waited on us, but money cannot buy true friendship or true sympathy, but this mysterious Odd Fellowship brings both, without money and without price — friendship and sympathy too valuable in such seasons as I have passed through, to estimate in dollars and cents. We are accounted 'pretty well off in the world' at home for young people just married; but I would sooner part with all the wealth we possess than forego the pleasure and bliss of being associated with a society that affords so many opportunities of doing good, for I suppose that without the fact that you and your friends had been Odd Fellows, you would never have had the opportunity of bestowing such substantial kindness upon us in our distress; nor could we have been the objects of that kindness and sympathy which we could not have purchased with gold, unless we had been connected with this noble and truly benevolent society."

"You are right, Mrs. Stedom; I have often felt the truth of what you now say. In the six years I have been a member of the Order I have never been sick a single week, yet I have been more than repaid for all I have expended in the cause of Odd Fellowship by the satisfaction I have realized in the consciousness of having softened the bed of death for a single stranger whom providence had thrown in our way. I have some letters now in my possession from the friends of a stranger brother that died in our midst, with whom I corresponded in reference to his death, that I would not exchange for all the money that I ever paid into the society."

"Truly, Odd Fellowship is a noble and ennobling institution."

We hastened back and found Bro. Stedom enjoying the company of some brothers who had called to see him, and the happy smile with which he greeted his wife, who once more wore her accustomed smile of happiness, convinced all present that rejoiced in the happiness of others more than his own.

In a few days more the physician pronounced our brother able to safely pursue his journey; so all arrangements were made for their departure in the morning train of cars for Sandusky City. Mr. Stedom took from his purse some pieces of gold, and handed them to a brother and said, "Brother will you be so kind as to pay all expense you have been at?"

"But we have been to no expense, my dear brother. We have not laid out a cent—you have paid all your own bills."

"Well take this and divide it among those brethren who have so kindly watched with me."

"Well, sir, I am sorry to deny you so many things that you desire, but I cannot do it. Why, who, sir, could I give it to if I was disposed to undertake to distribute it? There are a thousand men in this city that stood waiting the summons of the committee of relief, and they would have been here had they been needed. They are just as worthy as any; and, sir, our friendship we do not sell; we give it for the sake of Friendship, Love and Truth."

"Brother, you must excuse me for my ignorance of our own institution; it was thoughtlessness in me," said Charles, "or I would have known better. But, brother, you will certainly allow me to leave this hundred dollars as a donation to your widow's and orphan's fund."

"I am not at liberty to refuse that, as the widow's and orphan's fund is sacred to that purpose. I must do as you say."

"Yes, and allow me to donate this to it also," said Rosa, handing him a handsome sum of money.

That evening we bade farewell to Charles Stedom and Rosa his wife, and the next day they were once more on their journey.

Charles telegraphed his father what time he would be in Springfield, and asked him to meet them there in a carriage to carry them out home. They were to arrive on the eighth of July, at about eleven o'clock. His sisters and their husbands had been called home to enjoy the happy event of the return of Charles, after so long an absence. It was also arranged that one of his brothers-in-law should go to town and bring them out early, and dinner was to await them.

We shall not attempt a description of the reception. Tears of joy, smiles of pleasure, prayers of thankfulness, mingled in sweet harmony. After a sumptuous New England din-

ner was looked at, (for they were feasting on a kind of food that precludes the idea of the happy soul descending to the enjoyment of the appetite,) all seated happily around in the spacious parlor, Charles reclining upon the sofa and his mother seated by his head affectionately smoothing the locks of his hair over his pale forehead, Charles' father said,

"Come, Charles, tell us all about this terrible spell of sickness you have had."

"Well, Pa, Rosa will do that, for I am too feeble to undertake it. I am so overcome with the fatigue of my journey, and the excitement of getting home that I cannot narrate any thing as I would like. Rosa, please tell them all about it."

This Rosa did, and they all listened with intense interest, occasionally casting an inquiring look at Mary, to see what effect the narration would have upon her as Rosa alluded eloquently to the Odd Fellows. When Rosa was through, every eye was fixed on Charles and filled with tears, and she added, "I do not believe that Charles would ever have recovered, but for the attention of the Odd Fellows." A moment's silence ensued, which was broken by Mary, who said, "I retract my slanders of the Odd Fellows and my opposition, and from this moment I will ever be their friend and advocate."

"There now, Mary," said her mother, "I told you so; let the men manage the world, and nine times out of ten they will be right; but undertake to influence them your way and you will lead them astray, and the misfortune will be your fault. I say, God bless the Odd Fellows for their kindness to my dear boy. Many will be the grateful prayers that I will send up to the God of all good for the Odd Fellows."

We hasten now to conclude our story. Fall came. Charles Stedom and his wife returned to their home, accompanied by his parents, who spent the winter with them. A full history of their trip North was given, and Rosa dwelt with peculiar delight upon the conduct of the Cincinnati Odd Fellows. The flame kindled—a petition for a Lodge to be located in Barboursville gotten up—the Lodge opened—and the last we heard of Charles Stedom, he had passed the chairs and was a distinguished member of the Grand Lodge of Alabama, and Judge Stokes was the Noble Grand of the Lodge at home.

Charles Stedom's plan, formed in his room at Yale College, in company with John Loomis, was fully and successfully carried out,

to the happiness and satisfaction of all concerned.

Our story is now finished. We have written to show, first, how much good a rich man may do by being an Odd Fellow, and secondly, to show that it is no difference how rich a man is that Odd Fellowship can do him good.

"If I have done well, and as is fitting the story, it is that which I desired, but if slenderly and meanly, it is that I could attain to."

It may be asked, "how much of this story is true?" I have only to reply, that there is more fact than fiction in it. Scenes similar to those described having transpired; they are here only collated and put into a story.

In the first chapter there are two mistakes I wish the reader to overlook. The first, the frequent recurrence of the proper noun '*Charles*,' instead of the pronoun '*he*,' in the paragraph describing him. Secondly—in the same paragraph, in describing his person the compositor has made me say, by an error in the punctuation, "in person he was near six feet; tall, well formed," &c.; while I intended it to read, "in person he was near six feet tall, well formed," &c.; for a man only near six feet could not be considered *tall*.

There is one other mistake I wish to call attention to. Chap. 6, page 105, 2d column, near the bottom, in the sentence, "that tells them that they must prepare for adversity while all is prosperous and right"—the word *right* should be *light*.

So, farewell, dear reader.

**THE TRUE LIFE.**—The mere lapse of years is not life. To eat, and drink, and sleep; to be exposed to darkness and the light; to pace round in the mill of habit, and turn the wheel of wealth; to make reason our book-keeper, and turn thought into an implement of trade—this is not life. In all this, but a poor fraction of the consciousness of humanity is awakened; and the sanctities still slumber which make it most worth while to be. Knowledge, truth, love, beauty, goodness, faith, alone can give vitality to the mechanism of existence; the laugh of mirth which vibrates through the heart, the tears that freshen the dry wastes within, the music that brings childhood back, the prayer that calls the future near, the doubt which makes us meditate, the death which startles us with mystery, the hardship that forces us to struggle, the anxiety that ends in trust—are the true nourishment of our natural being.

Original.

## JENNY LIND.

BY MRS. M. L. GARDINER.

A bird from a foreign clime has flown  
With a bright, a beautiful crest;  
The fairest bird that ever was known,  
Has flown from her parent nest.  
She has wended her flight o'er the blue wave,  
And lit in our greenest bower;  
Where, met by the beautiful, good and brave,  
She reigns in her regal power.

A gentle bird, with an eye most bright,  
A plumage of gold and snow,  
Kindling on altars a glorious light,  
Once darkened by human wo.  
A wonderful bird that ne'er was spoil'd,  
Though caged by a kindly hand;  
A wonderful bird with a name unsoil'd,  
The pride of her own bright land.

While unfledged she lay in her downy nest,  
A seraph convey'd to her ear  
A sound she bro't from the home of the blest,  
Entrancingly soft and clear,  
That awakened a pulse in this bird of song,  
That quickened from day to day;  
Her heart was inspired, her spirit grew strong,  
As she warbled her Eden lay.

Delighted she sang in valley and grove,  
And caroled from tree to tree;  
The air became rife with the music of love  
That flowed from her "charmed melody."  
She warbled so sweet from bower to bower,  
And chanted so plaintive a strain,  
The dew drops that gleamed on the morning flower,  
Tried to dissolve, but in vain.

Hearts grow young as they list to her voice,  
Eyes sparkle bright as they meet;  
Tongues become mute, no word, no noise,  
No sound but the Nightingale's sweet.  
We welcome this bird from our Fatherland,  
We give her the greenest of bowers,  
Extend for her perch a nation's hand,  
A sip from our loveliest fountains.

From our Croton we give her the cooling font,  
To lave when her sun shines too bright;  
Friendship's kind hand to relieve every want,  
And Freedom's soft pillow at night.  
Long life to the bird who scatters around  
Bright pearls as she shakes her soft wings;  
The homes of widows and orphans resound  
Her praises wherever she sings.

Be kind, very kind, to this bird—keep  
Her safe from the Northern blast,  
For greatly the parents she left would weep  
If aught her bright sky should o'ercast.  
Cage then the bird and bear her away,  
'Till the wintry blasts are o'er, [ray,  
Where flowers bloom sweet 'neath the sun's warm  
And soft is the ocean's roar.

Beautiful bird, where'er you may roam,  
As now be your skies ever bright,  
Your sun and your moon unclips'd 'till at home  
You rest in your bower of delight.  
Ever charm as you rove from grove to grove,  
As you fly o'er our beautiful earth,  
'Till you mingle your strains with angels above,  
Where your first choral note had its birth.

## MOUNT ARARAT.

BY T. J. HEADLEY.

There are some mountains standing on this sphere of ours that seem almost conscious beings, and if they *would* but speak, and tell what they have seen and felt, the traveler who pauses at their base would tremble with awe and alarm.

For some good reason, the Deity has usually chosen mountain summits, and those which are isolated, as the theatre on which to make the grandest exhibitions of himself. It may be because those grand and striking features in nature fix the locality of events so that they never can fade from the memory of man. The giving of the law needs no lofty column of stone to commemorate it. Mount Sinai lifts its awful form towards the clouds, a perpetual unwasting monument. God's exhibition of himself to the awe-struck prophet, as he passed by him heralded by the storm, the earthquake and the flame, needs no pyramid to consecrate the spot. Mount Horeb tells where the Almighty dimmed his glory and covered the human face with his fearful hand, so that his brightness might not destroy the being who would gaze on him. The transfiguration of the God-man requires no pillar of brass to arrest the eye and aid the senses as man contemplates the place where the wondrous scene transpired; Mount Tabor is its everlasting memorial. Thus do mountain summits stand the silent yet most eloquent historians of heaven and earth.

Another reason why mountains have been chosen by the Deity for his most solemn revelations, may be that their solitude and far removal from human interruption and the sounds of busy life, render them better fitted for such communications than the plain and the city.

The first in the list of Sacred Mountains is Mount Ararat. The first named summit in human history, it emerges from the flood, and lifts its head over the water to look down on all coming generations to the end of time. Whether it was changed in that mighty convulsion which drowned the world, or whether its lofty peak which saw the swelling waters and marked their steady rise remained the same, we know not. At all events, the mountain looked down on the swaying world at its feet, as cities floated from their foundations and came dashing against its sides, and beheld a wilder scene than ever covered a battle-field, as it heard and saw *six genera-*

*tions* shrink and sink together. But whatever may have been its *former* history, it now stands as the only memorial of the flood. Rising like a sugar-loaf from a chaos of peaks, which gleam and glitter in the sun-beams that are reflected from their snowy sides—overlooking a sea on one side and a desert on the other, it is a grand and striking object in itself, but made still more so by the associations that cluster around its sacred top. It has seldom been profaned by human feet, but there was a time when the sea rolled over it, and mightier waves than ever yet swept the sea thundered high above its crown.

Though the immediate appearance of a flood that should submerge the world was an event that staggered human belief, yet Noah, obedient to the voice of Heaven, began his ark of safety. There is no one who does not lament that there is not a fuller antediluvian history. We merely catch the summits of events, and are told of some half a dozen things that happened, while all the rest is wrapped in impenetrable mystery. We are told that the world was drowned, but the particulars of that terrific scene are left entirely to the imagination. It is only by the declaration of our Lord, that men were busy at their usual occupations, "eating and drinking, and marrying and giving in marriage, till the flood came and swept them all away," that we get any data by which we can form any true conception of the catastrophe. Yet this short statement is worth every thing, and with it before me, I have sometimes thought I could almost paint the scene. Noah, whose head was whitened by the frosts of six centuries, laid the foundation of his huge vessel on a pleasant day, when all was serene and tranquil. The fields were smiling in verdure before his eyes; the perfumed breezes floated by, and the music of birds and sounds of busy life were about him, when he, by faith alone, laid the first beam of that structure, which was to sail over a buried planet. When men, on enquiring the design of that huge edifice, were told its purpose, they could hardly credit their senses, and Noah, though accounted by all a very upright and respectable man, became a jest for children. As the farmer returned at evening from the fields, and the gay citizen of the town drove past, they christened it "Noah's folly." Those more aged and sober shook their heads wisely, saying, "The old man is mad." Even the workmen engaged upon it laughed as they drove the nails and hewed the plank, yet declared they cared not as long as the foolish old

man was able to pay. Still the ark went up, and the day's wonder ceased to be talked about. When it was finished, and curiosity satisfied, it was dismissed from the mind as a passing folly.

Yet I have sometimes wondered what people thought when they saw the beasts of the field and the forest, and fowls of the air, even the venomous serpent and the strong-limbed lion coming in pairs to that ark. This must have staggered them amazingly, and made the ark for a while a fresh topic of conversation.

At length, the patriarch with his family entered—the door was shut in the face of the world, and he sat down on the strength of a single promise to await the issue. That night the sun went down over the green hills beautiful as ever, and the stars came out in the blue sky, and nature breathed long and peacefully. In the morning the sun rose in undimmed splendor and mounted the heavens. Deep within the vast building Noah could hear the muffled sound of life without. The lowing of herds came on his ear, and the song of the husbandman going to his toil, and the rapid roll of carriage wheels as they hurried past, and perhaps the ribald shout and laugh of those who expended their wit on him and his ark together. To say nothing of the improbability of a universal deluge, the idea was preposterous that such a helmless, helpless affair could outride a wrecked world. Thus day after day passed on until a week had gone by, but still the faith of that old man never shook. At length the sky became overcast, and the gentle rain descended—to Noah the beginning of the flood, to the world a welcome shower. The farmer, as he housed his cattle, rejoiced in the refreshing moisture, while the city never checked its gaiety, or the man of wealth his plans. But as the rain continued day after day, and fell faster and fiercer on the drenched earth, and the swollen streams went surging by, men cursed the storm that seemed determined never to break up. The lowlands were deluged; the streams broke over their banks, bearing houses and cattle away on their maddened bosoms. Wealth was destroyed and lives lost, till men talked of ruined fortunes, famine and general desolation; but still it rained on. Week after week it came pouring from the clouds, till it was like one falling sheet of water, and the inhabitants could no longer stir from their doors. The rich valleys that lay along the rivers were flooded, and the peasants sought the eminences around for safety. Yet still the water rose around them,

till all through the valleys nothing but little black islands of human beings were seen on the surface. Oh, then what fierce struggles there were for life among them. The mother lifted her infant above her head, while she strove to maintain her uncertain footing in the sweeping waters; the strong crowded off the weak as each sought the highest point; while the living mass slowly crumbled away till the last disappeared and the swift water swept smooth and noiselessly above them all. Men were heard talking of the number of lives lost and the amount of wealth destroyed, declaring that such a flood had not happened in the remembrance of the oldest man. No one yet dreamed of the high grounds being covered, least of all the mountains. To drown the world it must rain till the ocean itself was filled above its level for miles, and so men feared it not, and sought for amusement within doors till the storm should abate. Oh, what scenes of vice and shame and brutality and revelry did that storm witness in the thronged city, and what unhallowed songs mingled in the pauses of the blast that swept by.

But at length another sound was heard that sent paleness to every cheek, and chained every tongue in mute terror. It was a far distant roar, faint but fearful, yet sounding more distinct and ominous every moment till it filled all the air. The earth trembled and groaned under it as if an earthquake was on its march, and ever and anon came a crash as if the "ribs of nature" were breaking. Nearer and louder and more terrible it grew, till men forgetting alike their pleasure and their anger, rushed out in the storm, whispering, "The flood! the flood!"—and lo, a new sea, the like of which no man had ever seen before, came rolling over the crouching earth. Stretching from horizon to horizon, as far as the eye could reach—losing itself like a limitless wall in the clouds above, it came pouring its green and massive waters onward, while the continual and rapid crash of falling forests and crushed cities and upturned mountains, that fell one after another under its awful footsteps, and the successive shrieks that pierced the heavens, rising even above the deafening roar of the on-rushing ocean, as city after city and kingdom after kingdom disappeared, made a scene of terror and horror inconceivable, indescribable. "*The fountains of the great deep were broken up.*"

But the last cry of human agony was at length hushed—ocean met ocean in its flow, and the waves swept on without a shore.

Oh, what a wreck was there! the wreck of two thousand years, with their cities, cultivated fields and mighty population. Not shivered masts and broken timbers, the remains of some gallant vessel, were seen on that turbulent surface, but the fragments of a crushed and broken world. It was a noble wreck—splendid cities and towers, gorgeous palaces, gay apparel, the accumulated wealth and luxury of twenty centuries strewn the bosom of the deluge, like autumn leaves the surface of some forest stream.

But amid the sudden midnight that had wrapped the earth, and the frenzy of the elements and utter overthrow and chaos of all things, there was one heart that beat as calmly as in sleep: one brow over which no breath of passion or of fear passed: one spirit whose serene trust never shook: for in the solitary ark that lifted to the heaving billows, the aged patriarch knelt in prayer. Amid the surging of that fierce ocean his voice may not have been heard by mortal ear, but the light of faith shone round his aged form, and the moving lip spoke a repose as tranquil as childhood's on the bosom of maternal love. The patriarch's God ruled that wild scene and Noah felt his frail vessel quiver in every timber, without one tremor himself. Upborne on the flood, the heaven-protected ark rose over the buried cities and mountains, and floated away on a shoreless deep. Like a single drop of dew this round sphere of ours hung and trembled—a globe of water in mid-heaven. I have often wondered what the conversations were during the long days and nights that lonely ark was riding on the deep. As it rose and fell on the long-protracted swell, massive ruins would go thundering by, whole forests sink and rise with the billows, while ever and anon an upturn hill, as borne along by the resistless tide it struck a buried mountain, would loom for a moment like some black monster over the waves, then plunge again to the fathomless bottom. Amid this wreck and these sights, the ark sailed on in safety. How often in imagination have I pictured it in the deluge at midnight. To a spectator what an object of interest it would have been. Round the wide earth the light from its solitary window was the only indication of life that remained. One moment it would be seen far up on the crest of the billow, a mere speck of flame amid the limitless darkness that environed it, and then disappear in the gulfs below as if extinguished forever. Thus that gentle light would sink and rise on the

breast of the deluge, the last, the only hope of the human race. Helmless, and apparently guideless, its wreck seemed inevitable, but the sea never rolled that could extinguish the star-like beam that told where the ark still floated. Not even the strong wind that the Almighty sent over the water to dry it up, driving it into billows that stormed the heavens, could sink it. Though it shook like a reed in their strong grasp, and floundered through the deep gulfs, it passed unerringly on to the summit of that mountain on which it was to rest; and at length struck ground and ceased its turbulent motion.

Noah waited a week, and then sent forth a raven to explore the deep. Though the waters still swept from mountain to mountain, the myriad carcasses that floated on the surface furnished both food and resting place, and he returned no more. He then sent forth a dove. It darted away from the place of its long confinement, and sped on rapid wing over the flood, now turning this way and now that, looking in vain with its gentle eye for the green earth, and at last turned back towards the ark of rest. The tap of its snowy wing was heard on the window, and the patriarch reached forth his hand and took it in. The fierce pantings of its mottled breast, and its drooping pinions, told too well that the earth gave no place of repose. But the second time it was sent abroad it returned with an olive leaf in its mouth, showing that the earth had risen from its burial and was sprouting again in verdure. Then the patriarch went forth with his family, and stood on Mount Ararat, and lo, the earth was at his feet, but how changed. Cut into gorges which showed where the strong currents swept, and piled into ridges, it bore in every part marks of the power that had ravaged it. Noah and his family were alone in the world, and he built an altar there on the top of the solitary mountain, and lifted his voice in prayer, and the Almighty talked with him as "friend talked with friend," bidding him go forth and occupy the earth. And as the flame of the sacrifice rose from the mountain top bearing the patriarch's prayer heavenward, the promise was given that the earth should never again be swept by a deluge, and lo, God's signet ring appeared in the clouds, arching the man of God, and shown as a warrant that the covenant should never be broken. Baptized by the flood—consecrated by the altar—illuminated by the first fresh rainbow, Mount Ararat stood a *sacred* mountain on the earth.

Original.

# LINES

*Suggested to the author on reading an article in the February No. of The Ark styled "The Twelve Gems."*

BY BRO. G. W. MORRIS.

"Go," said the pious father to his sons,  
 "From the paternal roof for one short month, [act  
 And then return. He who performs the most ennobling  
 During his absence, shall receive the half of my estate.  
 The other half will I divide among the other brothers."  
 They numbered three. All went, and at the appointed  
 time returned,  
 Recounting thus the history of their deeds.

THE ELDEST SAID,

"I stood beside our native stream,  
 And heard a shriek that pierc'd my heart,  
 I looked and there beheld a scene,  
 Which from my vision ne'er departs.

A mother with distracted mien,  
 (No maniac ever was more wild,)  
 About to leap into that stream,  
 To save from death her darling child,

Which had she done no human power  
 Could from the grave have rescued them;  
 The brittle thread of life's short hour,  
 Forever would have sundered then.

I bade her stay, and in the stream  
 I plung'd and saved her darling boy.  
 That mother's face with brightness gleams,  
 Her child's restored, she shouts for joy."

"Well done, my son," the sire exclaimed;  
 "Immortal pen that deed shall write;  
 That mother, too, will hear thy name  
 Never but with unfeigned delight."

THE SECOND SAID,

"Father, a feeble, old, decrepid man  
 I found upon a couch reclined;  
 His anxious look and cheek so wan,  
 Show'd something preyed upon his mind.

I found two children at his side,  
 Whose eyes revealed a tale of woe:  
 They sought from me their grief to hide,  
 Which made me anxious more to know.

"Where are your parents, dearest ones?"  
 I asked, and heard this sad reply:  
 "For four long days have they been gone,  
 And we are left alone—to die!

"We're starving now for want of food,  
 Alas! how bitter is our lot;  
 And can it be 'tis for our good,  
 So soon by them to be forgot!"

I heard, and back I quickly sped,  
 To find these starving children food;  
 This done, I found the path that led  
 To where their parents last had stood.

I learned their sad and direful end,  
 How they had perish'd in the snow,  
 And then I prayed that God would send  
 Relief to those they'd left below.

And now, whatever be my part,  
 These orphans shall it with me share;  
 And this old man with fainting heart,  
 Shall find a friend while I am here."

He ceased—the father could not speak—  
 His heart too full for utterance now;  
 He wept—what father would not weep  
 With joy for such a son as thou?

THE YOUNGEST SAID,

"As homeward I my steps retraced,  
 Thoughtful and almost in despair,  
 To think that I could find no place  
 In which to show affection dear.

While thinking thus a man I found,  
 (A deadly enemy of mine,)  
 Bleeding and prostrate on the ground,  
 Diseased in body and in mind.

He must have shortly perished there,  
 Had no assisting hand been nigh;  
 I helped him up, and took him where  
 Kind friends would all his wants supply."

THE FATHER'S REPLY.

"To thee, my youngest son, to thee  
 Belongs the promised reward,  
 For thou hast loved thine enemy,  
 An act most noble to record.

One half my wealth is thine, my son,  
 Well may I it entrust to thee,  
 For thou hast learn'd from God's dear Son,  
 To love thy bitter enemy."

May we from this short lesson learn  
 Our bitterest enemy to forgive;  
 Nor from the poor and needy turn  
 A listless ear while here we live.

Louisville, Ky.

FIDELITY.—Never forsake a friend. When enemies gather around, and sickness falls upon the heart—when the world is dark and cheerless—is the time to try true friendship. The heart that has been touched with true gold will redouble its efforts, when the friend is sad and in trouble. Adversity tries real friendship. They who turn aside from the scenes of distress, betray their hypocrisy, and proves that interest only moves them. If you have a friend who in reality loves you, and who has studied your interest and happiness—be sure to sustain him in adversity. Let him feel that his former kindness to you is appreciated, and that his love and affection was not thrown away. Real fidelity may be rare; but it is strongly fixed in the heart. Who has not seen and felt its power? They only deny its worth and power who never relieved a friend, or labored to make a friend happy. The good and kind, the virtuous and affectionate, see and feel the heavenly principle. They would sacrifice wealth and honor to promote the happiness of others, and in return they receive the reward of their love by sympathizing hearts, real, true friends, and countless favors when they have been brought low by disease or adversity.



Original.

## PROFANITY.

BY MRS. B. G. BUSHNELL.

What is in and of itself more despicable and deplorable than to see MAN, the noble image of God, abusing the best faculties of the mind that he has had conferred upon him by his Creator, in blaspheming His name, and using it in every vulgar expression? And what earthly good can it do to resort to such indecorous language for a retaliation of real or supposed wrongs? Why condescend to the more low, debased, and disorderly intimations of mental powers, and perhaps disorganize all the finer feelings of the human intellect that should be cultivated and trained for a sphere of social, moral and religious improvement?

Although a man may have all the necessary qualifications of a wise and an honest citizen, yet he may debase himself by his intercourse with others, for 'out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh'—'the tongue is an unruly member'—'an open seculchre.' Man may, by divine arrangement, be so admirably constituted as to be in possession of uncontrollable influence, and thus rendered a most useful member in society, and in the world; and yet, if he is known to be profane, how soon is his influence lost, and all that is of a sublime character placed below a common estimate! and although he may have the talents of an angel, yet when tainted with the poisonous breath of vile blasphemy, he not only renders himself obnoxious in the sight and estimation of all that is virtuous and amiable, but wholly unfits himself for the social, moral and domestic relations, and destroys himself for farther usefulness in the higher spheres of life.

To say the least of such an error, it is vulgar, wicked, odious and despicable in the minds of all that are delicate and refined; and it does not develop one characteristic of a gentleman, much less a wise man. Men of rank and influence well know that such a practice is debasing. They are aware that profanity is far from being congenial with gentility or refinement. Let that man who is in the habit of using profane language upon any and every occasion, come into the presence of the opposite sex, especially those of whose superior powers of mind and character he esteems and appreciates as worthy of respect and regard, you will not hear him use

profane language, although on other occasions he may endeavor to justify himself by pleading a habit so strong as to be unconscious of the utterance at the time; or that it was impossible to suppress it. Let the individual who has cultivated the habit to the greatest extent, come into the presence of a lady of refined morals and genteel habits, and how soon is his profanity hushed! Oaths and blasphemies are at once put to silence, and he has no difficulty to keep in subjection his propensities to swear.

Well, who art thou, O man, that thou darrest take the name of thy God in vain, and to assume the authority of damning thy fellow for a little offence, and that, too, when inspiration says that vengeance alone belongs unto God! The individual who confirms all he says by an oath, is not to be relied upon. And who would not doubt that one sooner who associates his declarations with such blasphemous confirmations, by taking the name of God into account on every frivolous occasion? Then better that you should

"Vulgarity despise—

"To swear is neither brave, polite nor wise."

Is it not inconsistent in the extreme? It at once exhibits the true character of infidelity, for if they respected, or even admitted the character of a God, they would not abuse his holy name by profaning it upon any and every occasion; and if they but feintly comprehended his attributes, they would not trifle with the dignity of his majesty in so low and disrespectful a manner.

Again, the habit of swearing is always associated with other base and vicious practices. Did ever an individual use profane language until other vicious habits were formed? And then swearing seems to be the first feature that audibly develops an incorrectness of morals. Profanity is not a natural propensity. Far from it. For the brain is so peculiarly organized and arranged that veneration is the center of the mind, and the 'mind is the standard of the man.' That organ of the mind gives the individual a knowledge of a Supreme Power, and an inclination to reverence him. The structure of the mind beautifully illustrates the character of God's intellectual image, and teaches the importance of venerating the source of such a base of human intellect; and if the disposition to pay homage to that source is suppressed and brought into subjection to the sensual and animal propensities, the individual has permitted that change by cultivating habits peculiar to the lower or-

der. Thus he becomes infidel, and has no fear of God before his eyes.

But now to the most serious and consequential inquiry. Will an Odd Fellow swear? Will one that professes to be governed by all the higher and holier motives of the human heart, be induced to take God's name in vain, and thereby lower down the dignity of that Being by whom they say in their fraternal connection they are governed, and that they are bound to believe in and reverence? It is inconsistent for one professing to be associated with and governed by the principles of Odd Fellowship, to utter a single oath, or to call in question the true dignity of his Creator. I will here suggest one idea in relation to my own personal observation. I have been astonished, after learning the objects, the motives, and the design of the institution of Odd Fellowship, and the influence they have, and the power to exert it, and particularly for good, to hear the lips of an Odd Fellow polluted with profanity. I have not only been astonished to hear it, but pained even at the thought. And why? Because there is an opportunity for wielding a mighty influence against Satan's kingdom, (iniquity,) and it is mighty in pulling down strong holds of sin and crime. And there is, too, a beauty and sublimity in the arrangement and principles of Odd Fellowship, in the system and constitutional organization, that surpasses any other. Should all who associate their names therewith prove themselves Odd Fellows in deed as well as in word, the cause is destined to reflect rays of honor and happiness on the world, that other means have tried and failed to effect. Odd Fellowship says in its arrangement that they (its recipients) will not only mutually aid and assist each other in weal and woe, but also that their acts of mercy are extended to the poor, the needy, and the destitute, and that they are bound by every thing sacred to visit the widow and the fatherless in their affliction, and in sum and substance, to fulfil the whole requirement, to "keep themselves unspotted from the world." Their offices of kindness to the suffering poor, in defending and protecting their afflicted Brother, and the needy and destitute widow, and to train and educate the helpless orphan, all blended together, corresponds not only with their motto, "Friendship, Love and Truth," but in the moral obligations in the commands of Christ. The very first presentive of their faith and government, "In God we trust," is enough to cause them to bow in reverence at

the shrine of heaven, and never to pronounce the sacred name of God, or utter a sentence indicating his attributes, except with the most profound awe, in remembrance (if no more) of their profound trust.

Permit me now to appeal directly to you, Odd Fellows, and believe me a sincere friend and ardent advocate of the rights, justice and claims of the principles of the Order. Your principles combined in those three magic words—"Friendship, Love and Truth"—are enough to modify all the imperfections of life, and unite together all hearts and minds in one accord. Odd Fellowship, if firmly sustained by its members, is destined to do more good, and eradicate more prevailing evil, than any other institution of human origin in existence. But often when I am advocating the moral claims of the Order, I am assailed with the serious objection that they are inconsistent. They say that the Odd Fellows profess to trust in God, to believe in and reverence Him above all other principalities and powers, and yet there are those among them who do not hesitate to blaspheme his name, or to profane it at every frivolous circumstance.

\* Now, friends, there is only one difficulty to be obviated in this matter: that is, you must cease swearing. Ask yourselves the question, Does profanity correspond with Odd Fellowship? Does the first and grand feature of the institution, "in God we trust," admit the members to profane and enstamp an unhallowed affinity to so dignified a title? Remember, friends, the scrutinizing eye of a suspicious world is upon you, and narrow minded ignorance and jealousy is lurking about you with its criticisms, which should serve as a caution and monitor to all incorrect habits, which would prevent the accomplishment of the object in view. Individuals of superior minds, who might be pillars in your Order, take occasion to except to it on account of the inconsistencies of profanity, and other habits practised by many of its members, and are from these facts led to question the practical utility of such an organization. Now, should not this great evil be avoided? and can it not be with a little effort? As Odd Fellows, as you desire the advancement and general good of your Order, for Heaven's sake never let it be known farther that an Odd Fellow will make use of profane language. It becomes you as co-workers of light, to develope such characteristics to the world as to convince all that your trust is in God, and the fact is then corroborated which

you claim to be your precedent. If indeed all who profess to be Odd Fellows would closely adhere to and maintain the principles embodied in the constitution and laws, the world would at once become convinced of its utility, and yield the point of controversy, for the evidences are not invisible, they are tangible realities; and consequently all that is required of any one concerned is to adhere closely to and enforce his moral obligation, which certainly claims respect and deference to the name of God.

The world, with its prejudices and superstitious criticisms, will neither seek to excuse your imperfections, nor grant you release from your wrongs. But when Odd Fellows generally—those who appreciate fully the objects of the Order—reject useless and ungentlemanly customs, derogatory to the character of their Order, and adhere closely to the correct injunctions of their obligations to themselves, to each other, to the institution, and to the world at large, it will not be difficult to eradicate prejudice from any intelligent mind, and place them at once in their true character, as a light set upon a hill that cannot be hid. Then will the sayings of irreligious libertines and the superstitious bigots of the day be put to silence. When Odd Fellows cease to do injustice to the name of God, and by the consistencies of their course show to the world that there is no other name given in whom they trust, and that it is that name whom all the members of the Order are bound to reverence, objections to the Order will cease, and justly too.

In conclusion, I can but repeat that if all who are bound in the golden chain of Friendship, Love and Truth, wish to promote and advance the cause of the Order, and exert a happy influence on the domestic circle, and upon all within the sphere in which they move, they will forever cease profanity, and do as they promised—trust in God. The friends out of the Order who are endeavoring to advocate the justice and correctness of your claims, can then with a greater degree of confidence maintain their position in your favor, that no infidel can find access to your halls, nor be sheltered from crime by the banner of Friendship, Love and Truth.

Good nature is one of the sweetest gifts of Providence. Like the pure sunshine it gladdens, enlivens and cheers. In the midst of hate, revenge, sorrow, and despair, how glorious are its effects.

## ASSOCIATIONS.

By the term *associations*, I mean to express a particular part of society, a body of men who, though members of, and subordinate to the general system, unite themselves into distinct communities or societies, for their own immediate advantage, and relatively for the public benefit. If we look to these, we shall find men entering them upon different views—with different motives, and to answer various purposes. In our Order, it is to be feared there are some who have been induced to join it by motives they would dislike to avow. If, regardless of the general good, they sought initiation, merely that they might draw upon the funds of the Order, they should now submit themselves to the wholesome and generous teachings of the institution, and be assured that there are other and weightier reasons why they should strive to preserve and perpetuate Odd Fellowship. They should learn that we assemble with men of different nations and tongues, not out of necessity, for the preservation of our lives; but to render them more beneficial to others and to ourselves; by enabling us to perform those duties, and afford that assistance to each other in a united capacity which as individuals we were unable to do. We may enumerate as many duties as we will, that we pledge ourselves to perform; and in guaranteeing succor to the sick and distressed, burial for the dead, protection to the widow, and education and support to the orphan, we believe we assumed duties which, while they benefit the Order and those dependent on its members, are conducive to the public benefit. Our association, then, is not wholly selfish—it provides for its own, and by commanding and illustrating the principles of Friendship and Charity, it imparts more of that generous spirit to the community—it helps to stamp the age as one of benevolence and progress. It helps to fraternize the great mass of the people, and gives a new impetus and a practical power to brotherly love. If we have entertained motives unworthy of a true Odd Fellow, let us banish them; let us see in Odd Fellowship an institution founded on the benevolent intentions of extending and confirming mutual safety and happiness on the best and truest principles of moral order and social virtue. Then shall we labor to preserve the purity of its principles, and to gain for it increasing influence. Then shall we sustain it, and hand it down to later times, a blessing to the world.—*Covenant.*

## MORAL INTEGRITY — GOOD ADVICE TO ODD FELLOWS.

From an Address at Vevay, Ind., February 27, 1851.

BY REV. BRO. THOMAS M. EDDY.

There can be no substitute for moral integrity. The character deficient here is vitally defective. We are aware that there are other elements of power wealth can give influence. In this utilitarian age there is terrible significance in the phrase "the almighty dollar." Men will worship vice in golden tissue or cloth of silver. The voice of the semi-fool becomes oracular if attended by the jingle of coin, or echoed from stately mansions, or attested by broad acres. It is humbling that it is so. It is deeply humiliating that in our broad America the aristocracy of gold, though deeply depraved, can govern those who vote as freemen. But after all, who are they who bow down to this golden idol? Who are the men that money can control? Such men only differ from their vegetables in formation. They differ as widely from *true men* as much as they do from vegetables. They have been stultified in all the generous emotions that *make up the man*.

But the power held by the man of wealth is not his power — it is the power of his gold. A night's fire, a storm at sea, a drouth in July, or a frost in September, may leave him as powerless as Samson when shorn of his seven locks. But the influence of moral integrity, though slowly acquired, can never die! It is based upon a rock immutable and impregnable. But may we assume for this association that it is calculated to cultivate moral integrity? Is its tendency to expand, or dwarf its constituent parts? Does it teach it? Does he who *fully* carries out its teachings tread a safe way?

In this assembly of brothers I need not argue this topic. I might assume it as true and none would gainsay it. But perhaps we may derive some advantage by considering the adaptation of this Order to the great work of inculcating moral integrity.

And first, there is required of the Odd Fellow a belief in the existence of one Supreme Being. True, his faith is not demanded as to the Divine Essence — the Trinity or Unity of the Godhead. He is not required to give the items of his belief as to his attributes or the principles of his moral government. But he is taught one thing, and that is fraught with

solemn truth — there is a Supreme Being. This fact is impressed anew at every step he makes in his mystical march. Every degree teaches the same lesson. And more than this, he is taught that he is under the immediate and constant inspection of that God. Why does that expressive eye look evermore upon him while within the limits of this hall? We answer to impress deeply upon his conscience the Truth uttered by poor Hagar in the wilderness, "Thou God seest me." This God he is taught is the Father and Judge of all — of the high and low, of the rich and poor, and woe unto him if he harm one of his Father's children. Does he move amid scenes of temptation where incentives to evil are on every hand? Odd Fellowship tells him, "The eye of the All-seeing is on you evermore." He may forget this — he may do wrong — he may forget his accountability, but surely Odd Fellowship is not to blame. She taught the lesson correctly and he disregarded it. But surely that is not her fault.

But this is a conflict world. It now wears its "work-day dress." There are discouragements. There are difficulties to be overcome. These would overmaster virtue often and conquer pure determination. But the genius of our Order points the eye of the desponding and trembling one to a glorious sentiment which she ever keeps before him, "In God we trust." The God whose ever vigilant and unslumbering gaze is upon our conduct, is also an object of trust. "We may trust and not be afraid." This is calculated to cheer the desponding and console the sorrowing; and this Odd Fellowship teaches. This much then she surely does. She furnishes in her views of the responsibility of man and the being and attributes of Deity, high and powerful motives to purity of life and conduct.

In the next place, Odd Fellowship inculcates principles in regard to *men* which tend to develop and extend the elements of moral integrity.

Now what has rendered man so very unhappy? I answer the spirit and workings of selfishness. There has been the spirit which said, "I am monarch of all I survey." Hence man has stood arrayed against his fellow man. Interests have come in conflict and each have refused to yield. Confusion has resulted. Strife has abounded. Now if men only live for self, they might as well have never lived at all. If all a man's work is to promote self, he might as well live alone. The world is not a whit better for his life. It matters not what

path he may tread, if he treads it for self alone, when he dies, all dies that he lived for, and he might as well have never lived at all. Now very different are the teachings of Odd Fellowship. She tells us man is one vast brotherhood. She teaches her votaries as is written in the Scriptures of Truth, "God had made of one blood all nations to dwell upon the earth."

I will not here speak of her benefits. They are part of the vested rights of her members—their legal claim. But this is not all. Every Odd Fellow, especially he who has ascended the higher degrees of the Order, knows very well that the springs of benevolence should flow out wherever human suffering is seen. He is taught to consider himself under obligations to obey the great law of reciprocity—the golden rule, "That whatsoever he would that others should do unto him, he should do even so unto them." This rule needs no interpreter save an enlightened conscience. What is duty to my neighbor may be settled by the question what would I consider duty to myself were our conditions changed? We claim not that Odd Fellowship discovered this principle. No, we ascribe it to him whose words Odd Fellowship delights to honor—Jesus of Nazareth.

The spirit of selfishness is constantly assailed. If sickness comes, the mechanic must leave his shop, the farmer his plow, the merchant his store, in short every selfish pursuit must be abandoned, and the victim of disease must be tenderly cared for by night and by day. In this antagonism with selfishness we see the agency of Love and Friendship actively employed, and if for nothing else for this I would cordially sustain this association.

The broad command to all Odd Fellows is to "visit the sick, relieve the fatherless and widow, and bury the dead." And in this is there no antagonism with self? In short, the relation in which this teaches us, is to consider the human family as one vast brotherhood, broken by climate, by distance, by various causes, into different families and tongues, but yet having a nerve of common sympathy running through all.

But man must love his special friends and his associates. The laws of his being demand this. The Odd Fellow feels therefore that he does no wrong in being united by a very strong bond of friendship with his brother Odd Fellow. He considers that the purest integrity may not bar his entering into a special covenant with him to warn him of approaching danger—to watch over him for good, and to

aid him all in his power in accordance with justice and right. Nay, I hold it to be essential to perfection of character that there be warm friendship. I envy not the man who has no warm attachments. Let him alone—let him enjoy that lump of ice he carries, and calls a heart. There is something in the heart of a true man that pants after solid, permanent friendship. Nay, more—I will say that there can be no real friendship among the vile and profligate. There can be no mutual reliance where there is no virtue. We cannot confide in that man who has cut loose from every mooring of virtue. His promises we consider as only the idle wind. We can only rely upon the virtuous. And we all know that there can be no friendship devoid of confidence. It is only between such minds as those of David and Jonathan that such friendship as theirs can subsist. Then when Odd Fellowship makes friendship one of her cardinal virtues, she in reality demands moral integrity of all her members, as without this there can be no friendship.

Again, TRUTH is nailed to her mast-head as an essential principle. This is well. A liar is hated every where. A liar is one of the most detestable of earth's meanest reptiles. He crawls through the world like a viper, leaving his filthy slime wherever he winds his tortuous way. But he who would enter the portals of this Order sees Truth inscribed in golden characters. He listens to glowing descriptions of Truth, and cold must be his heart if he love it not.

Again—she declares war with vice of every sort. I do not say her sons *all* do so. But I *do* say her doctrines do. The spirit of loyalty and love of country is encouraged in opposition to insubordination and rebellion. The thunder's of her displeasure speak out against intemperance. Look not upon the wine when it is red—when it moveth itself in the cup; in the end it stingeth like a serpent, and biteth like an adder. But I need not specify. The lectures and degrees of the Order are full of denunciations of vice.

I pause here. Enough has been said to show that the tendency of Odd Fellowship is to strengthen and develop the principles of *moral integrity*.

But may there not be opposing influences neutralizing those I have mentioned? The answer to this is, not in the Order are there such, but members of the Order may smuggle them within the gates. The noble tendency of the Order to elevate and refine may be

thwarted. Some may enter the fraternity whose only object is the pecuniary benefits. If any Lodge should be filled with a majority of *these* men, the reputation of the Order in that community must suffer. Such men could only be governed by selfish motives. They might visit the sick but only because they "had to." The people would see no exemption of the pure principles of Odd Fellowship. They would set down the Order as useless or pernicious. But the fault is neglecting the fundamentals of the Order while the minor matters and the forms are observed.

No man can go through the various degrees, and study them carefully, making any attempt at observing them, without being a better man. I *do not* say as some have that Odd Fellowship is ALL a man needs for time or eternity. But this I do say, a proper attention to the great principles laid down and beautifully taught, must refine and ennoble the heart. How an Odd Fellow can be aught save a finished gentleman I cannot divine. How an Odd Fellow can be an unkind husband, a neglectful or cruel father, a corrupt or licentious member of society, or an insubordinate citizen, I can not see. Does he pretend that he obeys the teachings he here receives? Out upon him if he does, for he knows better!

I would ask what is the peculiar mission of Odd Fellowship? It is not to render pecuniary aid in time of need? Insurance companies will do this more largely. It is not to grasp political power and hold the reins of government. For she admits those of all parties and political casts. Nor is it to establish any sectarian notions in religion. She has nothing to do with men's differences in opinion. She leaves every man to his own conscience and his God. Her peculiar mission is to promote the spirit of brotherhood. She teaches this as we have seen, and it remains that her sons should faithfully observe her teachings. And there is need of it now! Sectional jealousies have arisen which have stirred bitter heart-burnings. The heart of the son has been set against the father. The "winter of discontent" hangs gloomily upon us. There are elements of discord seething in the political caldron which are alarming. How important that we cling to the spirit and practice of universal brotherhood! Her mission is not yet accomplished. Let her go out upon the stormy sea again and yet again bearing the olive leaf of Love, the badge of Friendship, and the holy impress of Truth. Whatever may be political differences, or sectional

prejudices, whenever you behold the mystic sign, or hear the mystic word, then behold a brother! Though clad in coarsest serge, or covered with tatters, receive him—hail him as a brother! Shun him not if fever be on his brow, and delirium tremble in his eye. If vicious, endeavor to reclaim him! "Speak gently to the erring," for God hath so strung the heart's thousand strings they vibrate all, at the touch of kindness and sympathy.

Were I to offer any advice to Odd Fellows, I would say, become thoroughly versed in the teachings and principles of the Order. To do this, you should, if possible, pass through all the degrees. We say to the mere initiate that he is a babe. There are beauties in the Encampment degrees which far more than repay their expense. There he sees developed beauties of character and purity of thought untaught by the lower degrees, expressive as they are.

Every Odd Fellow should be master of his science. He should become perfectly familiar with all his working signs. They will call up the objects with which they are associated; and they all teach some important moral lesson; thus the whole teachings of Odd Fellowship would be constantly before him. There is a reason for every sign and expressive truths conveyed by every pass-word. These should be written upon the mind, and also the reasons why they are selected. The *symbols* of Odd Fellowship should also be studied. They are not mere gew-gaws used play-house fashion. The three links, the bow and arrows, the dial, the sword, the almond rod, the serpent, these and the others before us all have a history and a great significance. They should be carefully studied and remembered. So also of the mottoes, "In God we trust," "Friendship, Love and Truth," &c. These are significant, and merit study.

I would again say, guard the purity of the Order. Bad men disgrace any Order. They pour contempt upon any association. The proper place is to begin at the beginning. Admit no base man. Admit no man for his money or his influence, if destitute of moral integrity. He cannot make a good Odd Fellow. It is impossible. Guard well your portals from all save good and true.

Then carry out the principles of virtue. Simply keep your obligation. Wage war with all vice and sustain virtue. You need no new rules or principles. Carry out in their spirit the obligations you have assumed and Odd Fellowship will soon have rolled away the

reproach of being the patron of crime and corruption.

The true Odd Fellow also will be a true friend of the female sex. Never shall the unsuspecting, confiding heart of woman be blighted and wrecked by him. Never can he

"Win maiden's heart  
Then ruin and leave her."

The Odd Fellow is called especially to watch in the lonely hour of sickness by his brother. He should be there to cool his fevered brow, to watch by his pillow as the long and weary hours pass o'er the suffering one. There are no words sufficiently strong to express the contempt due the Odd Fellow who avoids this duty—who always has a headache when his services are needed! We can scarcely believe there are such, and if there be, we dismiss them without any comment, and

"Leave them alone in their glory!!"

He who appreciates the mystic tie aright will never fail being present at the last mournful act of affectionate regard! He will solemnly and with deep feeling aid in "burying the dead." He will be there to cast into the tomb the "evergreen"—the emblem of immortality! What Odd Fellow would *willingly* neglect a BROTHER'S BURIAL? And more than this, it is to be hoped the time is coming when upon the grave of each Odd Fellow will be erected the headstone which shall tell where his ashes sleep! We would not have the funds of the Order thus appropriated. We would have this done as a spontaneous tribute of friendship and an act of voluntary love. Let a neat marble slab be erected, and upon it be the name, the age, the death of the brother, the name of his Lodge, and length of his membership. Let it be adorned with some of the emblems or mottoes of the Order. Thus let the graves of "brothers beloved" be guarded from the foot of pride, and be preserved from entire forgetfulness!

It needs not that the wants of the widow and orphan be pleaded. He who forgets them is not merely no Odd Fellow—he is no man! He is a monster!—

"A monster of such hideous mien,  
As to be hated needs but to be seen."

The Odd Fellow who remembers his obligations can never forget *them*. If these obligations are not remembered, my voice, my words would be powerless.

I will intrude no longer upon your time. May your lives be sweetened by the best and purest friendship. May you be the friends of God. May that love "which cometh from a-

bove" and "never faileth" be with you "the greatest of all." And may that word which is "truth" guide you in all your ways. And when death shall come may each one

"Approach his grave  
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch about him,  
And lies down to pleasant dreams."

## ENGLISH ODD FELLOWS.

It appears from the following item of intelligence we have clipped from one of our foreign exchanges, (says the Mirror of the Times,) that the principles of progress and reform are at work there. This was much needed, and though the work has commenced late and proceeded tardily, we hope it will be accomplished by an entire renovation. We shall keep our eye fixed upon this subject, and hope to be able in a short time to lay before our readers an extended and satisfactory view of the Order as it is now in England. The following notice is published in three English papers:

NATIONAL INDEPENDENT ORDER OF ODD FELLOWS.—The above Order, consisting partly of members removed partly by violence and injustice from the Manchester Unity, and partly of men who would not submit to interference with their legitimate rights, is now established for the purpose of carrying out those principles of charity and philanthropy upon which the Manchester Unity was originally formed. That the members of our Order may never again be subjected to the unwarranted encroachments of power, we have established as fundamental principles, and which shall be held inviolate, that every Lodge shall have the sole control over its own funds; that they who contribute shall have the sole power of distribution; that no member shall be published, or deemed guilty of a breach of our laws, until he has had a fair and impartial trial, according to our established customs; that the right of a free and full representation shall not be tampered with, but that those who are expected to obey the laws shall have a voice in their enactment. With those who agree with us in those fundamental principles we shall be happy to fraternize, and to have their assistance in carrying out our object—of affording to the working man brotherly assistance in the hour of need. The National Independent Order is now firmly established in the manufacturing districts, with branches extending to the most distant portions of the kingdom; and is steadily and rapidly increasing.

Original.

*Is Odd Fellowship what it purports to be?*

I have oftentimes heard the above question asked by the uninitiated, and it has as often been answered in the affirmative. But still they ask, is Odd Fellowship what it professes to be? I do not undertake to improve on any thing that has been written on the subject heretofore, for I am certain there has been much written upon the subject far superior to any thing I can say. Then it is not with the vain hope of improving on the subject that I attempt to write, but with a desire to try to do some good for the Order. I feel that it is the indispensable duty of every member to do all the good he can for Odd Fellowship, and for his fellow man; and I also believe that there is no one but who can do some good for his fellow beings. Let us then do all we can for our afflicted brethren of Adam's fallen race. I do not know of any better way to accomplish this than by attending to the duties and requirements of Odd Fellowship, for there is no institution capable of effecting more good. No institution occupies a higher place in my thoughts and affections, save one, and that is the church, which should always be first and foremost in our affections.

The teachings and principles of Odd Fellowship come very near what the apostle St. James calls religion, when he says that "pure religion and undefiled before God and the father, is this, to visit the fatherless and the widows in their afflictions, and to keep unspotted from the world."

And does not our beloved Order do this? or does it make professions that it does not carry out? Does it not visit the fatherless and the widows in their affliction, and minister to their wants and necessities? Does it not feed the hungry and clothe the naked? or does it merely say be ye fed and be ye clothed without supplying the necessities to accomplish it? Where is the widow or orphan of an Odd Fellow that is not visited and their wants supplied? Are not the orphans educated and cared for in every relation of life? Look, if you please, over every part of this wide spread republic, and see the number of the widows and orphans that are relieved by our Order. Look at the large amounts of money expended yearly for their benefit. Look at the many institutions of learning already put on foot, and many more that are being erected for the education of the children of Odd Fellows. And these institutions will

tell in a future day, of the blessings and benefits of our institution to the community at large, for hundreds and thousands will grow up under their fostering care, to become honored and respected citizens, who otherwise would have gone without an education, and reared in ignorance, without a guardian eye to watch over them, would in all probability become a disgrace to themselves and to the human family.

But, blessings be upon Odd Fellowship, it saves the orphan from the shame and disgrace to which he is exposed—takes him and educates him, and thus bestows upon him an inheritance, which no misfortune can take from him. It also places them in situations where they can be useful to themselves, and to others, so that they reach high positions in society, and become leaders in the affairs of the church and the state.

Who, then, with these facts before his eyes and staring him in the face, will deny that Odd Fellowship is not fulfilling a high and holy mission? or say that it is not what it purports to be? Who will say that it is dangerous to society and the country, and that there is no use for it at the present time? None but those who shut their eyes to the light and facts of every day's occurrence. Odd Fellowship must attend to these charities, for no one else will. Will the church do it? Has it ever done it? Assuredly not! Then complain no more of Odd Fellowship unless it commits worse acts than protecting the widow, feeding, clothing and educating the orphan, and relieving the wants of the distressed of their brothers, and of their fellow men so far as in their power. Let them alone! Let them pursue their mission in hastening the coming of that period when the wolf shall dwell with the lamb, and the leopard shall lie down with the kid, and the calf and the young lion and the fatling together, and a little child shall lead them; and when all nations, tongues and kindreds of the earth will be bound together in a band of love, then all swords shall be beat into plowshares, and spears into pruning hooks, and nations shall learn war no more. This is what Odd Fellowship is destined to accomplish.

T. A. OSBORN.

Whiteville, Tennessee.

The poor pittance of seventy years is not worth being a villain for. What matter is it if your neighbor lies in a splendid tomb? Sleep you in innocence.



## BIGOTRY IN THE 19TH CENTURY.

We had read the following resolutions in one of our exchanges, and it was our intention to notice them at length, but "*Veritas*" has grappled and choaked the dragon so effectually that there cannot be sufficient vitality left in its deformed carcass, to render it necessary for us to lend our assistance to drive it back to its den of superstition. No! it was not superstition that actuated the Rev. clergy of Plainfield, but a feeling of a self-righteous "*I-am-holier-than-thou*" spirit that occupied their contracted imaginations. Did he whom they call their Divine Master, set an example, or leave a precept for their conduct? would they deny to their brother clergymen, who are pious, exemplary members of our Order, the rites of Christian burial? Yes! they would refuse to perform the last sad service to a christian Odd Fellow, because the expressed wish of his heart, when he was about passing from time to eternity, and his immortal soul must appear before his Righteous Judge, to render an account of the deeds done in the body, was, that the services of that band of brothers to whom he was attached by the ties of Friendship, Love and Truth, who had ministered to his necessities, and whose sympathetic tears had watered his couch, should accompany his mortal remains to their final resting place. But they would cheerfully perform those services for any one whose heart and purse had forever been closed against the cries of distress—who never lent a hand to raise the fallen, or added their mite to provide for the education of orphans, or for the advancement of benevolence and charity.

We regret that any clergymen—who are not bound by the government of their church to pursue such a course—should of their own free will adopt it: it is calculated to bring reproach upon their sacred office, and lessen the respect of the philanthropic for their teaching; and we do hope, for the credit of the religion that was proclaimed and practised by Jesus of Nazareth, that there are few of his *professed* followers who will tread in the footsteps of the *self-righteous* clergymen of Plainfield.—*Banner of the Union*.

PLAINFIELD, N. J., March 14, 1851.

BRO. BULLOCK—It would seem to be a matter almost beyond belief that in the present age of enlightenment and progress, and especially under the influence of the republican institutions and laws of *this* country, that *priest-*

*ly intolerance* should prevail to any great extent.

We are accustomed to look upon the superstitious dogmas, as put forth by the church of a century or two ago, with a certain degree of allowance and charity, originating, as they did, in an age of superstition and ignorance; but we have viewed more hopefully the "*signs of the present times*."

Now, that the light of reason is shedding its beams over the remotest bounds of our earth; now that the time-eaten despotisms of Europe are awaking from the stupor of tyranny and feudalism, and the millions—down-trodden and enslaved—are beginning to cast about them for the token that shall command them to assert the high prerogatives of their manhood; now, that science on eagle-wing is soaring above the crumbling battlements of ignorance, and scattering its wonders broadcast over the Universe, it would appear almost like sheer presumption to put forth the idea that some are found in our midst, who still cling tenaciously to the rusty fetters of bigotry, forged in the dark centuries of superstition which lie buried in the past!

And yet, Mr. Editor, the evidences that such ideas are *not* presumptuous, are before me while I write. I have prided myself in the belief that in being an Odd Fellow I was allied to an institution whose attributes and aim were, *Charity and Benevolence*—an institution smiled upon by heaven, and approved by all good men. I have looked upon its offices as characterized by every virtue, and as based upon the most holy principles of brotherly affection and companionship. I have witnessed the fulfilment of its requirements in the reformation from vice of thousands; in the cheering up of widowed hearts; in the relief of orphaned ones, and in the performance of the last sad rites due to humanity, when death has touched with icy fingers the form of his victim! I have stood by the bedside of a brother, when disease had set its mark upon his brow, and I have seen the ministering hands of Odd Fellows ready and eager to smooth the pillow of the sufferer, and offer the consolations of a sympathising brotherhood! And I have heard too the prayers of wives and mothers, of husbands and fathers, of sisters and brothers, and of kindred, as they have welled up from hearts overflowing with gratitude in behalf of our glorious institution, and for its prosperity and increase.

And I am most unwilling to renounce that belief. I shall hesitate long ere I shut myself

out from the circle, within which I have witnessed such scenes as these. It will take something more than the narrow-minded resolves, and the most unchristian-like opposition of those, who, clothed in the mantle of *religion*, would place a ban upon it as upon 'an unclean thing,' to shake *my* confidence in the heaven-born teachings of Odd Fellowship.

But I fear, Bro. Bullock, I am occupying too much space in your valuable paper, and I submit for your consideration the following resolutions, which will sufficiently explain themselves.

VERITAS.

#### RESOLUTIONS OF PLAINFIELD LODGE, No. 44,

Adopted March 10, 1851.

Whereas, the clergymen of Plainfield have resolved not to officiate at the funeral of any deceased member of this Order, or any other Order called secret, provided the forms and ceremonies peculiar to such Order are observed; therefore, be it

*Resolved*, That such determination on the part of the clergy of Plainfield, bears the appearance of disrespect to a large body of men, among whom are numbered some of the most worthy citizens of Plainfield, comprising members of good standing in all the various churches of the place.

*Resolved*, That this association, individually and collectively, express their sincere regret that the said clergy have bound themselves by any resolution whereby their sacred offices shall, under any circumstances, be denied to any of God's creatures, especially at that moment when the spirit of man has fled, and the heart of the survivor is bowed down with grief and anguish, and sorroweth for the desolation which death has occasioned.

*Resolved*, That the determination of the clergy of Plainfield not to act in their ministerial capacity at the funeral of a brother of the society above named, when that brother has placed himself in the hands of tried and true friends, to be buried after the ritual of his choice, in the opinion of this society it savors more of Roman intolerance and pharisaic arrogance, than the spirit of their Divine Master, who refused not his kind and feeling offices to the veriest outcast of human society.

*Resolved*, That this determination of the said clergy, so deliberately formed and acted upon, is uncharitable and unchristian-like, and has a tendency to weaken the exalted impressions their holy office is calculated to inspire, and the enforcement of such determination must eventually cause a distrust in their divine call-

ing, and render their services as expounders of God's word and enlighteners of man's soul, nugatory.

*Resolved*, That the institution of Odd Fellowship is more powerful for good to mankind than the reverend clergy of Plainfield are aware of, if the resolution above referred to be indicative of their knowledge in such matters. The institution of Odd Fellowship in numbering 174,637 members of all denominations of Christians, (Roman Catholics excepted, who by the bull of their supreme head cannot be members of any society "secret," so called,) distributing \$378,888 annually for the relief of its members in sickness — \$42,410 for the relief of widowed families — \$7,348 for the education of orphans, and \$68,056 for burying the dead — making a sum total of \$496,702 per annum, for the relief of humanity, presents itself to the world as a spectacle of moral grandeur unsurpassed by any other institution of like purposes and aims in the universe, and the day for denouncing which is past and gone.

*Resolved*, That this society hereby protest against this determination of the clergy of Plainfield, and humbly pray that they may rescind all such unchristian-like resolves, and that their actions may be more in accordance with the divine teachings and practice of Him whom they profess to serve, ever bearing in mind that "the disciple is not above his Master," and that "whosoever shall give to drink unto one of these little ones a cup of cold water only in the name of a disciple, shall in no wise lose his reward."

ISAAC BROKAW, N. G.

CLARK JOHNSON, Sec'y.

**SADNESS.**—There is a mysterious feeling that frequency passes, like a cloud, over the spirit. It comes upon the soul in the busy bustle of life, in the social circle, in the calm and silent retreat of solitude. Its power is alike supreme over the weak and lion-hearted. At one time it is caused by the flitting of a single thought across the mind. Again a sound will come booming across the ocean of memory, gloomy and solemn as the death-knell, overshadowing all the bright hopes and sunny feelings of the heart. Who can describe it, and yet who has not felt its bewildering influence? Still, it is a delicious sort of sorrow; and like a cloud dimming the sunshine of a river, although casting a momentary shade of gloom, it enhances the beauty of returning brightness.

Original.

## L I N E S

On the death of CHARLES, infant son of Bro. George Bower, P. G. of Goshen Lodge, No. 82.

BY REV. BRO. C. HARTLEY.

'Tis o'er! That little heart has ceased to beat,  
Life's merry round is done, and Death's dread seal  
Rests strangely on that fair pure brow!  
'Tis thus he robs us of our valued gems,  
To enrich his own dark cabinet.

Put hark!

From out the dark and heavy cloud which rests  
Upon thy habitation, I hear a voice,  
Clearer and sweeter than the melting tones  
Of seraph melodies—"Suffer the little ones  
To come to me. Of such is my best kingdom."  
His snowy shroud may well remind us then  
Of those "white robes" which clothe the spirits of the  
In beauty's fadeless charms. [blest,

But tears will fall,  
For in the casket of a parent's heart  
Are treasured all those hopes and memories  
Which like a string of radiant pearls did bind  
This sweet young spirit to their joyous hearth.

Yet God is good. He but transplants  
To better, holier soil, the buds and plants  
Of the heart's best affections, there to bloom  
Amid the garden of perpetual bliss,  
Fadeless forever!

But well I know

How Death's rude grasp doth ring a note  
Upon the spirit's harp, fearful and wild,  
And dolorous, and deep, as the last dread wail  
From out the rayless chambers of a broken heart!

But oh! bethink thee of the loss  
Of that most priceless gem, the soul!  
And humbly at the footstool of thy God,  
Adore the mercy which so soon has housed  
The unstained spirit of thy child,  
'Mid all the treasur'd riches of the skies!

Another spirit, and another tie in heaven!  
Another ripple in the ocean of redeeming love!  
Touching the THRONE ETERNAL, and bearing up  
The spotless spirit of thy sainted babe,  
To dwell forever with its God!

Another brow deck'd with a crown of light!  
Another golden harp, strung and attuned  
To pour the music of redemption's song,  
O'er all the realms of bliss!

Sweet spirit, fare thee well!

In memory's secret chamber all thy worth  
Will sacredly be cherish'd. Tho' the cup of joy  
Presented in thy opening charms, is dash'd,  
And tears bedew thy dust; yet other days—  
Days brighten'd by thy presence and thy smiles,  
Will never lose aught of their hallow'd tinge,  
Until we strike, like thee, a harp  
Of never-ending tone!  
Canal Dover, Ohio.

Are you stepping upon the threshold of life? Secure for yourself a good moral character. Without virtue you cannot be respected; without integrity you can never rise to distinction and honor.

Original.

## H O P E .

BY MISS M. E. WILSON.

Hope, blessed Hope! thy fadeless smile of light,  
Makes e'er the loneliest hovel blest;  
Sweet as dewy flowers of summer night,  
Sheds balmy peace upon the stricken breast.  
And oh! the young heart is happily blest,  
For thy young visions bid it ever see  
A portrait fair of future Love and Joy,  
When the hours shall waken with melody,  
And words of trust shall breathe but to destroy  
Whate'er of life before was mix'd with griefs alloy.

Hope, blessed Hope! oh leave us not to pine,  
Or let the heart grow weary, lone or sad;  
For, ever whilst thy lamps in beauty shine,  
A joy will surely come and make us glad.  
Did not, when Eden fair in gloom was clad,  
And bright-eyed love mourn'd o'er his first decay,  
There come sweet Hope with many smiles to cheer,  
And swept from the bleeding heart its griefs away—  
The clouds that dimm'd its flowers fair, the tear  
That fell upon its brightest leaves, and made them sear?  
Maysville, Ky.

## LODGE ATTENDANCE.

The following excellent remarks upon the necessity of a regular attendance at the Lodge meetings, are from an early number of the Covenant:

Our Lodges are deliberative assemblies, and the business they transact is of more consequence, I apprehend, than most of the members seem to imagine. The reception of members, the disposition of the funds, and direct operations of the institution, is the work of the subordinate Lodges. The entire character, standing and success of the institution, depends almost wholly upon the manner in which the business of the subordinate Lodges is conducted.

If the meetings of the Lodge are neglected by the members, the business will be transacted, most likely, in a careless, loose, injudicious, and may be unlawful manner. In such an event negligence will be apt to mark all its operations, the inevitable consequence of which must be, that from the want of suitable attention to the qualifications of candidates, bad men obtain admittance, the funds will be squandered, or applied to improper purposes, and the whole concern ultimately ruined. And an injury inflicted upon the character and interests of the institution generally. We maintain, therefore, that it is the duty of every member to attend the meetings of his Lodge as often as his circumstances will admit. He should not neglect them for any

light cause. The interests of the institution and his Lodge, which it is his duty to watch over, and labor to promote, and guard against abuse, demand it.

But it is not merely to watch and guard the institution and the Lodge from abuse—to prevent the admission of unworthy members, the squandering or improper application of the funds—that members should be punctual and constant attendants at their Lodge meetings. This is a mere negative purpose. But more especially, that they may act affirmatively in promoting the welfare and interests of the Lodge and the Order.

There is much business which comes before our Lodges, in which the council and advice of every member is needed, in words and by vote. And this the Lodge and the institution has a right to claim of its members.

Besides this, it is only by attendance upon his Lodge meetings, that any brother can become familiar with the work and operations of the Order, and be able to form an intelligent opinion of its practical utility. With the utilitarian genius which distinguishes the people of this country, little will be excited or felt in an institution, until it is perceived that it possesses some utility—that it can be applied to some practical purpose.

There is still another consideration which should induce all members to attend the meetings of their Lodge as constantly and punctually as they can, and one, too, which is of no little importance; and that is, for the purpose of forming a more intimate acquaintance with each other.

Among honest and true men even, there exists a vast amount of prejudice, oftentimes, towards each other, either from the antagonistical position they have held in some of the political or religious parties or operations of the day, the misrepresentations and slanders of enemies, or from looking at each other thro' the mists of prejudice and passion.

Now it is unquestionable, that it is only necessary to have all good men and true, of all parties and all creeds, become intimately acquainted with each other, so as to know the *real* motives, feelings and principles which control and regulate their conduct, to remove all the prejudice and ill-will that may have existed between them, and make them prize and love each other as brothers ought to do. It is ignorance of each other, which makes men have feelings of dislike toward one another. This, a better acquaintance would remove.

It is our firm conviction, that if all good

men, of all various parties and sects into which the world is divided, could become intimately acquainted with each other, so as to understand the motives, feelings and principles which actuate them, we should never find two such men enemies to each other. We are well persuaded, if such an event could be brought about, an everlasting end would be put to enmity and ill-will between good and true men the world over, and they would every where come to regard one another's conduct, which they might not approve, with that charity which the facilities of a common humanity demand, and that "thinketh no evil."

It is one of the objects of the institution of Odd Fellowship, to secure, as far as may be, a practical realization of such a state of things. It aims to bring together honest and true men of the most discordant opinions, upon other subjects, on a common level, as equals and brothers, and to make them regard and treat each other as such.

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HOLINESS OF HEAVEN.—How vain must be our hope of entering into heaven, if we have no present delight in what are said to be its joys. A christian finds his happiness in holiness. When he looks forward to heaven, it is the holiness of the scene and associations on which he fastens, as affording its happiness. He is not in love with an Arcadian paradise, with the green pastures, the flowing waters, and the minstrelsy of many harpers. He is not dreaming of a bright island, where he shall meet his buried kindred, renew domestic charities, and again live human life, in all but its cares, and tears, and pantings. "Be ye holy"—is the precept attempted, conformity to which is the business of a christian's life on earth—perfect conformity to which shall be the blessedness of heaven.

The apostle speaks of "tasting the powers of the world to come," as if heaven were to begin on this side of the grave. We may be enamored of heaven, because we think "there the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest." We may be enchanted with the poetry of its descriptions and fascinated by the brilliancy of its colorings, as the evangelist John relates his visions, and sketches the scenery on which he was privileged to gaze. But all this does not prove us on the high road to heaven. If it be heaven towards which we journey, it will be holiness in which we delight; for if we cannot now rejoice in having God for our portion, where is our meetness for a world in which God is to be all in all forever.

## TENETS OF ODD FELLOWSHIP.

## FRIENDSHIP.

In a previous article, we hastily glanced at some objections urged oftentimes, vehemently, but unsuccessfully, against our much beloved Order; we reviewed briefly, as we are ever obliged to do, the secrets of the institution, and in a measure we endeavored to meet the views and arguments of those fanatical skeptics, who, maliciously ignorant, assail everything on common ground, and attack all which they may not embrace; who, we verily believe, were created for no other purpose than to filter philosophy, and to purify the truth by opposing a solid column of almost impervious nature, through which it forces itself, leaving whatever is base behind it in its progress, and freeing itself from whatever of impurity may linger in its composition. None are created not required in the great design, hence, for even those who defame the mission of FRIENDSHIP, LOVE and TRUTH, there is a wise intention, and they are not useless in the plans of Divinity—they are the fires which rage, but are confined, and they subserve good and noble ends. We are taught to love our enemies—hence, we love those who, with christian precept and barbaric practice, despitefully use us, and to them extends our pity, our commiseration, our charity.

But to return—we propose in a series of three articles, to attempt an exposition of the three fundamental tenets of our Order. We design placing before the world the end and calling, the aim and destiny of Odd Fellowship. In this connection we do not intend a mere defence of the brotherhood—we merely ask our readers to look upon our Order as it is, and as its originators intended it.

However wild and ruthless the tempest of fanaticism and pharisaical intolerance may rage, however loud and swaggering the assertion of skeptics, however strong and evil their prejudices or evil the animosity of our enemies, however black the falsehood of traitors, whatever may be arrayed against it, still truth will outlive all vehemence, presenting its calmness in the midst of tumultuous strife, smiling upon conflicts which it withstands without extra exertion, and buffets without malice, yet ever with triumphant success.

In passing, we may well pause to observe that, with all these enemies, marshalled under the banner of "love and good will to man" against it, Odd Fellowship has survived the shock of continued battle, it has withstood the

siege of army after army; the counterpart of truth, it cannot be overthrown, and what is still more wonderful, we assert with boldness, knowing the fact beyond contradiction, that it has never yet been attacked or even threatened in its primary tenets—its foundation has been unmoved, unmolested; based upon an everlasting corner-stone, the tower of its strength has steadily and majestically arisen, a glorious, an eternal structure, while the clouds of heaven have been pierced by its light turrets, and at these, and these alone, folly and bigotry have aimed their pierceless shafts and directed their incessant fire.

We can well imagine, but we would not aggravate, the deep chagrin and mortification of our misguided adversaries when assured that their vigorous and united effort has aided our progress—their persecution has given impulse to our advancement, their opposition has awakened, if not a sympathy in our behalf, a spirit of inquiry, which ever acts eminently to our advantage, which we court with hearty earnestness, and from the searching scrutiny of which we have never fallen back, nor do we ever shrink. Our foes, how are they confounded! our young institution, comparatively speaking, gathered strength and vigor, firmness and hardihood, from their weakness and inervation, their imbecility and frailty,

"As the bayed lion, from his hurtless hide,  
Shakes his pursuers darts."

so we have cast back their follies, and upon their own heads their errors have reverted; pigmy forces, distressed, routed, and busied in internal mutiny, are trampled in the dust, and over their prostration we have gone to victory, conquering and to conquer," for the "truth is mighty and will prevail."

But we have one peculiar trophy—it is gathered in our memories, and there it is held in sacred and inviolable reverence. In the face of approaching defeat, in that trying moment, when 'all is fair in war,' in that last, dire necessitous extreme, when hope merges into despair, and doubt sinks into horror—when honor is subservient to existence, and equity is swallowed up in circumstance—when the ponderous jaws of calamity yawn before the defeated, when stratagem, artifice and deception are no longer allowable but commendable—our dismayed, our discomfited persecutors have never breathed a disrespectful word against our great principles; they have been dumb with confusion, and they have, by their silence, upbraided their uncharitable course,

and in reverential awe they have declared in acts, speaking louder than words, the glory of the platform upon which is based our hopes, our action, our triumph. The spotless banner of FRIENDSHIP, LOVE and TRUTH has ever waved in the air above our van, its broad folds kissing the breeze, its sentiment greeting the rising sun with its holiness, its purity bathed in the golden beams of eventide. It has been unfurled in the morning, danced gaily at the noon, and waved over a band of victors at night. Our course has been from success to success—and wherefore? Our tenets are strongholds, defying destruction—so impregnable that they scorn attack, and so pure that they turn the very point of malice. Friendship, the holy tie of universal brotherhood, urges first, its congenial tendency. Single hearts, woven in its silken meshes, are united, unmoved by passion, and induced to sweetest communion and common trust, by nothing necessary, natural or even required for individual interest. A union of the affections, a gushing out of similar natures, gives birth to this happiest of situations, and in the midst of a selfish world makes friends and cements the common love of the whole human family.

Friendship binds together that which nature seems to divide. It levels, above all, the selfishness and sordidity of our instincts—it equalizes our hopes, and nerves our ambition with a sympathetic strength—it promotes union and united effort, giving zest to associative action, and energy to combined exertion. In the world its action, perceptible as it is, strikes the eye more as a consequence than as a wise provision of Omnipotence; but in our beloved Order it creates brothers without kindred ties, and links hearts which are brought out in fullest and most perfect development. It insures confidence, and as division of labor makes lighter individual tasks, so it creates those whose delight it is to share our burden, and whose hearts yearn to make the yoke easy.

In a state, too, of mutual dependence, what so cheering, what so endearing, as a trusting confidence, the child and the issue of a warm friendship—what glads the heart and lights its gloom save the smile of sympathizing affection. Friendship admits no thought of self, harbors no distrust, advances no doubting; Dionysius, the tyrant, in giving Damon his liberty upon the hostage of his friend Pythias, is said to have expressed a doubt which was spurned as quick as breathed—and thus

it ever is in friendship's brotherhood, among those who, being brothers,

"but are not so in kin,  
Not in the fashion that the world puts on,  
But brothers in the heart."

There is no doubting, but confidence is in their souls—there, in their circle dwells the heavenly visitant, which makes the heart

"Enlarged by its new sympathy to one  
Grow bountiful to all."

Friendship, as recognized by Odd Fellowship, binds them as man and man together, who seek its confederation; it exerts over them a peculiar interest and influence, making them a band of brothers, even in the presence of adversity and trouble—it extends, too, beyond the narrow limits of life: it exerts its power in behalf of the widow and the fatherless, and to the orphan it reaches out the hand of benevolence. It is no common, no idle friendship—the vows of its breathing are no empty protestations, they are full of meaning, and of impressive import. Its labor is of love, its mission to alleviate the woes attendant upon our sojourn here below, and its design is in no wise dissimilar to the designs of Scripture and of christianity. Its more peculiar characteristic, as connected with our Order, is its universality of action; there are thousands to whom its kindness is to be extended alike; and the good Odd Fellow, carrying out our principles to the world, has an interest warm and vivid for all. His friendship points him to the great family, and in its cause, the promotion of its happiness, he is no sluggish laborer; he is taught to look forward to that time when all shall embrace our views, and the perfection of our system will be realized, when, as it is promised, "the lion and the lamb shall lie down together, and the little child shall lead them."—*Boston Odd Fellow.*

THE LOVE OF MAN.—The love of man in his maturer years, is not so much a new emotion, as a revival and concentration of all his departed affections to others. Who, when he returns to recall his first and fondest associations—when he throws off, one by one, the layers of earth and stone, which have grown and hardened over the records of the past—who has not been surprised to discover how fresh and unimpaired those buried treasures rise again upon his heart? They have been laid up in the store-house of time; their very concealments has preserved them. We remove the lava, and the world of a gone day is before us.

# The Ark.

ALEX. B. GLENN, Editor.

## THE CODE OF LAWS,

Collated, revised and adopted by the Grand Lodge of Ohio for the government of the Order within its jurisdiction, are now printed, and ready to be sent to the Lodges. We shall forward by the Express to all Lodges which can be reached in that way, and the other Lodges must send for them, or designate the manner in which they shall be forwarded. It will not answer to send by mail in any great quantity, as the postage is four and a half cents a copy. The direction of the Grand Lodge is that one copy be forwarded to each Lodge for every member as per last semi-annual report, and fifty additional copies. For the present one copy for each member only can be sent. This will require an edition of near twelve thousand copies; and it will require over twenty-one thousand copies to comply with the full instructions of the Grand Lodge the present year. At present it will be impossible to print and furnish the full complement.

We hope the Lodges will continue to exercise due patience. It will require time to put up and send off 12,000 copies, but we assure them it shall be done with all possible despatch.

OUR G.L. PROCEEDINGS.—The Token says of the proceedings of the G.L. of Ohio, at its last session—"It forms a pamphlet of some 120 pages, the typography of which is the most beautiful and finished, of the kind, we have ever seen, and reflects much credit upon the Grand Secretary, under whose eye, we presume, it was executed." We are, of course, pleased with this notice, and beg to say that we wish all credit to be attached to the Grand Lodge of Ohio. It was *our duty* to have the work done right, and in a manner creditable to the body which honors us with its confidence. It is proper to say the printing was executed in Messrs. Scott & Bascom's Book and Job office, in this city.

## THE ODD FELLOW.

This is the name of a new semi-monthly publication, in quarto form, just commenced at Louisville, Ky., by Bro. J. F. Brennan. We have received the second number. The first, or specimen number, was issued some time since, which we believe we failed to notice. The Odd Fellow is elegantly printed, and bids fair to be a valuable auxiliary to the Odd Fellow press. A sufficient number of subscribers has been obtained in Louisville alone, to justify its continuance. This speaks well for that city. The price is one dollar per annum.

We welcome the appearance of the Odd Fellow, and trust it may receive a liberal support. We need more publications in the Order, and there is room and patronage for more. We hope our Order, liberal as it ought to be, and enlightened as it is, will support the press devoted to its interests. Let publications be circulated, and the Order will increase and extend its usefulness. We could name many Lodges now in existence, and in a prosperous condition, whose origin may be traced to the reading and circulation of Odd Fellowship publications. We say then, patronize them liberally, and the Order will increase.

By the way, the Odd Fellow, in the commencement, makes a dashing pass at our old neighbor-in-law, the Golden Rule. Was not that a great piece of temerity in you, Bro. Brennan, fledgling as you are, to commence so at once upon the Rule, claiming as it does to be the "best publication of the Order," and endorsed by the Chiefs and head men of the Order? But we are lookers on. If there is to be a controversy, our brethren of the Rule will find in our Louisville brother no mean adversary.

CHARLES STEDOM.—This tale, by Bro. ADAMS, is concluded in the present number. It has been well received, and has been read with great interest. We thank Bro. Adams for his contribution, and would be pleased to hear from his pen often. He can attain as much celebrity as a writer as he has as a public speaker.

## PERSONAL.

The Massillon News, edited by our good friend and brother, P.G.M. EARL, has the following notice of The Ark :

"THE ARK for April is before us, and is as usual very welcome. It is *always* filled with interesting and instructive matter. If Bro. Glenn meets with the support he so richly deserves, he will soon be independent of all care in regard to pecuniary matters."

We have so often alluded to our private matters in The Ark, that we are almost ashamed to say any thing more. The foregoing paragraph, however, seems to call for, or rather to give occasion for a few remarks. We are aware that many think we are making a great deal of money out of The Ark, and that we will soon become independent in pecuniary matters, if we are not so already. (We do not suspect Bro. Earl for entertaining such a thought, for being a publisher himself he has reason to know better.) We want to disabuse the minds of all such, and if we could once exhibit our subscription books for the years 1847, 1848, 1849 and 1850, the truth would soon stare them in the face. We have about \$2,000 due us *honestly* for those years, from *Odd Fellows*! Many would not suspect this, but our books show it. We know that almost every one thinks *Odd Fellows* are good pay, and that certainly they would pay for The Ark. It happens, however, that many do not do so. The suspensions and expulsions for non-payment of dues, show that many do not regard their obligations in respect to paying their debts. We are sorry that such a state of facts exist. In our own case we attach most of the blame to ourselves, for we ought not to have sent The Ark without pay in advance; or discontinued it at the close of the year to all who were in arrears. Our experience of four years, has taught us a valuable lesson, and hereafter we shall profit by it. Some good subscribers, took offence, because we did not send them The Ark at the commencement of the present volume. The reason was, they had not sent the dollar. Can they blame us with the above facts before them?

Of the \$2,000 due us we never expect to realize the fourth part. It is exceedingly dif-

ficult to collect it. We have in a few instances attempted it. When we visit a town and inquire for our delinquents, we find some dead, many gone to California, some moved to parts unknown, one perhaps worth nothing, one expelled, &c., &c. Of those we find, one will say he paid our agent, another will say he never had it, or ordered it discontinued, while very seldom one will pay. So it goes. But one must experience these things to know the reality. Recently we made an attempt at collecting. Our bills amounted to \$187.00, and we collected *seventeen*! (Of this sum \$6 were paid by one brother who had been attempting to collect for us.) That was three day's work! That's the way we get rich. It's an up-hill business, and we fear it will take many more years than we expect are allotted to us to accumulate a fortune in this way.

— But we must say we have many good paying subscribers. *They* have kept The Ark afloat. Had it not been for such, our *craft* would have found an Ararat long before this day. We have no words with which to express our gratitude to all who have paid their subscriptions. They have our heartfelt thanks, and they also have a conscience void of offence in knowing that they have not wronged the publisher.

We trust our good patrons will pardon us for this article. We hope not to inflict another such upon them soon. It has been written more for the benefit of those whom we fear it will not reach, than for our present excellent and honorable list of passengers.

WESTERN HORTICULTURAL REVIEW.—The number of this work for April reached us in good time; and as usual was very welcome. The Review continues to improve with each number, and this is saying much, for the first No. is a valuable one. The Editor, Dr. WARDER, labors assiduously to render it worthy of the patronage of the horticulturist, and we hope it is receiving the support it merits. The number of original articles is large, the Doctor contributing many of them himself.

The price is \$3.00 a year. Address Dr. J. A. Warder, Cincinnati.



## AGENTS.

On several occasions we have authorized brothers who were traveling, to act as Agents for The Ark, by soliciting subscribers, and receiving money. These Agents have, we believe, in every case, been appointed at their own solicitation or suggestion; and in almost every instance, we have been exceedingly unfortunate. It is unpleasant to say so, but we speak the truth when we say that such Odd Fellows have acted in very bad faith towards us; and this is saying the least that such conduct deserves.

We have no traveling Agents now, and all authority to any person traveling to act as Agent for The Ark is hereby revoked. We shall not appoint any more, unless we are personally acquainted with the brothers, and shall give notice in The Ark to that effect. It will be useless for any one to write us on the subject, for we shall not change our determination. (We will remark, passing, that we recently received a letter from some one at St. Louis, offering his services as Agent, for which we paid ten cents postage—not good evidence of a *business man*.)

Our subscription price is so low that we cannot afford to pay a per centage on subscriptions which would justify a person in giving his whole attention to it; and we intend hereafter to rely more exclusively upon our local Agents. We have many kind friends in the Order who have acted as Agents in their Lodges and neighborhoods, and sent us large lists of subscribers, with the pay, and without receiving any compensation more than a copy of The Ark. One of these is worth dozens of traveling Agents, who collect a few dollars, and never send it to us, nor even let us hear from them. Besides, our magazine, as we have often said, is not published on *speculation*. We desire to aid and benefit Odd Fellowship, and wish to be reasonably compensated for our labor. We ask no more. We prefer that all brothers should subscribe of their own free will and accord, believing the work to be worthy of their patronage. Subscribers obtained in this way are generally the right kind, and are disposed to make prompt payment.

We have been led to the foregoing remarks from having received a letter from Winchester, Ill., in reference to a transaction at that place. The brother who writes us, says: "Your feelings seemed to be hurt about this matter, but I hope you will not think hard of me for the manner I addressed you. I can now say that I do not believe you were to blame in any way whatever, for I am satisfied the fault belongs properly to your agent," &c., &c. The brother may rest assured that we do not think hard of him in the matter. It was natural enough for him and others to inquire what had become of their money. It was no fault of ours that they did not receive The Ark promptly; and as soon as advised of the facts, we forwarded it to them.

We thank Bro. T. F. C. for the subscribers he sent, and for his good wishes and proffered influence in behalf of The Ark.

COMPLIMENTARY SUPPER.—The Token of the 29th of March contains the proceedings of a complimentary supper given Grand Master MORRIS and Grand Sec'y CURTIS, of the Grand Lodge of Pennsylvania, by the members of George S. Morris Lodge, No. 431, in the city of Pittsburgh, on the 25th of March. The company was quite a large one, the supper excellent, the sentiments expressive and appropriate, and the speeches of the first order. The Grand Master and Grand Secretary responded to complimentary toasts in appropriate speeches which were well received. The Lodge is named in honor of the Most Worthy Grand Master. The compliment of a supper to these distinguished officers and brothers, was well deserved. They are good officers, and the best of Odd Fellows.

CORRECTION.—In the lines of Bro. Hartley, in the March number, page 75, sixth line from the top of the second column, the word *strife* should be *life*, so it would read,

"Of life and immortality."

✂ The address of Rev. Bro. John Hamilton, Grand Chaplain G.L. of Ohio, is Lancaster, Ohio.

## PLAIN FACTS.

It has been charged that Odd Fellows are bound to countenance one another in wrongdoing—that one cannot appear in court and testify against a brother member. There is not a word of truth in the charge. Odd Fellows are bound to support the laws, and the initiate is told at the outset that he cannot become a good Odd Fellow, or be a good citizen, unless he is faithful to his country, and supports its laws and institutions. The Baltimore Patriot has the following sensible remarks and plain facts in regard to this subject:

Every body who knows any thing about Odd Fellowship, knows that it is purely a benevolent institution; and that brothers testify against each other in the Lodge, as the published proceedings of the different Lodges show, or how else could a brother be tried and expelled for intemperance, &c. Out of the Lodge, as our legal tribunals show every day, one Odd Fellow looks upon another Odd Fellow, when the laws of our country are concerned, as a fellow man and fellow citizen, having rights, and being amenable to the same laws with himself and other citizens, and acts accordingly. It is when he sees a brother in distress, that the laws of the Order bind an Odd Fellow to make the condition of the friendless brother known to the brotherhood; and they are bound to aid him, if he is in good standing. The faithfulness with which the brotherhood attend to the sick and distressed of their Order is a matter of daily occurrence, and makes comment unnecessary.

Odd Fellowship has done incalculable good. In a country like ours it is calculated to do incalculable good. More than any other people, we wander east and west, and north and south, over an extent of country which, to a European, is marvellous—and our young men, mechanics and others, on leaving home, cast themselves abroad to seek their fortunes, often without any aids save their own energies. But if they are Odd Fellows, they have the conviction that they may make acquaintances and friends wherever they may go, by drawing their cards and entering a Lodge in the place where they may become residents. They feel that they have some one look to in sickness and distress. Their friends feel it also—and the fears of all are lessened. The wanderer from home gains confidence, and his friends there feel that he is not friendless, though away from them. Besides, the widow

and orphans of an Odd Fellow are cared for by the brotherhood. But we must not enlarge on this subject, though we could not but say this of an Order, which numbers so many of our respectable citizens in our midst, and which has done no evil that we know of, and so much good at our very doors.

FLORIDA.—A Grand Lodge was instituted at Tallahassee on the 4th of March, by Bro. H. A. Crane, of Georgia, the Grand Marshal of the G.L.U.S. The officers are B. W. Taylor, Grand Master; J. H. Verdier, Dep. G. Master; J. R. Meginnis, G. Warden; M. D. Papy, G. Sec'y; S. S. Knight, G. Treas'r; B. Leob, G. Marshal; W. Denham, G. Guardian. We understand the Order bids fair to flourish in Florida. The establishment of a Grand Lodge will give it a fresh impetus.

BLUNDERS.—Several very inexcusable blunders occurred in the April No. of The Ark. Among them the Nos. of the Encampments at Amelia and Painesville. They should be No. 45 and No. 46. The officers of the Encampment at Monroeville are put down John Tift, NG, &c., when it should be CP. These mistakes are annoying, and we cannot account for them in any way other than by being in too much haste.

KENTUCKY.—We learn from the Louisville Odd Fellow, that on the 3d of April, Barbour Lodge, No. 80, was instituted at Westpoint, Hardin county, by Grand Sec'y James M. Moore. The officers are D. C. Cully, NG; Ben. Cowley, VG; L. M. Brown, Sec'y; W. H. Samuels, Treasurer.

✂ An Encampment of Patriarchs will be instituted at Marion, Marion county, Ohio, on the 14th of this month, by P.C.P. Wm. F. Slater, of Urbana. Bro. Slater, and the petitioners, will be much pleased to have the company of all the Patriarchs in the neighborhood, who can find it convenient to attend.

✂ We ask pardon of Bro. Bullock, of the Banner of the Union, for not sending him The Ark. It was an oversight. We have endeavored to make amends by sending some back numbers.

## "THE STATE OF THE ORDER."

SARSTARITZEE ENCAMPMENT, No. 48.

URBANA, April 5, 1851.

BRO. GLENN—In compliance with the commission entrusted to me, to institute an Encampment of Patriarchs at Upper Sandusky, Wyandot county, Ohio, on the evening of April 4th, I met the petitioners and instituted Sarstaritzee Encampment, No. 48, and installed the following officers: John D. Sears, CP; David Ayers, HP; A. Little, SW; John M. Holmes, JW; James G. Roberts, Scribe; and G. P. Nelson, Treasurer. The 2d and 4th Saturdays will be the time of their stated meetings. Truly and fraternally yours,

WM. F. SLATER, Sp. Dep'y.

UPPER SANDUSKY, April 8, 1851.

BRO. GLENN—On Friday evening last, 4th instant, Sarstaritzee Encampment, No. 48, was instituted at this place by P.C.P. Slater, of Urbana, specially deputed for that purpose. Everything passed off well. The officers are J. D. Sears, CP; David Ayres, HP; A. Little, SW; Jas. G. Roberts, Scribe; G. P. Nelson, Treasurer. Meeting nights 2d and 4th Saturdays in each month. Two brothers were initiated and exalted to Patriarchal honors.

The establishment of Sarstaritzee is but another of the many evidences that the Wyandots are one of the tribes. And now to save the brethren from racking their brains for the origin of our name, allow me to quote from the North American Review, No. 55, Vol. 24, pages 421, et seq: "This tribe (the Wyandot) is at the head of the great Indian family. How this pre-eminence was acquired, there is none now to tell. They were the guardians of the great council fire, and they alone had the privilege of sending their messengers with the well known credentials, wampum and tobacco, to summon the other tribes to meet their uncle, the Wyandot, when any important subject required general deliberation. In the calamities occasioned by the victorious careers of the Iroquois, the site of this fire had been often changed, but always with the prescribed ceremonial, and with proper notice to all, who had a right to convene around it.

"In 1812 the fire was at Brownstown, at the mouth of the Detroit river; but it was extinguished in blood. And the whole institution has now disappeared, and will soon be remembered only in the traditional stories, which it is the province of age to repeat and of youth to learn.

"The Wyandots are divided into seven bands or tribes. There are three Turtle tribes; namely, the little Turtle, the water Turtle, and the larger land Turtle tribes; the Porcupine tribe, the Deer tribe, the Bear tribe, and the Snake tribe. Their offices are in form elective, but in reality hereditary, and the succession is through the female line. A chief is succeeded by his sister's son, or by the nearest male relative in that descent. There was formerly a great chief, called Sarstaritzee, and by the English the Half King. But the office not being suitable to the declining fortunes of the Wyandots, has been abolished. A peace chief is at the head of each tribe, and the chief of the Porcupine tribe is now the acknowledged head of the nation. The seven chiefs are called the counsellors, and they constitute the active government of the Wyandots."

If the thing is not intelligible now, don't blame us, for we have disclosed all we know about it. Fraternally yours, J.D.S.

P. S. Won't you come up and see your uncle?

Uncle Sarstaritzee! Ugh!—EDITOR.

JAMESTOWN LODGE, NO. 181.

DAYTON, April 2, 1851.

BRO. GLENN—On the 31st ult., by virtue of a commission from M.W.G.M. Craighead, to me as special deputy, assisted by Bro. Lewis of Wayne Lodge, No. 10, and a large number of brothers from Xenia Lodge, No. 52, and P.G. Thomas and Bro. Henry from Star of Hope Lodge, No. 127, I instituted Jamestown Lodge, No. 181, at Jamestown, Greene county, Ohio. A Grand Lodge was organized by appointing P.G. M. D. Gatch, GW; P.G. Jos. A. Coburn, GM; P.G. Wm. Bell, GSec; P.G. J. F. Eyler, GT; Elder Simmons, Grand Chaplain; H. Lewis, GG; when the petitioners presented themselves, and were duly organized, and proceeded to elect their officers, which resulted as follows: Sam'l J. Hankins, NG; Parker S. Browder, VG; J. M. Johnson, Sec'y; John W. Baker, Treasurer, who were duly installed into their respective offices, after which five petitions were presented, a dispensation granted, a ballot had, and the candidates were declared elected, four of whom being in readiness were initiated into the mysteries of our Order.

The brothers forming this new Lodge have a good room in the second story, furnished in a neat and appropriate style, which speaks well for the good taste and zeal of the petitioners, whose gentlemanly conduct and hos-

pitality, as well as the time I spent in their company, so pleasantly, will long be remembered with pleasure; and the brethren of Xenia Lodge, who turned out in such numbers, their characters as true Odd Fellows is too well known and appreciated by the fraternity to need additional commendation, as also P.G. Thomas and Bro. Henry of Wilmington, to all of whom I return my thanks for their attention and assistance upon that interesting occasion.

Fraternally yours,  
JNO. A. SKINNER, Sp. Dep'y.

LILLY OF THE VALLEY LODGE, NO. 179.

CINCINNATI, March 27, 1851.

BRO. GLENN—Acting under a commission from G.M. Craighead, on the 21st instant, I instituted Lilly of the Valley Lodge, No. 179, at Lockland, Hamilton county, Ohio. I found the petitioners on the ground and ready to go to work. The officers elected were Neal Carmichael, NG; M. Wycoff, VG; H. Palmer, Sec'y; C. T. Cross, Treasurer. After the installation of officers, one gentleman was initiated into the mysteries of Odd Fellowship, and several were admitted on card.

From the spirit manifested by the brothers composing Lilly of the Valley Lodge, I am disposed to think they will be able to build up a Lodge that will be an ornament to our beloved Order.

A large numbers of Brothers from Rose of Sharon, Woodbine and Springdale Lodges were present, and I take occasion to return my thanks to all for their assistance.

Very fraternally yours,  
GEO. D. WINCHELL, Sp. Dep'y.

HEBRON ENCAMPMENT, No. 49.

CINCINNATI, April 19, 1851.

BRO. GLENN—In compliance with your commission, I proceeded to Bridgeport, Belmont county, and instituted Hebron Encampment, No. 49, on the 14th instant. After delivering the charter to the petitioners, they proceeded to elect their officers as follows: E. W. Martin, CP; Wm. Alexander, HP; James McGee, SW; Elias Dew, JW; Wm. P. Baggs, Scribe; and Miller Chalfant, Treas. And after the officers were installed, six petitions were received and acted upon, and all the brothers received the Patriarchal degree, and two of the number were exalted to the R. P. degree. I instructed the Patriarchs in the work, and enjoined upon them the strict observance of the same. The petitioners were all present except one. They are a good set

of Odd Fellows in Bridgeport, and I hesitate not to say they will prosper and sustain a good Camp. I am under many obligations to them for the manner in which they received me and also for the kind treatment I received at their hands while I remained with them. Their night of meeting is the second and fourth Tuesdays.

Yours in F., L. & T.,  
S. R. REED, Sp. Dep'y.

#### FROM TENNESSEE.

Bro. J. C. S., of Medon, Madison county, Tennessee, sends us nine subscribers, with the funds, and writes as follows:

"For the last several years, I have been anxious to take something in the form of an Odd Fellow's magazine, and although I have had several of them sent me, I was not able to find one which was what I thought an Odd Fellow's Journal ought to be, when a few days since a friend from Brownsville, Tennessee, sent me five Nos. of The Ark. With this I am well pleased; so much so, that I expect to be a subscriber for life, provided it continues to please me.

The Order of F., L. & T. is certainly doing well in this country. In this county we have three Lodges and two Encampments. Two years since I settled in this village, and was at that time the only Odd Fellow in or near the village; since then we have organized a Lodge here of some 20 members, and have built us a large and commodious hall, We are yet young and weakly, though some of us feel a very great interest, and are looking forward with quite a pleasing anticipation to a time when we shall be made strong. I think if we could get The Ark into the hands of our members generally, and those of our friends who are not yet of us, that it would give quite an impetus to our operations. Please be prompt in forwarding The Ark to the above names, and do not forget to send to each the January and February Nos."

Will Bro. J. C. S. please inform us if he received a copy of the Digest?—EDITOR.

CELEBRATION.—The brothers of Eden Lodge, No. 147, will have a celebration at Winchester, Preble county, on the 17th day of May, to which all brothers in good standing are invited. Rev. Bro. S. L. ADAMS is to be the orator on the occasion, and a good time is anticipated.

## ROME LODGE, NO. 158.

We like to read such articles as the following. It is an extract from a letter from Bro. T. J. N., the N.G. of the Lodge at Rome, (Rives P. O.) Richland county, Ohio. Let all Lodges pursue the same course—not over anxious to increase their number, but very careful and *select* as to whom they admit, and all will be prosperous and harmonious:

BRO. GLENN—Our Lodge, as you are aware, was instituted the 9th of July last. We have not increased in numbers as fast, it is true, as some of our neighboring Lodges. We number only seventeen members, but those seventeen are Odd Fellows indeed; and I have never known a Lodge where so much good feeling and brotherly love exists as in Rome Lodge, No. 158; and though we have been slow in the start, the best men of our county are now enquiring for our Constitution and By-Laws, and for odd numbers of The Ark, which Bro. Newcomer is distributing among them. I therefore believe that although our Lodge has been slow in getting started, it bids fair to become one of the best, if it is not the strongest, Lodges in the State.

You will understand by what I have written that we admit none but such as we are satisfied will make good Odd Fellows; and if we do not gain any more members at all, we think we are in a flourishing condition. The meetings we have are such that our members, young and old can hardly wait for Lodge night to come, and some of our most bitter opponents are beginning to exclaim, "there is something good in Odd Fellowship—their members are all moral men, and they seem bound together by some stronger tie than could be cemented by any evil."

READ THIS.—The Mirror of the Times says—"I have ascertained to my entire satisfaction, and have no hesitancy to assert it as a fact, that in every instance of failure on the part of the Lodges to keep up a feeling of general interest in the work of the Order, it is to be attributed to the circumstances of their members not taking those journals of the Order which are calculated to keep them well and truly posted up in matters of Odd Fellowship. Members of the fellowship who know nothing of the proceedings of the Order, beyond the routine of business transacted in their own Lodges, cannot in the nature of things take and manifest an interest in the general prosperity."

INFORMATION WANTED.—The Pittsburgh Token of March 29th, contains the following notice:

A young lad named Henry C. Sheriff, aged 12 years, son of P.G. John B. Sheriff, of Iron City Lodge, No. 182, of this city, left his home on the 10th day of July, 1850, since which time no tidings of him have been heard. It is supposed he went into the State of Ohio. Any information concerning him will be gratefully received by his parents, who feel the deepest anguish on account of his absence.

## MARRIED.

At Cincinnati, Ohio, April 1, by the Rev. W. Lord, Bro. P. B. HAYWARD, P.G. of Cuyahoga Lodge, No. 22, Cleveland, to Miss SUSAN VAN GUNDY, of the former city.

At Brimfield, Ill., March 30, by the Rev. George Riach, Bro. WM. L. ROBINSON, of Clermont Lodge, No. 49, Milford, Ohio, to Miss C. J. HEDSTROM, of the former place.

## OBITUARY.

Died, at Massillon, Ohio, Feb. 26, Mrs. CAROLINE L., wife of Bro. John J. Hoffman, D.D.G.M. of Sippo Lodge, No. 48, aged 23 years and 8 months.

At Martinsville, Ohio, April 8, MARTHA ANN, daughter of Bro. D. A. and Mrs. C. P. Thompson, aged 4 years, 2 months and 7 days.

At Kingsville, Ohio, March 31, Bro. A. J. FOBES, M. D., of Western Reserve Lodge, No. 59, aged 32 years. Also, April 8, Mrs. LOUISA, consort of the late Bro. Fobes, aged 32 years.

At Columbus, Ohio, April 16, Bro. HENRY HAAS, of Central Lodge, No. 23, in the 24th year of his age.

At Ripley, Ohio, March 27, Bro. JACOB M. BAKER, late of Lamartine Lodge, No. 118.

At Ripley, Ohio, April 5 Mrs. JULIA ANN, wife of Bro. James Davidson, of Lamartine Lodge, No. 118, in the 27th year of her age.

At Ripley, Ohio, April 24, Mrs. MARTHA, wife of Bro. Alexander Jolly, of Lamartine Lodge, No. 118, in the 21st year of her age.

At Cincinnati, April 7, Bro. THO'S GRANVILLE PENN, P.G. of Sewanee Lodge, No. 95, of Georgetown.

At Huntsville, Ala., April 14, Bro. THOMAS W. SMITH, of Madison Lodge, No. 25, aged 35 years. His death was caused by injuries received from a fire engine. He was assisting to get it to a fire, when he fell, and the engine run over him. He lived but half an hour.

## EXPULSIONS.

The card granted by St. Anastasia Menil Lodge, No. 46, Wabash, Ind., to Otis B. Holman was annulled on the 19th March, 1851, and said Holman expelled for conduct unbecoming an Odd Fellow—running away to avoid the payment of just debts, &c. [We paid 5 cts. postage for the privilege of publishing the foregoing notice.]

John Leist was expelled from Prairie Lodge, No. 20, Russellville, Ill., April 12, 1851. He has a visiting card dated Feb. 21, 1851, which is revoked. When last heard from Leist was making his way East, through Pennsylvania, and seemed disposed to make the most of his card. He is a cabinet maker, a good workman, and is well calculated to deceive.

Samuel L. Calkoun was expelled from Rome Lodge, No. 60, Rome, Tenn., on the 9th of April, 1851, for conduct unbecoming an Odd Fellow.

# THE ARK.

VOL. 8.

JUNE, 1851.

NO. 6.

## THE DIGNITY AND DUTY OF MAN.

BY P. G. JOHN T. MAYO.

Every object of human pursuit is valuable only so far as it has a tendency to promote human happiness. We do not desire and eagerly seek after that which we are persuaded would not, if obtained, do us any good. Infinitely diversified as are the engagements of man, still the sole object which all have is the attainment of some end—the accomplishment of some favorite scheme which promises to contribute to their felicity. But when we consider the directly opposite courses which different individuals take to effect one grand design; and when we reflect, too, how few can truly aver that they have attained it, it is evident as demonstration can render any proposition, that there is a fatal mistake somewhere—and that mankind err either in fixing the standard of enjoyment, or in the means they devise in order to arrive at it.

We presume the idea will not be disputed that the design of the great Creator, in the formation of man, and in the wonderfully benevolent arrangements which he has made not only to satisfy his absolute wants, but to gratify and delight his senses and inspire his breast with pleasurable emotions, was the happiness of the creatures of his hands. Insensible and ungrateful indeed must be that heart which cannot perceive and adore the beneficence of the Almighty Hand which has scattered around us so many blessings and sources of enjoyment and happiness.

Look abroad upon the vast and beautiful creation! See you not there in every part and in every line the work of a beneficent hand? Take your station upon some commanding eminence on a calm summer morning, when the air we breathe is balm, and comes to us perfumed with delicious odors exhaled from a thousand plants and flowers. See the landscape around us glowing in all the freshness of nature's loveliness. On all sides we behold a rich variety of beauty and

magnificence. Here are spread out the wide plains clothed in luxuriant verdure, and the fields of the husbandmen waving with the bright and golden grain. There the gently rising hill, around whose base cluster little happy homes, which seem to be marked out as the abode of innocence and contentment; beyond these stretch away the lofty mountains, rearing their rocky battlements to the skies, from whose sides leap the silver streamlets dashing and sparkling in the glad light of the early day, and flowing onward in their descent to enliven and enrich the plains through which they pass. Here lies the smooth, unruffled lake, on whose blue and peaceful bosom glides the light shallop with its snow-white sail. There the silent river gently winds along, laving the mountain-side, and diffusing health and fertility in all its course. Here the eye rests upon the rugged cliff, crowned with the stately forest; and there we admire the verdure of the meadows upon which the gentle herd is quietly browsing, or reclining in satiety and listless indolence.

Indeed we can look nowhere over the wide domain of Nature without meeting on every hand with abundant proofs not only of the wisdom, but of the infinite goodness of our Almighty Parent. While contemplating these animating exhibitions of his care and regard for the creatures of his power, we are inspired with emotions kindred to that of the poet, when he exclaimed:

"For me kind nature wakes her genial power,  
Suckles each herb and spreads out every flower;  
Annual for me the grape, the rose renew,  
The juice nectarious and the balmy dew;  
For me the mine a thousand treasures brings,  
For me health gushes from a thousand springs;  
Seas roll to wait me, suns to light me rise;  
My footstool earth, my canopy the skies."

To these blessings our heavenly Father has superadded others of a still more noble and valuable character. He has consulted the gratification of the social principle of our character, by surrounding us with the endearing privileges of home, kindred, and friends, and has rendered the exercise of the benevo-

lent and social feelings susceptible of administering to our highest enjoyments. He has also furnished us with intellectual powers, the cultivation of which conduces so essentially to our happiness, and the refinement and elevation of human character.

These advantages relate immediately to our existence in the present life, and while they claim for their author the warmest gratitude of our hearts, we are furnished with additional and still more triumphant proof that our happiness is the object of the Divine regard, in the hope we are permitted to entertain of outliving the desolations of the grave, and enjoying the sunlight of an eternal day, breathing the air of immortality, and tasting the joys of unfading felicity in the pure and unclouded regions,

"Where the angel plume is folded o'er each peaceful brow and breast,

Where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest."

Here, then, we have the varied and inestimable blessings connected with our physical, mental, and moral being, clustering around us in the present life, with the crowning anticipation of heaven and immortality—all combining to give to our minds the most undoubting assurance of the declaration of the inspired writer: "He careth for you."

Let not infidelity raise its carping voice to remind us that in the cups of our earthly existence are mingled pain and sorrow as well as pleasure. Admitting the truth of a future state, and of a superintending Providence, we can readily conceive that even the ills to which we are at present exposed, are necessary to keep us in the path of rectitude, and to refine our characters and fit us for a happy immortality—and that therefore even our temporal afflictions are mercies in disguise.

If, then, it be true that God designs the happiness of his creatures, why is the cry so constantly heard, "who will show us any good?" If the seeds of happiness be around and within us, as they most certainly are, whence this restlessness and discontent? this panting, and laboring, and struggling as if the prize was to be secured only by the most desperate and persevering exertions? The solution of the difficulty to us appears easy and plain. With all his ardent pursuit after knowledge, and his deep penetration into the mysteries of nature, though he had counted and measured the host of starry gems that glitter in night's sable diadem, and described the course of revolving worlds in the far-off re-

gions of space—after he has descended into the caverns of the earth and into the depths of the ocean, and walked upon the bed of the raging deep as securely as upon his own native soil—after he has played with the forked lightnings, and harnessed the spirits of fire and flood to his triumphal car, and compelled them to do his bidding—amid all his varied studies and researches he has treated with almost entire neglect our most important branch of science—the knowledge of himself. He has failed to estimate that true dignity of his character and position in the scale of God's creation. He has not looked intensely into the design of the great Author of existence, in placing him in this breathing world and furnishing him with so many springs of noble enjoyment, and such powerful motives and incentives to action. Instead of entertaining consistent views of his own responsibility, and of the relations he sustains to his fellow men, he is too generally inclined to construct a sphere of his own, whose sun and centre is himself. His feelings and disposition become narrowed and debased by a cold and calculating policy, the sole end of which is the promotion of his own selfish interest. He realizes not the truth that God has so constituted him, that the exercise of an enlarged and liberal philanthropy is ever a source of the most exalted and unfulfilling pleasure. He overlooks or forgets his character as an immortal being, and adopts his views, and forms and pursues his plans solely with a view to the present moment, and most falsely imagines that this earth contains somewhere within the vast range of its resources some spring of happiness calculated to satisfy the desires of an immortal soul.

But there is a path which the vulture's eye hath never seen, nor the lion's whelp ever trod, though man with all its boasted sagacity fails in finding that glorious highway—and why? Because he seeks it not aright. He is perpetually on the chase after one gilded bubble or another—doomed to be constantly baffled in his pursuit, or if successful, to gain as the reward of all his toil nothing but disappointment and remorse; the object itself at length attained, he finds that it possesses none of those glorious qualities with which his ardent imagination had invested it. The great mistake into which mankind fall is the placing their chief desires and affections upon objects which from their very nature are uncertain in their attainment, precarious in their existence, and unsatisfying in their nature. Of

this kind is wealth, in pursuit of which thousands subject themselves to incessant toil and anxiety, often denying themselves the ordinary comforts of existence, in order that they may thereby add a little to the store they are bent upon accumulating. Now let us look at facts; let us read the testimony of observation and experience, in connection with the dictates of sound reason, in relation to this subject, and see whether it is a blessing of such magnitude as to justify us in making such sacrifices as are generally made for its attainment.

We have said of riches that they were uncertain in their attainment, and no proposition can be more palpably true, or more strongly verified in the history of the human family. Perhaps not one in ten thousand that start upon the busy stage of life with the determination of becoming wealthy, ever arrives at the goal of his ambition. The young man says to himself, "I will be industrious and prudent—and I cannot fail of becoming rich." The first part of this soliloquy is unobjectionable. It is the duty of every one to be industrious and prudent—but the second, drawn by way of inference from the first, is not sanctioned by the logic taught in the school of experience. It does not follow as a necessary consequence that because an individual is industrious and prudent, he will of course be rich. Indeed we think that facts will justify us in asserting that the most industrious class of community is the poorest. There are vast numbers at this moment in our city who labor incessantly, and are strictly temperate and economical, but who with all this can scarcely procure enough to obtain the necessities of life. There are multitudes who would be willing to work eighteen hours in twenty-four, rather than endure the evils under which they are compelled to groan, but in the general prostration of business they can obtain no employment; and even if successful in finding it, they can secure but a paltry pittance, and between the butcher, the grocer and the landlord, they are glad if they find themselves no worse off at the end of the week than when they began it. So that it is not true as a matter of course, that industry is the mother of wealth. Indeed, in our day at least, the proposition seems to be reversed; for it really does appear that those who work the least are the best paid. The acquisition of wealth, as a general rule, depends on circumstances over which we have little or no control, and should therefore never be to ra-

tional beings a matter of deep and engrossing solicitude.

Again. Suppose by some favorable train of events, we become possessed of some considerable amount of property. How long can we calculate upon retaining it? It is a truth, that the rich oftentimes find greater difficulty in the management and security of their possessions than they had in acquiring them. We cannot, by any forethought or sagacity which we may employ, place the tenure of our prosperity on a sure foundation. In a moment when we least expect it, our property may by accident or fraud be swept away, or we ourselves, after having accomplished everything to the full extent of our wishes, and just as we are about folding our arms, and preparing to take our ease, we may be suddenly torn from the scenes of our prosperity, by the remorseless hand of death. Is it, then, the part of wisdom in man, to consecrate those noble powers of mind which God has designed should be employed upon objects at once sublime and eternal, to the acquisition of treasures which endure but for a moment?

But once more. Besides the uncertainty of its acquirement and duration, the inadequacy of wealth to confer happiness should deter us from its pursuit. Suppose you, that the man who revels in the very profusion of affluence is a happier man than he who earns his daily bread by the sweat of his brow? Reason says, no—experience confirms the declaration, and God himself has stamped it with the seal of his own eternal verity. So far from contributing to our real happiness, wealth brings with it an accumulation of care and anxiety. "They that seek to be rich, pierce themselves through with many sorrows."

From all these considerations we see the utter folly and absurdity of setting our hearts upon the acquisition of earthly goods. True, competency is desirable, and it is our duty to be diligent in our callings; and should prosperity attend us, we may by the judicious management of it be made instrumental in diffusing blessings around us: and this is the true use of wealth. If we desire it at all, it should be,

"Not for to hide it in a hedge,  
Nor for a train attendant—  
But for the glorious privilege"

of alleviating the sorrows of suffering humanity, and of becoming to the poor and destitute the ministering angels of heaven-born Charity.

By equally familiar and obvious demonstra-



tion, it might be shown that the pursuits of ambition are just as illusory and uncertain as those of wealth. Few comparatively are permitted to secure the prize, and when they do they are surprised and mortified to find what a shadow they have grasped.

An ancient monarch, when about to close his eyes in death, called for the son who was to succeed him upon the throne, and said to him, "I go the way of all the earth; be thou strong, therefore, and show thyself a man." A more sublime and comprehensive injunction could not have been uttered. The solicitude of the dying sovereign was not that his son should become renowned in war, and distinguished for the splendor and extent of his conquests, nor that he should so exalt himself that his subjects should regard him with a superhuman veneration. He had been taught both by religion and experience, that it was only by the cultivation and exhibition of the principles of manly rectitude, that his son could secure the affections and confidence of his people and the prosperity and stability of his kingdom.

Let us endeavor to act in conformity with the spirit of this precept. It is too common for human beings to forget that they are men — and that they are but men, whatever may be the advantages they may possess of mind, fortune or station in the view of the world. By seeking to place themselves above the level of ordinary men, they are apt to fall below it, and to degenerate into mere animals possessing none of the manly virtues, the exercise of which alone constitutes the true dignity of man. He who suffers himself to be so elated by his good fortune, or by an exalted opinion of the superiority of his own talents or acquirements as to lose sight of the respect and courtesy which he owes to his fellow-creatures, whatever may be their station, is only a conceited simpleton, to whom it would be a profanation to apply the high and noble appellation of MAN.

It is our duty to bear constantly in mind the dignified and responsible position we sustain in the moral universe; to be strong in resisting the solicitations of our own passions and appetites which might serve to lead us to act unbecomingly the dignity of our character, and in rebuking with mildness, but yet with manly firmness every manifest encroachment on our rights as men or as citizens. Let us be strong in the resolution steadily to persevere in that course which duty may direct, without reference to consequences, and never be

guilty of that moral imbecility which quietly sacrifices considerations of imperious duty upon the altar of mere expediency. Let us dare to be MEN in principle, in feeling and in action; and if by thus doing we render ourselves singular in the view of those whose conduct is regulated by circumstances and expediency, and not by firm and inflexible moral principle, we can say to them that it is an evidence that we are what we claim to be — true, worthy, and consistent ODD FELLOWS.

In a word, would we possess strong moral vigor, we must appear before our fellow-men encased in the panoply of an unsullied character, and armed with the shield and buckler of invincible integrity, with charity for the motto of our breast plate, and for our helmet firm and unwavering Trust in God. Thus, equipped, let us wage war against selfishness and inhumanity in every form and guise in which it may appear in a cold and heartless world. Let us humbly imitate the example of that illustrious Being in whose character we behold the most pure and resplendent impersonation of human excellence ever exhibited in our world. Our duty is simple and plain, and we cannot mistake it, if disposed to pursue it. It is to have the law of human kindness written upon our hearts, and exemplified in our lives. Thus may we pass our earthly pilgrimage in peace with God and with our fellow-men; earnestly seeking by the faithful performance of the duties incumbent upon us, a preparation for a more glorious state of perfection and felicity, after we shall have done with the labors and vicissitudes of this fleeting life; and thus, when the final summons comes, we shall,

"Sustained and soothed  
By an unfaltering trust, approach the grave,  
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch  
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams."

**WOMAN'S INFLUENCE.**—Woman is ever moulding the future man. However undesignedly she may exert it, her influence is around him and upon him. This influence does not lose its power; the boy and the youth are moulded by it. The mother, the sister, and even the servant-maid, will sympathize with the sorrows of boyhood, and listen to the day-dreams of youth, when man would disdain to lend an ear. Nor is her influence less potent when youth is passed. She is with man in the hour of man's weakness; to her he flies for assistance and sympathy in the season of suffering, and her sentiments become a part of his nature.

## ODD FELLOWSHIP AS AN INSTITUTION OF THIS AGE.

BY BRO. D. P. BARNARD.

It is proposed in these papers to enter into a limited analysis of the nature of the institution of Odd Fellowship. By avoiding elucidations of principles and qualities, and omitting to notice and trace from their sources many confirmatory parallelisms, the writer will endeavor to be brief in his expressions of some of his impressions of the nature and tendency of Odd Fellowship.

Some of the views that will be advanced in a succeeding paper, may, perhaps, be new to many of our readers. If so, being offered as suggestions, not as dicta, it is confidently hoped that they will be received in the spirit of charity—in a spirit that will prevent any from too hastily characterizing as innovation what reflection might eventually determine to be improvement.

This paper will be devoted to the consideration of Odd Fellowship AS AN INSTITUTION OF THIS AGE. Men in this age are wiser than those of past ages. They are sensible that *order* and *permanence* are not the sole properties attaching to social institutions; but rather *change* and *progress*. They all do not now, as was done in times past, expend their exertions in endeavors to confirm the existing condition of things, all the while resisting change. They acknowledge a constant revolution and transformation in the forms assumed by the social elements, analogous to that continually taking place in the physical. A shrub—a tree—a child—a man—a death—a birth: a new child, with the recorded wisdom of his predecessor to light him on a more cultivated path. A path bordered by the shrub successors to the decayed tree, now unfolding a brighter, more variegated, larger and richer foliage, flower and fruit under the superior cultivation which the new man has the knowledge to bestow upon them.

Awakened to this truth, they seek to mould and direct the fermentations of the social element, the changes of society, into forms most productive of benefit to the many; and in turn, reciprocally to prepare the many for adaptation to, and the reception of, the advanced change.

As Time, swift-winged, is evermore travelling onward, yet never reaching unto eternity; so progress, in social institutions, though it

will never attain to it, will ever be approximating toward perfection.

These progressive moments are manifesting themselves under various forms; yet they are all the nervous, muscular exertions of gigantic mental, moral force, now treading out the path whose facilities, as afforded to peregrinating man, are styled the improvements wrought by the spirit of the age.

To instance some of these: At this time we may see a European kingdom changing its ministry, a change that involves a consequent introduction of new measures. This change is the removal of those who would have retained the past without alteration, and the substitution in their place of those who advocate progression. There is, consequently, a change from the inert to progressive action and measures.

And let us step aside for a moment to inquire what mighty power has effected this revolution in the moral action of a kingdom, which is felt to be already titillating the nerves of adjoining States, and creating a longing to follow the example. We see, looking only upon the surface, nothing but the caprice of a ballet dancer working upon the passions of an uxorious old man. By such obscure instruments does Providence frequently set in operation causes whose effects are mighty. For searching deeper, we see the hand of Providence is in it—the same hand that might have been seen writing with its finger upon the wall of that little room in Baltimore, where, twenty-eight years ago, five humble individuals met to lay the foundation for the work that now employs 200,000 hands. And the word it traced was PROGRESS.

Such obscure instruments are the apparent causes; but what renders them rich in fruit, ripening to a great, wide-spreading harvest, is the moral preparation men's minds have received: that gigantic moral force before named.

Again, we may observe recent acts of the government of this and other countries, by which treaty stipulations and law enactments are removing the obstructions heretofore existing to the commercial intercourse between the nations. We see them adopting such a course as convinces us that they are learning the lessons that governments are so slow to learn, that free intercourse and exchanges are better than restrictions; and that the exclusive bolstering up of a social class, or an industrial association or institution, is not the way to secure the best interests of *all*, inclu-

ding theirs. That the protection of one injures many—that to *equalize* is better for all. In short, that the best protection is that which imposes the least restriction. For the restricted are numerous, the protected are few, and many are put to cost for enriching one.

Again: Art lends itself to the same end. To instance, one of the forms: Formerly, the productions of that branch of art styled the fine arts, cost much in labor, time and money, and but a few could possess and enjoy them. Soon the engraver's art reduced the cost, and distributed many copies among men. Afterward, the lithographic process was discovered, by which fac simile copies of these productions were rapidly multiplied to an indefinite extent, and thus they might be distributed, at trifling cost, among the many, who were thereby enabled to enjoy and be affected by their refining and intelligence cultivating influences.

Looking at these effects as everywhere exhibited at this day, we see them all tending to one end. It is the same thing we behold in another of its workings—the equalization principle, the great principle of the age.

And what is Progression? It is the equalization among the many of intelligence—and therefore of power—for it is an established axiom that "knowledge is power."

Centralization of power has ceased to be the object sought after in political and social intercourse. Its distribution and equalization make the end now held in view. So held and cherished because of a conviction spreading through the minds of men, that it is the true method of securing to mankind the greatest amount of happiness, in enabling them generally to enjoy, here, property and advantages, physical and intellectual, that were monopolized by a few; and the best adapted by imparting to all superior intelligence, to furnish them with the means for fitting themselves for a superior station in another state of being, to be entered upon hereafter.

There are various *methods* of Progression, and the result of all methods is *Equalization*.

In closing this number, we will remark that it is not the intention in these numbers to discuss any vexed question; but in the affairs of this institution, as well as those of political economy, art and science, we believe it will be useless to resist the change whose course is Progress and whose end is Equalization. And this is the touch-stone by which we believe all questions should be tested, arising, or hereafter to arise, concerning the interests

or the nature of the institution of Odd Fellowship.

Therefore we hang out our banner—not from the battlemented walls of some ancient feudal castle; but at the summit of the symmetrical liberty pole. High over the heads of multitudes of freemen it floats free in the common air—and inscribed upon its ample folds are—PROGRESS and EQUALIZATION.

That Odd Fellowship is one of these *methods*, one of the great progressive movements which are smoothing the way for progressing man, is evident from the fact that it rises into being and rapidly and successfully pursues its career in an age when the other great movements that carry the race of man forward in the path of improvement, are in successful progress. And this, too, at a time when the earth, and the universe, and their great mysteries, are becoming easy lessons in the hands of science; when, sitting in the deep recesses of his study, the astronomer calculates, with mathematical correctness, the causes and effects attaching to systems of created worlds. Emerging, he waves aloft the wand of science, and, wizard-like, proclaims to an astonished world the sublime decree: at yonder point in space, never yet seen by earthly eyes, 3,000,000,000 of miles distant, to-day a globe is moving in its orbit. And, as though called into being by his mighty fiat—lo, it is! He has declared its size, the length of its years and days, its condition and its purposes; and behold in his decrees the laws Omniscience has established. With a glance, he spans the roll of ages, the work and fate of worlds! He backward casts his glance, and declares that the ray of light now shed upon us by a distant planet, though traveling with the inconceivable velocity of 213,000 miles in a second, has been journeying on its way 60,000 years ere it reached us! 'Tis thus he seems to take the measure of infinity! At a time when, as methods whose result is equalization, the printing, steam and electro-magnetic powers are working physical and moral miracles; when the red levin, no longer hurled destroyingly to earth, cast by the vengeful arm of angry Jove, is led around the globe, the swift trained messenger of man—obedient to his will—whether to sound wars' loud larum in the ears of antipodal nations, or to breathe in distant ears, while yet the lips that syllabled the sounds are trembling with emotion, prompts their utterance, the harmonious music of affection's greetings. At a time when, casting his glance abroad into the dim mysterious fu-

ture, the powerful light of man's all penetrating intellect dispels the darkness of eternity, and opens up new vistas, brilliant with the light of knowledge. At a time when civil government, in the mighty onward march of this great Republic, is triumphantly vindicating the truth of those principles, which, by according the greatest good to the greatest number, governmentally aid in best, because they restrict the least, in cherishing the three great powers named. In an age when the progress of the race is proving that the genial light of Christianity is the favorable influence under which all, political, scientific, moral and physical, flourish and wax exceeding strong. At a time when the spirit of benevolence is abroad, and doing mighty works. When the sufferings of a numerous people are eliciting, on a scale unprecedentedly large, the munificent generosity of a nation. When the produce of the broad valleys of Western America, freely given, is pouring into heavy laden ships for transmission to Ireland's hungry millions. That they are of another nation, or of another creed, opposes no barrier to the progress of the work. That they are suffering men is all benevolence requires.

And Odd Fellows faint not at the work; but among the first and the last are found sustaining and bestowing.

The unparalleled growth of Odd Fellowship, at *such an era*, is a proof that it is one of the strides that overleaps the present and carries the race of man forward to an improved age.

Steam, the Press, Odd Fellowship, are methods or instruments with which the Great Mover of Events is working out ends, physically and morally, that shall be the great and good causes of results yet greater and better. Greater and better in the benefits they are, in infinite benevolence, designed to confer upon created beings.

This age is rife with these movements and their effects.

As one, we may see the government of Mohammedan Turkey sending a number of young men to Christian England for the purpose of being educated—there to imbibe intelligence which is to produce its legitimate fruit of liberality, charity and equalization.

Every where are spreading the softening humanities of thought and feeling, assimilating the spirits of individual men, long kept asunder by the prejudices existing in younger and darker ages—prejudices which were the fruit of ignorance.

To-day we see the evidence of their effects in penetrating the heretofore impregnable barriers erected by Mahomedan prejudice, and proving that men of two creeds are learning that they are of one humanity. One God is above all! We see it in the act of the Sultan of Turkey, who sends his ambassador to congratulate the Pope of Rome on his ascending the papal throne. And the ambassador retires from the audience covered with the honorary orders of the Christian kingdom.

Islamism and Christianity salute each other. The friendly glance, accompanying the open palm and soft word, succeed to the flash of the cleaving cymetar and the stern defiance that parts not with its hate, even while its tones are reverberating through the dim void that marks the confines of another world!

And when the "sweet influences" shall have embraced within their broad girdle all men of all nations and of all creeds, who then shall "set the dominion thereof in the earth," or "loose the band of Orion?"

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Original.

## THE THINGS I LOVE.

BY MRS. B. G. BUSHNELL.

I love to view at early morn  
All Nature bright and gay;  
I love the spring time of the year,  
And flowers of merry May.

I love to hear the wild bird's notes,  
Untrain'd by human art:  
I love them all—but more than all  
I love a feeling heart.

I love to view the green hill's side,  
Where sportive lambskins play;  
I love to wander o'er the mead,  
And scent the new mown hay.

I love to view the water fall,  
In glossy grandeur roll;  
I love them all—but more than all  
I love a noble soul.

I love to view portentous clouds,  
And hear the thunder's roar;  
I love to see the lightning's chain,  
And storms in torrents pour.

I love to view the heavens bestud  
With stars of glittering gold;  
I love them all—but more than all  
I love a spirit bold!

When we are in a condition to overthrow falsehood and error, we ought not to do it with vehemence, nor insultingly, and with an air of contempt; but to lay open the truth, and with answers full of mildness, to refute the falsehood.

## THE HEART OF JOHN MIDDLETON; OR, THE POWER OF LOVE.

FROM DICKENS'S HOUSEHOLD WORDS.

I was born at Sawley, where the shadow of Pendle Hill falls at sunrise. I suppose Sawley sprang up into a village in the time of the monks, who had an abbey there. Many of the cottages are strange old places; others again are built of the abbey stones, mixed up with the shale from the neighboring quarries; and you may see many a quaint bit of carving worked into the walls, or forming the lintels of the doors. There is a row of houses, built still more recently, where one Mr. Peel came to live for the sake of the water-power, and gave the place a fillip into something like life, though a different kind of life, as I take it, from the grand slow ways folks had when the monks were about.

Now, it was six o'clock—ring the bell, throng to the factory; sharp home at twelve; and even at night, when work was done, we hardly knew how to walk slowly, we had been so bustling all day long. I can't recollect the time when I did not go to the factory. My father used to drag me there when I was quite a little fellow, in order to wind reels for him. I never remember my mother. I should have been a better man than I have been, if I had only had a notion of the sound of her voice, or the look on her face.

My father and I lodged in the house of a man, who also worked in the factory. We were sadly thronged in Sawley, so many people came from different parts of the country to earn a livelihood at the new work; and it was some time before the row of cottages I have spoken of could be built. While they were building, my father was turned out of his lodgings for drinking and being disorderly, and he and I slept in the brick-kiln—that is to say, when we did sleep o' nights; but, often and often we went poaching; and many a hare and pheasant have I rolled up in clay, and roasted in the embers of the kiln. Then, as followed to reason, I was drowsy next day over my work; but father had no mercy on me for sleeping, for all he knew the cause of it, but kicked me where I lay, a heavy lump on the factory-floor, and cursed and swore at me till I got up for very fear, and to my winding again. But when his back was turned I paid him off with heavier curses than he had given me, and longed to be a man that I might be revenged on him. The words I then spoke

I would not now dare to repeat; and worse than hating words, a hating heart went with them. I forget the time when I did not know how to hate. When I first came to read, and learnt about Ishmael, I thought I must be of his doomed race, for my hand was against every man, and every man's hand against me. But I was seventeen or more before I cared for my book enough to read.

After the row of works was finished, father took one, and set up for himself in letting lodgings. I can't say much for the furnishing; but there was plenty of straw, and we kept up good fires; and there is a set of people who value warmth above every thing. The worst lot about the place lodged with us. We used to have a supper in the middle of the night; there was game enough, or if there was not game, there was poultry to be had for the stealing. By day we all made a show of working in the factory; by night we feasted and drank.

Now, this web of my life was black enough and coarse enough; but by-and-by, a little golden filmy thread began to be woven in; the dawn of God's mercy was at hand.

One blowy October morning, as I sauntered lazily along to the mill, I came to the little wooden bridge over a brook that falls into the Bribble. On the plank there stood a child, balancing the pitcher on her head, with which she had been to fetch water. She was so light on her feet that, had it not been for the weight of the pitcher, I almost believe the wind would have taken her up, and wafted her away, as it carries off a blow-ball in seed-time; her blue cotton dress was blown before her, as if she were spreading her wings for a flight; she turned her face round, as if to ask me for something, but when she saw who it was, she hesitated, for I had a bad name in the village, and I doubt not she had been warned against me. But her heart was too innocent to be distrustful; so she said to me, timidly:

"Please, John Middleton, will you carry me this heavy jug just over the bridge?"

It was the very first time I had ever been spoken to gently. I was ordered here and there by my father and his rough companions; I was abused and cursed by them if I failed in doing what they wished; if I succeeded, there came no expression of thanks or gratitude. I was informed of facts necessary for me to know. But the gentle words of request or entreaty were aforesaid unknown to me, and now their tones fell on my ear soft and sweet as a distant peal of bells. I wish-

ed that I knew how to speak properly in reply; but though we were of the same standing, as regarded worldly circumstances, there was some mighty difference between us, which made me unable to speak in her language of soft words and modest entreaty. There was nothing for me but to take up the pitcher in a kind of gruff, shy silence, and carry it over the bridge as she had asked me. When I gave it her back again, she thanked me, and tripped away, leaving me, wordless, gazing after her, like an awkward lout, as I was. I knew well enough who she was. She was grandchild to Eleanor Hadfield, an aged woman, who was reputed as a witch by my father and his set, for no other reason, that I can make out, than her scorn, dignity, and fearlessness of rancor. It was true we often met her in the gray dawn of the morning when we returned from poaching, and my father used to curse her, under his breath, for a witch, such as were burnt, long ago, on Pendle Hill top; but I had heard that Eleanor was a skillful sick-nurse, and ever ready to give her services to those who were ill; and I believe that she had been sitting up through the night (the night that we had been spending under the wild heavens, in deeds as wild,) with those who were appointed to die. Nelly was her orphan grand-daughter; her little hand-maiden; her treasure; her one ewe-lamb. Many and many a day have I watched by the brook side, hoping that some happy gust of wind, coming with opportune bluster down the hollow of the dale, might make me necessary once more to her. I longed to hear her speak to me again. I said the words she had used to myself, trying to catch her tone; but the chance never came again. I do not know that she ever knew how I watched for her there. I found out that she went to school, and nothing would serve me but that I must go too. My father scoffed at me; I did not care. I knew naught of what reading was, nor that it was likely that I should be laughed at; I, a great hulking lad of seventeen or upward, for going to learn my A, B, C, in the midst of a crowd of little ones. I stood just this way in my mind: Nelly was at school; it was the best place for seeing her, and hearing her voice again. Therefore I would go too. My father talked, and swore, and threatened, but I stood to it. He said I should leave school weary of it in a month. I swore a deeper oath than I like to remember, that I would stay a year, and come out a reader and a writer. My father hated the notion of folks

learning to read, and said it took all the spirit out of them; besides, he thought he had a right to every penny of my wages; and tho', when he was in good humor, he might have given me many a jug of ale, he grudged my two-pence a week for schooling. However to school I went. It was a different place to what I had thought it before I went inside. The girls sat on one side, and the boys on the other; so I was not near Nelly. She, too, was in the first class; I was put with the little toddling things that could hardly run alone. The master sat in the middle, and kept pretty strict watch over us. But I could see Nelly, and hear her read her chapter; and even when it was one with a long list of hard names, such as the master was very fond of giving her, to show how well she could hit them off without spelling, I thought I had never heard prettier music. Now and then she read other things. I did not know what they were, true or false; but I listened because she read; and, by-and-by, I began to wonder. I remember the first word I ever spoke to her was to ask her (as we were coming out of school) who was the father of whom she had been reading; for when she said the words "Our Father," her voice dropped into a soft, holy kind of low sound, which struck me more than any loud reading, it seemed so loving and tender. When I asked her this, she looked at me with her great blue wondering eyes, at first shocked; and then, as it were, melted down into pity and sorrow, she said in the same way, below her breath, in which she read the words "Our Father,"

"Don't you know? It is God?"

"God?"

"Yes; God that grandmother tells about."

"Tell me what she says, will you?" So we sat down on the hedge-bank, she a little above me, while I looked up into her face, and she told me all the holy texts her grandmother had taught her, as explaining all that could be explained of the Almighty. I listened in silence, for indeed I was overwhelmed with astonishment. Her knowledge was principally rote-knowledge; she was too young for much more; but we, in Lancashire, speak a rough kind of Bible language, and the texts seemed very clear to me. I rose up, dazed and overpowered. I was going away in silence, when I bethought me of my manners, and turned back, and said, "Thank you," for the first time I ever remember saying it in my life. That was a great day for me in more ways than one.

I was always one who could keep very steady to an object when once I had set it before me. My object was to know Nelly. I was conscious of nothing more. But it made me regardless of all other things. The master might scold, the little ones might laugh; I bore it all without giving it a second thought. I kept to my year and came out a reader and writer; more, however, to stand well in Nelly's good opinion, than because of my oath. About this time, my father committed some bad, cruel deed, and had to fly the country. I was glad he went; for I had never loved or cared for him, and wanted to shake myself clear of his set. But it was no easy matter. Honest folk stood aloof; only bad men held out their arms to me with a welcome. Even Nelly seemed to have a mixture of fear now with her kind ways toward me. I was the son of John Middleton, who, if he were caught, would be hung at Lancaster Castle. I thought she looked at me sometimes with a sort of sorrowful horror. Others were not forbearing enough to keep their expression of feeling confined to looks. The son of the overlooker at the mill never ceased twitting me with my father's crime; he now brought up his poaching against him, though I knew very well how many a good supper he himself had made on game which had been given him to make him and his father wink at late hours in the morning. And how were such as my father to come honestly by game?

This lad, Dick Jackson, was the bane of my life. He was a year or two older than I was, and had much power over the men who worked at the mill, as he could report to his father what he chose. I could not always hold my peace when he 'threaped' me with my father's sins, but gave it him back sometimes in a storm of passion. It did me no good; only threw me farther from the company of better men, who looked aghast and shocked at the oaths I poured out—blasphemous words learned in my childhood, which I could not forget now that I would fain have purified myself of them; while all the time Dick Jackson stood by, with a mocking smile of intelligence; and when I had ended, breathless and weary with spent passion, he would turn to those whose respect I longed to earn, and ask if I were not a worthy son of my father, and likely to tread in his steps. But this smiling indifference of his to my miserable vehemence was not all, though it was the worst part of his conduct, for it made the rankling hatred grow up in my heart, and overshadow it like the great

gourd-tree of the Prophet Jonah. But his was a merciful shade, keeping out the burning sun; mine blighted what it fell upon.

What Dick Jackson did besides, was this, his father was a skillful overlooker, and a good man; Mr. Peel valued him so much, that he was kept on, although his health was failing; and when he was unable, through illness, to come to the mill, he deputed his son to watch over and report the men. It was too much power for one so young—I speak it calmly now. Whatever Dick Jackson became, he had strong temptations when he was young, which will be allowed for hereafter. But at the time of which I am telling, my hate raged like a fire. I believed that he was the one sole obstacle to my being received as fit to mix with good and honest men. I was sick of crime and disorder, and would fain have come over to a different kind of life, and have been industrious, sober, honest, and right-spoken (I had no idea of higher virtue then,) and at every turn Dick Jackson met me with his sneers. I have walked the night through, in the old abbey field, planning how I could outwit him, and win men's respect in spite of him. The first time I ever prayed, was underneath the silent stars, kneeling by the old abbey walls, throwing up my arms, and asking God for the power of revenge upon him.

I had heard that if I prayed earnestly, God would give me what I asked for, and I looked upon it as a kind of chance for the fulfillment of my wishes. If earnestness would have won the boon for me, never were wicked words so earnestly spoken. And oh, later on, my prayer was heard, and my wish granted! All this time I saw little of Nelly. Her grandmother was failing, and she had much to do in-doors. Besides, I believed I had read her looks aright, when I took them to speak of aversion; and I planned to hide myself from her sight, as it were, until I could stand upright before men, with fearless eyes, dreading no face of accusation. It was possible to acquire a good character; I would do it—I did it: but no one brought up among respectable, untempted people, can tell the unspeakable hardness of the task. In the evenings I would not go forth among the village throng; for the acquaintances that claimed me were my father's old associates, who would have been glad enough to enlist a strong young man like me in their projects; and the men who would have shunned me and kept aloof, were the steady and orderly. So I staid in-doors and practiced myself in reading.

You will say, I should have found it easier to earn a good character away from Sawley, at some place where neither I nor my father was known. So I should; but it would not have been the same thing to my mind. Besides, representing all good men, all goodness to me, in Sawley Nelly lived. In her sight I would work out my life, and fight my way upward to men's respects. Two years passed on. Every day I strove fiercely; every day my struggles were made fruitless by the son of the overlooker; and I seemed but where I was—but where I must ever be esteemed by all who knew me—but as the son of the criminal—wild, reckless, ripe for crime myself. Where was the use of my reading and writing. These acquirements were disregarded and scouted by those among whom I was thrust back to take my portion. I could have read any chapter in the Bible now: and Nelly seemed as though she would never know it. I was driven in upon my books; and few enough of them I had. The peddlers brought them round in their packs, and I bought what I could. I had the "Seven Champions," and the "Pilgrim's Progress;" and both seemed to me equally wonderful, and equally founded on fact. I got Byron's "Narrative," and Milton's "Paradise Lost;" but I lacked the knowledge which would give a clew to all. Still they they afforded me pleasure, because they took me out of myself, and made me forget my miserable position, and made me unconscious (for the time at least) of my one great passion of hatred against Dick Jackson.

When Nelly was about seventeen her grandmother died. I stood aloof in the church-yard, behind the great yew tree, and watched the funeral. It was the first religious service that ever I heard; and, to my shame, as I thought, it affected me to tears. The words seemed so peaceful and holy that I longed to go church, but I durst not, because I had never been. The parish church was at Bolton, far enough away to serve as an excuse for all who did not care to go. I heard Nelly's sobs filling up every pause in the clergyman's voice; and every sob of hers went to my heart. She passed me on her way out of the church-yard; she was so near I might have touched her; but her head was hanging down, and I durst not speak to her. Then the question arose, what was to become of her? She must earn her living; was it to be as a farm-servant, or by working at the mill? I knew enough of both kinds of life to make me tremble for her. My wages were such as to enable me to marry,

if I chose; and I never thought of woman, for my wife, but Nelly. Still, I would not have married her now, if I could; for, as yet, I had not risen up to the character which I had determined it was fit that Nelly's husband should have. When I was rich in good report, I would come forward and take my chance; but until then, I would hold my peace. I had faith in the power of my long-continued, dogged, breasting of opinion. Sooner or later it must, it should yield, and be received among the ranks of good men. But, meanwhile, what was to become of Nelly? I reckoned up my wages; I went to inquire what the board of a girl would be, who should help her in her household work, and live with her as her daughter, at the house of one of the most decent women of the place; she looked at me suspiciously. I kept down my temper, and told her I would never come near the place; that I would keep away from that end of the village; and that the girl for whom I made the inquiry should never know but what the parish paid for her keep. It would not do; she suspected me; but I know I had power over myself to have kept my word; and besides, I would not for worlds have had Nelly put under any obligation to me, which should speck the purity of her love, or dim it by a mixture of gratitude—the love that I craved to earn, not for my money, not for my kindness, but for myself. I heard that Nelly had met with a place in Bolland; and I could see no reason why I might not speak to her once before she left our neighborhood. I meant it to be a quiet, friendly telling her of my own sympathy in her sorrow. I felt I could command myself. So, on the Sunday before she was to leave Sawley, I waited near the wood-path, by which I knew she would return from afternoon church. The birds made such a melodious warble, such a busy sound among the leaves, that I did not hear approaching footsteps, till they were close at hand; and then there were sounds of two persons' voices. The wood was near that part of Sawley where Nelly was staying with friends; the path through it led to their house, and theirs only, so I knew it must be she, for I had watched her setting out to church alone.

But who was the other?

The blood went to my heart and head, as if I were shot, when I saw that it was Dick Jackson. Was this the end of it all? In the steps of sin which my father had trode, I would rush to my death and to my doom. Even where I stood I longed for a weapon to



slay him. How dared he come near my Nelly? She too—I thought her faithless, and forgot how little I had ever been to her in outward action; how few words, and those how uncouth, I had ever spoken to her; and I hated her for a traitoress. These feelings passed through me before I could see, my eyes and head were so dizzy and blind. When I looked I saw Dick Jackson holding her hand, and speaking quick, and low, and thick, as a man speaks in great vehemence. She seemed white and dismayed; but all at once, at some word of his (and what it was she never would tell me,) she looked as though she defied a fiend, and wrenched herself out of his grasp. He caught hold of her again, and began once more the thick whisper that I loathed. I could bear it no longer, nor did I see why I should. I stepped out from behind the tree where I had been lying. When she saw me, she lost her look of one strung up to desperation, and came and clung to me; and I felt like a giant in strength and might. I held her with one arm, but I did not take my eyes off him; I felt as if they blazed down into his soul, and scorched him up. He never spoke, but tried to look as though he defied me; at last his eyes fell before mine. I dared not speak; for the old horrid oaths come to my mouth; and I dreaded giving them way, and terrifying my poor trembling Nelly.

At last he made to go past me; I drew her out of the pathway. By instinct she wrapped her garments round her, as if to avoid his accidental touch; and he was stung by this I suppose—I believe—to the mad miserable revenge he took. As my back was turned to him, in an endeavor to speak some words to Nelly that might soothe her into calmness, she, who was looking after him, like one fascinated with terror, saw him take a sharp shaley stone, and aim it at me. Poor darling! she clung round me as a shield, making her sweet body a defense for mine. It hit her, and she spoke no word, kept back her cry of pain, but fell at my feet in a swoon. He—the coward! ran off as soon as he saw what he had done. I was with Nelly alone in the green gloom of the wood. The quivering and leaf-tinted light made her look as if she were dead. I carried her, not knowing if I bore a corpse or not, to her friend's house. I did not stay to explain, but ran madly for the doctor.

Well! I can not bear to recur to that time again. Five weeks I lived in the agony of suspense; from which my only relief was in

laying savage plans of revenge. If I hated him before, what think ye I did now? It seemed as if earth could not hold us twain, but that one of us must go down to Gehenna. I could have killed him; and would have done it without a scruple, but that seemed too poor and bold a revenge. At length—oh! the weary waiting oh! the sickening of my heart—Nelly grew better—as well as she was ever to grow. The bright color had left her cheek; the mouth quivered with repressed pain, the eyes were dim with tears that agon had forced into them; and I loved her a thousand times better and more than when she was bright and blooming! What was best of all, I began to perceive that she cared for me. I know her grandmother's friends warned her against me, and told her I came of a bad stock; but she had passed the point where remonstrance from bystanders can take effect—she loved me as I was, a strange mixture of bad and good, all unworthy of her. We spoke together now, as those do whose lives are bound up in each other. I told her I would marry her as soon as she had recovered her health. Her friends shook their heads; but they saw she would be unfit for farm-service or heavy work, and they perhaps thought, as many a one does, that a bad husband was better than none at all. Anyhow we were married; and I learned to bless God for my happiness, so far beyond my deserts. I kept her like a lady. I was a skillful workman, and earned good wages; and every want she had I tried to gratify. Her wishes were few and simple enough, poor Nelly! If they had been ever so fanciful, I should have had my reward in the new feeling of the holiness of home. She could lead me as a little child, with the charm of her gentle voice, and her ever kind words. She would plead for all when I was full of anger and passion; only Dick Jackson's name passed never between our lips during all that time. In the evenings she lay back in the bee-hive chair, and read to me. I think I see her now, pale and weak, with her sweet young face, lighted by her holy, earnest eyes, telling me of the Saviour's life and death, till they were filled with tears. I longed to have been there, to have avenged him on the wicked Jews. I liked Peter the best of all the disciples. But I got the Bible myself, and read the mighty acts of God's vengeance in the Old Testament, with a kind of triumphant faith, that, sooner or later, He would take my cause in hand, and revenge me on mine enemy.

To be concluded.

MILEAGE AND PER DIEM OF REPRESENTATIVES TO THE G. L. U. S.

There are many of our readers, we have no doubt, as much at a loss to understand this subject as we were before we waded through the several documents having reference to it; and as well for the purpose of putting it in a concise manner before them as to favor them with the latest action had thereon by the Grand Lodge of the United States, we will proceed to give all information we have acquired on the subject.

It appears that heretofore the expenses and pay of Representatives were borne by such Grand bodies respectively, as delegated them to the Grand Lodge of the United States.

At the session held in Baltimore in 1849, we find the following offered as an amendment of article 12 of the Constitution of the Grand Lodge of United States:

"The expenses of Representatives and Officers (excepting those to whom stated salaries are allowed) attending the sessions of the Grand Lodge of the United States shall be paid by this Grand Lodge."

And further, we find the following resolutions adopted, by which it was proposed to raise funds for that purpose:

"Resolved, That to meet the payment of the per diem allowance and mileage, the Grand Sire and the Grand Secretary shall make an annual assessment upon each State Grand body—said assessment to consist of a per centage on the members of each State Grand body, respectively. Journal 1849, pages 368, 400.

"Resolved, That the officers of this Lodge in making an assessment in conformity with resolutions adopted at this session, shall make an assessment merely for such sums as may be necessary, in addition to the Representative tax."

Pursuant to these instructions, the Grand Officers therein mentioned levied an assessment amounting in the aggregate to \$11,278 56, as follows: Finding it to be impossible to fix on the exact amount to be assessed in addition to the Representative tax, which amounted to \$2016, for the reason that they could not ascertain the nearest mail route distances from Cincinnati (the place of convocation for 1850,) to the residences of men, many of whom had not yet been delegated by their respective Grand bodies as Representatives to the G.L.U.S., the assessors determined to fix on an average distance between the city of

Cincinnati and some central or nearly central point of the United States, and upon that assumption to base their mileage calculations—"thus," in the language of one of the assessors, "levying the gross sum necessary to defray the expense incident to the session, and leaving the Grand Lodge, when assembled, the adoption of such plan as it in its wisdom might deem proper for a just apportionment of the money among the members, when their residences should be definitely ascertained." Taking, therefore, the average distance to be traveled by each representative at sixteen hundred miles, the sum of \$9,784 was levied to pay the mileage of ninety-six Representatives and eight Officers of the G.L. of U. S. In the matter of pay per diem, the sum of \$3,636 was also levied in the same way—(the peculiar "way," by the by, in which these sums were calculated, Grand Secretary Ridgely says nothing about)—to defray the allowance of \$3 per day to 96 members and 5 non-salaried officers, from which two sums deducting the Representative tax already levied at \$2016, left the aggregate balance \$11,604.

Grand Secretary Ridgely and the Grand Sire thus had the sum exactly at which they estimated the expenses to be met, but as they wished "but to approximate that sum" within two or three hundred dollars, they adopted another plan of assessment, viz: to levy the sum of 6½ cents upon every member of Subordinate Lodges within the jurisdiction, and placing the aggregate membership at 180,467, they produced the sum aforesaid, \$11,278 56. Each Grand body was forthwith furnished their bill of assessment respectively, and payment demanded.

Now, the first question that here presents itself to our mind is, what right had the assessors to so far depart from their instructions as set forth in the resolutions before quoted, as to assess members of Subordinate bodies instead of members of Grand bodies? That first resolution distinctly states that the "assessment is to consist of a per centage on the membership of each State Grand body, respectively." But instead of levying such a per centage, the assessors levy the sum of 6½ cents per member upon the entire membership of 180,467—some 6000 by the way more than are returned by Grand Secretary Ridgely at the last session, unless he counted in the Camp membership. We do not pretend to say that the mode ordered to be enforced was any more just than the mode actually carried out—in either case of course it

was intended the Grand bodies would have to foot the bills—but what we question is the right of the assessors to act independently of the record. On this subject, Grand Secretary Ridgely offers not a word of explanation, nor is any explanation asked by the G.L.

To give an idea of how unreasonable this tax operated in detail, we will give a few instances. According to the list furnished by Grand Secretary Ridgely, it appears that Ohio was assessed the sum of \$596 62½. Of this sum, we find Richard Green, of Dayton, received \$3 for mileage, and \$12 for his attendance; E. M. Fitch, of Cleveland, received \$16 44 mileage, and \$18 for his attendance; and H. N. Clark, of Cincinnati, \$18 for attendance—in all \$67 44. This deducted from \$596 62½ leaves the neat sum of \$529 18½ to pay what? expenses of members from Massachusetts perhaps. Not so; for Massachusetts is assessed the sum of \$742 56½, and we find her three Representatives receiving \$44 each for mileage, and \$15 each for attendance, in all \$225, deducted from amount assessed leaves \$517 56½. And of the majority of the cases in like manner. This is “approximating” with a vengeance.

It appears from the report of Grand Secretary Ridgely, that but eleven out of twenty-eight Grand Lodges, and but four out of fifteen Grand Encampments paid this assessment; yet the Representatives of some twenty-four Grand Lodges and Encampments and eight Officers of the Grand Lodge of the U. S., were paid their mileage and per diem money in full, amounting in the aggregate to \$5,053 32—only \$187 55, however, more than the amount actually received on the Representative tax for the year and assessment accounts, notwithstanding the failure of seventeen Grand Lodges and eleven Grand Encampments to pay. To meet this \$187 55, the mover of a resolution ordering drafts in favor of the several Representatives, &c., to be drawn on the Grand Treasurer for the respective sums, makes quite a flourish about directing the Grand Secretary to sell stocks—even at a sacrifice.

We wonder if Rep. WINDER, of Michigan, had any actual idea of the deficit to be made up when he offered the following resolution;

“Resolved, That the G.S. be directed to furnish the officers and Grand Representatives drafts on the Treasurer for the amount ordered to be paid to them respectively for per diem and mileage at this adjourned session, and in case there be a deficiency of the funds

in the Treasury to pay the amount of said certificates, that the Grand Treasurer dispose of a sufficient amount of the stocks belonging to this body to pay the same.”

Notwithstanding the glaring fact that the sum assessed was more than double the sum required, we find the Grand Lodge adopts the following resolution by a vote of 53 to 18:

“Resolved, That the fourth resolution as reported by the Legislative committee, to be found on page 368, Journal 1849, and as amended on page 376, and as adopted on page 388, same Journal, be, and the same is hereby repealed; *provided*, that nothing herein contained shall exonerate any Grand Lodge or Grand Encampment from the payment of the assessment already made, or in anywise prejudice or affect that question.”

Of the amount assessed, \$11,278 56, but \$3495 75, according to G. Secretary Ridgely's and the Finance committee's reports, were actually paid in. This sum, together with the regular Constitutional Representative tax, entirely paid the expense for which the whole amount was designed, less \$187 55, and yet the magnanimous G.L.U.S. adopts by a large majority the above resolution! It is true that one Grand body was as much required to pay as another, and also is it true that one had as much right to decline payment as another. Each pleased itself, as it viewed the matter. Of those who did pay, we notice very distinctly, the majority to consist of those who had to pay the least. For instance, Mississippi and the District of Columbia paid; their portion amounted—the one to \$90 18½, the other to \$90 43½. And we find the principal actors of their representation, (Martin of Mississippi and Magruder of District of Columbia) the most rabid in their denunciations of and profuse in their resolutions to compel the “recusants” to walk up. This, a friend suggests, was upon the principle of “we've been fooled—'tis now your turn.” Not so much “fooled” neither, good sir; for the Representatives from District of Columbia received pay to the amount of \$178 20, whilst that received by those from Mississippi was \$225 45. Pretty safe investment that ninety dollars and three bits.

There are two points upon which we should like to obtain information. First, provided the whole amount is paid in, what disposition would the Grand Lodge of the United States make of the money? and second—the object being attained for which the money was first desired, what reason can the G.L.U.S. pre-

tend to assign for enforcing payment? But softly, Mr. Enquirer, here are the reasons:

Rep. Martin, of Miss., from the majority of the special committee, to whom the subject was referred, made the following report:

*To the R. W. G. Lodge of the U. S.*

The special committee appointed for the purpose, have had under consideration the refusal of various subordinates under this jurisdiction, to pay the amounts assessed upon them for the purpose of paying the mileage and per diem of Grand Representatives, and beg leave to report,

That they regret the existence of a question so serious in its character, but feel no hesitation in meeting it with the promptness and decision which its importance demands.

The Grand Lodge of the United States, in the language of the first Article of the Constitution, "possesses original and exclusive jurisdiction in Odd Fellowship over the territories comprising the federal government of the United States." Its powers are not derived from the State Grand bodies. The Subordinate Grand Lodges possess only such powers as are granted them by the Grand Lodge. All power not so granted is reserved and remains in this Grand Lodge. Your committee therefore deem the said assessment to have been made under the power vested in the Grand Lodge of the United States, to be constitutional and binding, and recommend that compliance therewith be required. The policy of such assessment is no longer a question of debate.

Your committee cannot recognize the right of a State Grand Lodge to nullify the laws of this body. Any attempt to do so should be met with firmness and be promptly condemned. This Grand Lodge will cease to deserve respect if we fail to require it from subordinates. Submission in one instance will invite a repetition of acts of insubordination, and this body will cease to preserve its dignity and become powerless to enforce its edicts. It becomes necessary, therefore, to rebuke those who have refused to comply with the legitimate requisitions of the Grand Lodge of the United States. Before our next regular communication, twelve months will have expired, and it will then properly devolve upon this Lodge to exclude recusant Grand bodies from representation, and to take such other steps as the nature of the case may require. Your committee recommend the passage of the following resolutions, to-wit:

1st. *Resolved*, That the action of the Grand

Lodge of the United States, in levying assessments upon Subordinates to pay the mileage and per diem of Grand Representatives was a legitimate exercise of its powers.

2d. *Resolved*, That the various Subordinates which have refused to pay such assessment have virtually asserted a right to nullify the acts of the Grand Lodge of the United States, which cannot be recognized.

3d. *Resolved*, That the payment of said assessment be and the same is hereby required.

4th. *Resolved*, That the question of depriving recusant Grand bodies of representation in the event they shall persist in refusing to pay said assessment, be referred to this Grand Lodge at its next annual communication, when its consideration will more properly arise.

W. T. MARTIN,

HENRY HOLMES,

WM. B. MAGRUDER,

H. A. MANCHESTER.

Now did ever tyranny give tongue more plainly than in that report? We defy the feudal ages of baronial castles and vested rights to present an answer more contumacious to the prayer of men protesting against a great wrong. But thanks to our own Representative, Ballard Smith, it was not suffered to pass unrebuked, Here is his report:

Rep. Smith, of Ky., the minority of the special committee to whom the subject was referred, made the following report:

*To the R. W. Grand Lodge of the U. S. :*

The undersigned, a minority of the committee to whom was referred the subject of the per diem and mileage assessments, would respectfully submit the accompanying resolutions, which are now in accordance with the opinion of his constituents.

This Grand Lodge has heretofore declared by a large majority, that the enactment levying the assessment was legal, which opinion is entitled to respect until it shall be otherwise decided by proper judicial appeal. Yet although the Grand Lodge has undoubted right, by legal enactment, to make a direct assessment upon the several subordinates, as a wise and just ruler, it should not insist upon its stern rights, or rigidly enforce a law that may have been hasty, ill-digested, and in its operation oppressive. The law was presented and passed at the same session, and without advising with its subordinates, who were the parties actually interested, and without giving them time to prepare for the radical change; the law therefore was a hasty one.

That it was ill-digested is evident from the

fact that it was repealed at the first communication after its enactment, and that it was oppressive is proven by the communications which have come up from many of the subordinate Grand Lodges.

Under the circumstances, therefore, the undersigned is of opinion it would be neither directly or indirectly yielding a right or prerogative, but on the contrary it would be wise and just policy to remit the assessments that have been levied under said law.

BALLARD SMITH.

*Resolved*, That the assessments made at the last communication upon the several subordinate Grand Lodges to meet the payment of the per diem allowance and mileage be remitted.

*Resolved*, That the respective amounts which have been paid by the several subordinate G. Lodges, in discharge of said assessments, be refunded or credited to such subordinates on account of the indebtedness which exists, or may hereafter accrue.

That report and accompanying resolutions were rejected by a vote of 42 to 29, whilst the former report and resolutions were adopted by 37 to 33, and thus the matter was permitted to rest, and so rests until the next session at Baltimore; the Grand bodies of course will govern themselves accordingly.

Louleville Odd Fellow.

Original.

TO MRS. H. W. ON HER MARRIAGE.

BY MRS. M. L. GARDINER.

Paradise was lost we know,  
Lost by woman, while the flower  
Of Immortality her brow  
Wreathed in Eden's sinless bower.

Yes, 't was lost, and ne'er can we  
Hope for perfect bliss while here;  
Yet, my child, my wish for thee  
Is that on thy cheek no tear

Save for sin may ever gleam.  
Tears, for sin, are priceless gems.  
God thro' heaven's effulgent beam,  
Sees no brighter diadems.

May the love that Eden knew,  
Consecrate thy nuptial shrine;  
Burn thro' life as bright and true,  
As when C. first whispered "mine."

Paradise so early lost,  
Be again restored in thee,  
And thy husband's pride and boast,  
Thy pure faith and constancy.

Angels, as in days of yore,  
Visit thee at noon and even,  
Ever o'er thy pathway pour,  
Flowers as sweet as bloom in heaven.

Original.

## EVIL SPEAKING.

There is perhaps no crime so fatal in its nature, and into which men so unconsciously fall and indulge, as speaking ill one of another. We too often give vent to our own feelings about others, in language that goes forth to the world, to the destruction of the hapless victim we have made the subject of our opinions, without the least intention to injure thereby, or even fancying the least annoyance could possibly accrue therefrom. We see not this evil in ourselves, nor do we know the extent or character of the consequences that inevitably follow the voice of defamation, until we see some unfortunate victim smuggled and laid prostrate within its arena, or brought within its poisonous limits ourselves, and there made to bear its malignant stripes; nor is it possible to follow it through all its ramifications, or see it in but few, very few of the many different forms it assumes, so silently and imperceptibly does it work, gathering strength in every spot, hovering around and around its prey, stealthily drawing nearer and nearer, and anxiously waiting an unguarded moment, to pounce upon, surprise and conquer! No precaution can secure us from the vitality of such a scourge; no situation in life, humble as it may be, can be relied on as a safeguard against so malicious a foe; neither age nor sex is spared, but all made to feel the keen anguish of a wounded reputation. So familiar have we become with this kind of conduct, so greedy of scandal that words are not now necessary to calumniate another—a distant hint, a nod, a wink, a mere shrug of the shoulders, is sufficient to attach some very significant meaning that goes forth to the world, where it is suffered to pass current. The mole hill becomes a mountain, the spark is soon kindled in a vivid flame, and what was in and of itself nothing, nor designed to indicate anything, becomes magnified into an enormity. It is thus men are frequently injured in their public as well as private character. In many instances is this the case where men fitted by nature for public avocations, in fact possessing great natural advantages for such stations, who, notwithstanding all their efforts, all their zeal in aspiring to such station, never succeed in acquiring it; or again, when engaged in business, and by attention, care, diligence, and integrity, have established a reputation for business and gathered together many warm and

ardent friends, suddenly find all interest is lost in his welfare—his friends begin to drop off; his business qualifications and integrity is questioned; and finally loses his character and influence, and no cause can be assigned for so sudden a transition from prosperity to adversity; no one can tell what hand had miraculously worked his destruction; it can frequently be traced to some sly glance, or distant hint, given through sinister motives, or with no particular motive at all, yet to which a perverted meaning has been applied, and sent forth to seek advocates; received the sanction first of enemies, then of strangers, then of friends, until it becomes established; slowly but effectually working his downfall, unknown to him until it bursts upon his head with all its fury; unlike most other events, it throws no shadow before it, to apprise him of the approaching storm, and thus enable him to prepare for the onslaught; but when all is apparently the most secure, danger the most distant, he then, of all times the most unprepared, is seized and hurled headlong to destruction. Thus perchance the affluent may be reduced to beggary; the fond and doating parent, upon whose labors depended a darling wife and offspring for support, may be hurried to premature graves, the wife become a widow, the children orphans, cast upon a cold and adverse world for charity.

But to leave this scene and take a look into another and a different part of the sequel. If such is the result of mere nodding assent, or giving sanction, without comment suffering it to pass for what it will fetch, what shall we say of open, unblushing scandal, that like some mighty pestilence stalketh abroad at noonday, marks well the tenderest part of its prey, and smites while the victim sleeps! What shall we say of those who invent a scheme, a stratagem, to calumniate another; who in the stillness of the hour when all is calm without and unruffled within—when the sun of prosperity has just ascended the meridian bathing in its genial rays his whole household. When friends with smiling countenances and extended hands greet us—when hopes are the highest and prospects the fairest, what shall we say of those who with malice aforethought, struggle to concentrate these murky streams to a focus, where, lashed into fury, they await the hour when innocence wrapped in the mantle of its own security, seeks repose to rush mercilessly upon them, and ere aid can be called to the rescue bury them beneath their tumultuous waves! What

anathema is too harsh to pronounce upon such wretches! What voice too clamorous to condemn! Justice is mocked, equity is disarmed, law is defiled; all falls far short of reaching them, concealment being their safeguard. Who is there that cannot recal to mind some forlorn friend, who, surrounded with all that heart could wish, has been suddenly cut off from its pleasures, immolated in despair by being brought within the precincts of scandal's obscene waters! Who is there that has not seen female loveliness and beauty in the very height of its perfection, smitten with decay; that graceful and dignified figure lose its graceful motion and elasticity; those once bright and beaming eyes, changed to cold and cheerless blanks; those blooming cheeks lit up with expression, turned pale and emaciated; that light and buoyant heart that once throbbed with the warmest emotions of love, a void and aching mass, making wretched those days that should have been the brightest, and in the very bloom of life, when youthful hopes were the highest, and life's current yet unruffled, have pined a few short days ere a tomb marked the resting place of this once promising creature, and do we ask what fell monster could have thus withered this bright transcript of all that was good? what demon could have guided!—what fury winged the deadly poignard to so fatal a spot? Ah! the deathly arrows of the slanderer, dipt in the poison of his own heart, have from some unknown hand, and secret spot, been shot forth and lodged in the recesses of her heart, there to prey upon her peace, there to gnaw upon her vitals, to render the oasis of her young heart a barren waste, a receptacle of despair, writhing in agony until the angel of mercy breaks the spell, sounds his trump, drowns her anguish, folds her within his sacred mantle, wings his way to realms of bliss, bears her spirit to another and a better world! Oh humanity, humanity, where are thy blessings! Oh, philanthropy where are thy treasures!

How many are there charitable unto the poor, yea even unto half their worldly goods, clothing the naked, feeding the hungry, drying up the tears of the widow and orphan, and making glad the hearts of the disconsolate; yet by an unruly tongue will pour streams of jealousy into families, arouse all the baser passions of men, set father against son, and son against father, converting domestic happiness into misery; supplanting harmony and concord with anarchy and confusion! How many are there scrupulously exact in all their

dealings, who can lay their hands upon their hearts, and say truly, no man have I wronged of a farthing? yet by an intemperate tongue, rob hundreds of what is dearer far to them than wealth—pilfer from them their good name, and thus perchance take the bread from their mouths, or blast the reputation of him who depended entirely upon his character for the maintenance of himself and family.

Who can estimate the number, with religion's hallowed mantle upon their shoulders, tutored in the school of righteousness, offer up long and fervent prayers for the good of their fellows; wring their hands in bitter anguish, and with flowing tears weep for the folly and wickedness of the children of men, who with feelings the most humane, sympathize with the unfortunate, seek to bind up the tendrils about and console the broken heart; yet at one fell swoop tarnish the lustre of all these bright qualities, by attacking the character of some, inoffensive creature, perhaps so mangling, butchering that treasure years may have been spent in procuring, as to leave him a total wreck, to be tossed upon the billows of corrupt passions, and at last stranded upon scandal's fatal shoals, dashed to pieces upon its rock bound coasts? Like the midnight assassin, they present to you the right hand of fellowship, whilst with the left, they plunge the dagger into your heart.

How many may we observe each and every day, struggling out an existence in misery and despair, being the victims of this scourge. How many shining talents, aspirants for fame, have suddenly been cut down and buried in obscurity by this odious principle! How many young hearts have bled and died unfelt and uncared for by others, and how many have been instantaneously crushed, ruined, hurled to destruction to rise no more! Ah! that day when all hearts shall be open, and no secrets hid, when the darkest deeds shall be brought to light, alone can unfold the extent of this iniquity—then, and not till then, will this tale of woe be told! Of all crimes this is the most aggravating—of all wrongs this is the deepest—of all Satan's machinations this is the most direful, and of all characters, this is the most loathsome and abhorrent. The voice of defamation once gone forth can never, never be recalled. 'Tis borne along upon every breeze, whispered in every ear, rests in almost every heart, continuing to work destruction upon its victim, unto the third and fourth generation—hence the offenders penitence is not capable of expi-

ation; there is no crime which such a wretch is not capable of perpetrating: against such a villain there is no armor of defence, no mode of evading the fatal blow, for ye know not when he cometh nor whither he striketh.

The amiable spirit of our institution particularly forbids the practice of this evil; every step we take in its principles is fraught with the paramount importance of brotherly love, to the welfare of mankind and the perpetuity of our Order. Let us then pay a just commendation to its merits, by guarding well our tongues, by paying strict attention to this ordinance, which is solemnly enjoined upon us, that we speak not evil one of another, but have tongues of good report. A.J.H.

Fort Wayne, Indiana.

PEACE.—How beautiful is peace—at the home hearth, in society, in the nation, and over all the earth. Obliterator of feuds—washer out of blood-stains, and uniter of earth's races in loving brotherhood. Six thousand years since, Cain smote his brother at the altar, the earth has travailed with war, and in blood. The only landmarks spared by the ages, have been trophies of ferocious conquest. Ruin and terror have swept over hills and valleys, and seas; and humanity, born with such noble and glorious visage, has walked a perturbed and terrible spirit, in this first earth garden and paradise of God. Peace, which should have been the companion of man, and the inspirer of beauty and joy, has only flashed at brief and wide intervals through the cloud and storm of earth's life. But it will not be ever so. The war of humanity with itself—its suicidal strife—its estrangement from its original nature, and from God, cannot always last. Eighteen hundred years ago, one came upon the earth, heralded by angels, who sang "Peace on earth, and good will unto men." And the prophecy of that song will come to pass. The unnatural war among men, societies, and nations, must cease. Slowly, but certainly, the cloud and tempest will roll back, unveiling the clear and serene sky, and humanity, self-bound, like Prometheus to the rock, will shake off the vulture which tortures it to agony. Peace will come to all the earth, for God has sent a token and given promise of it. Then shall the dove fly out from the human ark, over the wide sea of earth's ruin, plucking the olive leaf, and the bow of promise shall be hung in the heavens, that the water of war's desolation shall no more cover the earth.

Original.

TO H. T. S., OF MAYSVILLE, KY.

BY MISS M. E. WILSON.

'Tis night! and many bright eyed stars  
On yonder upper deep,  
Have come with light to bless the earth;  
They were not made for sleep.  
And down upon each fragrant flower,  
Their smiles are shed so bright,  
That nature all grows beautiful 'neath  
Their pure and radiant light.

And as I gaze upon this scene,  
I wish that thou wert here,  
Indeed my heart would gladden all,  
To know thee ling'ring near;  
Then come! the beauties of the heart,  
Perchance will glad thee now,  
And chase the shadow from thy heart,  
And brighten up thy brow.

I know that thou dost love to gaze  
On nature's beauteous scenes,  
And ever, ever picture them,  
In thy spirit's sunny dreams.  
Thy hate dost love to sing of buds,  
Of soft and breathing flowers,  
Just such as live far, far away  
'Mid balmy southern bowers.

And too thou dost remember well,  
The star's soft silv'ry beam,  
As brightly down its sweet smiles come  
Upon the woodland stream;  
For I have heard thee sing of this,  
Well as of buds and flowers,  
And ev'ry song serv'd but too well  
To wile away my hours.

Ah! did I say thy songs so sweet,  
Charms 'way my hours to well,  
Or made my heart once sad and lone,  
Grow glad beneath their spell?  
Ah, yes! for now I grieve unless  
I hear each silv'ry tone,  
And know that they so beautiful  
Are breath'd for me alone.

Maysville, Ky.

### ANNIVERSARY OF THE ORDER.

It is thirty-two years to-day (says the Golden Rule of April 26,) since Odd Fellowship took permanent root in this country. The rapid progress of our institution throughout this continent may be justly regarded as one of the greatest moral triumphs of the present age. Looking back to a period less than a third of a century, we discover in the Monumental city the first foot-prints of Odd Fellowship. There, amid the shades of obscurity, was her first rude altar reared. No glad note of welcome rose upon the air—no clarion's loud peal heralded her approach—no inspired bard swept the glowing wires to celebrate the auspicious event. Suspicion glared wildly upon the lovely stranger, and wherever she turned she was immediately greeted

with bigotry's darkest scowl and slander's deadliest hiss. Her reception was that of a lawless miscreant, hated and banned, and driven from the soil of the father-land to seek an asylum upon these western shores. But it was not so—beyond that wide waste of waters, tens of thousands of bounding hearts was hers; and while here she pined, neglected and despised, at that very moment throughout old Albion's time-honored isle, on hill and plain, in town and hamlet, in lordly hall and rustic cot, her vestal fires were brightly blazing—there to her the heartwarm vow of gratitude was breathed from many a manly lip, and there her shrines were wreathed with the tear-hallowed offerings of lonely widowhood and helpless orphanage. Yet where should she trust to find throughout the wide world a clime more congenial to the growth of the principles of heaven-born charity than that of Republican America? Where should her pure white banner wave, if not side by side with the glorious stripes and stars, which had so often led the van of Freedom's hosts, and floated in triumph upon her ramparts in the hour of victory!

Nor was that hope deceived. Tho' doomed to struggle for a succession of years with powerful opposition, excited mainly by misconception with regard to the real character of the institution, it has come forth from the ordeal like refined gold. And now as we look over the length and breadth of our land we find scarcely a section in which the rallying cry of our Order has not been heard. Journeying in whatever direction we may, an Odd Fellow cannot fail of meeting in the society of kindred spirits a welcome and a home.

To the gallant band of pioneers who so nobly breasted the storm in their efforts to plant the standard of our Order in America, we owe a tribute of admiration and gratitude. Since that period, the Order has been progressing with a rapidity unparalleled in the annals of benevolent enterprise. At first it resembled a little unpretending rivulet, quietly winding its course through the vale, unperceived amid the surrounding foliage—by degrees its borders became enlarged, until at length it was swelled to a broad, majestic lake, fed by numerous rivers, which, as they roll onward, are constantly widening and deepening until they pour their ample tributary streams into the mighty reservoir. The Order at this moment numbers at least 2500 Lodges, 500 Encampments, 200,000 members, and an annual revenue of one and a half millions of dollars.



Original.

## REFLECTIONS.

BY MRS. M. L. GARDINER.

When the heart is whole, and the sky of life cloudless, thoughts flowing from such a source are generally read with delight. Summer days, and summer scenes, happy firesides and unbroken circles, give a zest to each secret impulse, and the harp is easily and quickly tuned to notes of harmony, finding sweet responses in undisturbed and happy bosoms. Friends beloved, household joys, fireside pleasures, are the wealth of the soul, its precious gems, its casket of rubies. How secure does the spirit feel in the plenitude of its possessions, how insensible to change a deprivation of them would make. "Blessings brighten when they fly away;" they are not appreciated while in our possession, are not even rationally esteemed. But oh, let change come, let death enter the domestic circle, let separations take place, let children be scattered, and how is the harp hung upon the willows, and its notes of joyousness turned to weeping and lamentation! What a different sound does it give forth when taken from the bough, what tremulous hands sweep over its chords, what notes of anguish mingle in the breeze! How does vivid memory cause the tears to fall, and the heart to sigh, as imagination places around the festive board the loved of other days, and at twilight's hallowed hour, the hour in which the soul best knows itself, does the mind awake to pleasing and painful reflections. "When stars are in the quiet sky," and the moon in crescent loveliness mounts the blue heavens, when one by one these beautiful orbs from their far off windows look down upon us; the soul, surrounded as it feels it is by invisible, but beautiful spirits, would inquire if such is their home? If they are located in those bright palaces, and hold their revels in fixed stars, flying from one to another? Oh, what happiness to range in immensity, to soar far beyond the sun and moon, and to discover new suns, new heavens, and these not fixing any bounds to the works of God. How the mind goes up to these abodes of the blessed, and views countless hosts of redeemed ones gone from these rock-bound shores to their promised rest.

Life, like a brook, glides swiftly away, forever changing yet unperceived. How smoothly we descend the tide of time unconscious of the gliding wave, of a rising cloud, a hidden

flash. How sleeps the electric fluid in the sublime panorama nature presents. Thus with life, we float upon the deceitful stream until the shock has entered our souls, the thunder loud and dreadful breaks, as it were from a cloudless heaven, and the lightning that so recently slumbered, gleams forth in magnificent sublimity! The heart stunned—is not dead. The storm passes over, but oh, what desolation has it made! the tree is risen—the flowers are torn and scattered, and nought remains but the places where they once were. Living, speaking oracles of the past; full of language powerful and eloquent, and the sad heart, as "twilight lets her curtain down," communes with nature, and listens for the voices of blessed ones as they flit around invisible, but felt. Their shadowy arms are entwined around us, and the spirit again mingles with spirit, and asks of the "King in his beauty and the land that is far off." When beloved ones are gone, and the soul is sick with the longing it has for their dear society, when every earthly scene is shrouded and not one bright spot of all that has been remains. When the assurance the past can never return, friends departed we can see no more, comes home to the soul, the vacant chair, the hushed voice, the green earth, the firmament with its countless systems, are beheld only to add poignancy to the stricken spirit, how then can the muse awake save to sadness? Awake then my harp, awake, and earth's children, those who have drank of the bitter cup, seen their dearest idols dethroned, let them join in the melody of the soul and sing to a busy world, "Passing away."

Beautiful and impressive sentiment, "Passing away!" Yes, all that now delights and pleases, all that is attractive and lovely, all that is bright and cheering; infancy, childhood, youth and manhood, "Passing away." Like the plant, the bud and the blossom, they come forth; how carefully are they nursed, how softly tended, how quietly cradled, how closely curtailed! What fond anticipations arise as the leaves unfold, and the bright colors appear. Beautiful, beautiful indeed, but transient! A blast sweeps over the plain and all are withered! Where, oh where are the flowers? what hand can renew their bloom? or again rear the same plants? Others may come forth and display their iris colored petals, but the ones beloved, the favorites of the grove are gone! The leaves are scattered, and can never again be gathered, and made green. The florist sits in his leafless bower,

mourning over the tender plants he once so fondly cherished. Not a leaf remains! Memory is their only perfume, and this keeps alive the sweet remembrance of what they once were. But they shall live again. Bend, ye invisible ones! Lend the muse your lyre, and teach her the song never sung by mortals. Draw aside the curtain, the thin veil that hides futurity! let me behold the green fields, the pleasant groves, the bowers of bliss, the amber founts, the arbors of delight, the sinless region ye inhabit. Then shall my harp give forth sweet sounds, and the air rife with delicious music shall echo, and re-echo over every mountain height, over every sea, lake and river, and mingling with the roll of ocean, waft the choral strains to distant lands, and tell the poor and benighted ones of our earth of a heaven of holiness, a bright, and a beautiful world, in whose magnificent palaces the redeemed shall at last assemble, and every harp be attuned to the praise of Him, for whom all things were created.

Sag Harbor, L. I.

A TRUE GENTLEMAN.—Show me the young man who can quit the brilliant society of the young to listen to the kindly voice of age—who can hold cheerful converse with one whom years have deprived of charms—show me the man who is willing to help the deformed who stands in need of help—show me the man who would no more look rudely at the poor girl in the village, than at the elegant and well dressed lady in the saloon—show me the man who treats unprotected maidenhood, as he would the heiress surrounded by the powerful protection of rank, riches and family—show me the man who abhors the libertine's gibe, who shuns as a blasphemer the traducer of his mother's sex—who scorns, as he would a coward, the ridiculer of women's foibles, or the exposor of womanly reputation—show me that man who never forgets, for an instant, the delicacy, the respect that is due to woman in any condition or class—and you show me a gentleman—nay, you show me a better—you show me a true man and a christian.

Who are happy men? The mechanics? They live to benefit others—are always ready with a word to encourage—a smile to cheer—a look to persuade, and a dollar to assist. They are never fearful lest a good trade or an excellent bargain should fall into the hands of a poor neighbor, but the more rejoice when such a one meets with encouragement.

## TENETS OF ODD FELLOWSHIP.

### LOVE.

In the chain enclosing our brotherhood, there is another link akin to Friendship, an elder sister—"meek-eyed Love." While the former, as we have said, is identified with Odd Fellowship by peculiar and collateral interests, while it binds them as a band of brothers together, exerting its claims with earnestness and affection, the latter cements more firmly the bond, diffusing its warmth and shedding its heavenly radiance around, about and above, crowning the labors of our Order with success, and lighting its pathway upon the right hand and the left, with the brightest beams of its gorgeous sunlight.

"Love is not passion in that narrow sense,  
That links the heart to others of its kind."

Nor is it that uncontrolled desire which madly wastes philanthropy and pity, and scatters waste in profusion around the needy and suffering—it is a higher and a holier virtue, having

"No thought of self,  
Not being bought with ruthless usurer's gold,"

given to earth, the prototype of Heaven, to show by dim, imperfect reflection, the duty, the mission of man.

In our state of mutual dependency, in the world composed of a variety of conflicting interests, of souls unlike in passion, hope, desire or tendency; in this medley creation, this moving mass of breathing clay, what associative principle, by man defined, or by human genius devised, could have touched all hearts alike, and awakened in each a vibration which in all should well and sweetly accord, producing unmistakable harmony—sounds that the whole, the mass, could utter and appreciate, vying in matchless intonations with the "music of the spheres." What philanthropy, what disinterestedness, has ever been universally admired, what kindness has been too manifest to have been misconstrued, what proudest charity of humanity has not been reviled and abused—yet who has spoken against true love, pure and sparkling, gemmed with the dew of the hearts's first freshness?

"Love, alike to soothe or save,  
Kindly watches o'er us  
From the cradle to the grave,  
And with every tossing wave,  
Soars and sings in chorus.

Love is Life's pervading charm  
In bright or angry weather,  
Let the pure flame keep us warm,  
And light us all from hate and harm  
In brotherhood together."

Therefore it is that we cherish it as Odd Fellows; yet our secluded habits, our closed doors, seem, it is said, to preclude this holy desire. Men imagine we are Odd Fellows only in the Lodge room—but here is a great mistake. "Let your light shine before men," is no less recognized as the commands of our Saviour by Odd Fellows than by any class, but rather on the contrary, they have the precept in their hearts; their daily walks, their lives, their communion with the world and its entire population, all should be beaming and overflowing with Love.

Friendship, Love and Truth, the arch of our association, falls when the keystone crumbles. Love overthrown, its beauty is forever lost, and the noble pillars are no longer united, the fabric's perfection is bartered, and a mere wreck is left to mark the grave of its grandeur. Love is the incentive which binds us to the world, as Friendship binds us to one another; it is the medium whereby our associative goodness does affect the general welfare, for being within us, it must break forth; it were folly to strive for its concealment, its nature is impulsive, its kindness can in no wise be controlled, or its liberty curtailed; it will brook no bonds, and scorns all binding—the race is the divine object of its yearning solicitude, and there are only the wide-spread limits of creation to its influence.

Talk of making Love a secret virtue,

"You may as well go stand upon the beach,  
And bid the main flood bate his usual tide."

as hope to keep it in your narrow circle; let the defamer of our Order remember of Love, in the words of the poet Wilson,

"Its holy flame forever burneth,  
From Heaven it came, to Heaven returneth,  
Love dwelleth here 'mid toil and care,  
But the harvest time of Love is there."

It is no venal virtue, that returns only, or gives scantily, meting out with the hope of reward sparingly, yet ever spreading forth the grasping hand ready to receive, to hoard, to gather. It is the smile of Heaven reflected in mercy, and it is received by the spirit with joy, it is entertained with gladness; each resource of the human heart is drained to give it hospitable cheer and kindly welcome, to all; it is a guest that bringeth gladness. It receiveth the admiration of all tongues, and no one despises its communion—therefore it ornaments our Order with a brighter than earthly lustre, and adds honor to our age.

"Shut not thy bosom to the tenderness of love, the purity of its flame shall ennoble thy

heart," said an ancient, yet a deeply philosophical writer, an author who had studied assiduously the heart, and has left behind him a work which, side by side with the highest of books, shall pass from generation to generation, read by the wisest and the best; and it is echoed by our institution in its motto; it is in its practice glorified, and "Love one another," is its first great principle. As christianity is based upon the two great laws, so is Odd Fellowship based upon this maxim, the spirit of all laws. Love one another, and the world shall receive you to its bosom echoing your watchwords, beholding the unity of your design, the singleness of your purpose, the height of your aim and the propriety of your conduct. Love one another—the sharing of labor, the division of happiness would give to each a goodly share; then strive to bring so desirable an end about, anxiously weed your hearts of hatred and envy, look upon your fellow men and love them. Then shall your heart gather strength from your adherence to our tenets, and you shall know the truth of the following lines:

About Ben Adhem, (may his tribe increase),  
Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace,  
And saw within the moonlight in his room,  
Making it rich and like a lily's bloom,  
An angel writing in a book of gold.  
Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold;  
And to the presence in the room he said,  
"What writest thou?" The vision raised its head,  
And with a look made all of sweet accord,  
Answered, "The names of those who love the Lord."  
"And is mine one?" said Abou. "Nay, not so,"  
Replied the angel. Abou spoke more low,  
But cheerily still, and said, "I pray thee then,  
Write me as one that loves his fellow men."  
The angel wrote and vanished. The next night  
It came again with a great wakening light,  
And showed the names whom love of God had blessed.  
And lo! Ben Adhem's name led all the rest.

Boston Odd Fellow.

HOW TO PRESERVE HEALTH.—Medicine will never remedy bad habits. It is utterly futile to think of living in gluttony, intemperance and every excess, and keeping the body in health by medicine. Indulgence of the appetite, and indiscriminate dosing and drugging, have ruined the health, and destroyed the life of more persons than famine, sword and pestilence. If you will take advice, you will become regular in your habits, eat and drink wholesome things, sleep on mattresses, retire and rise very regularly. Make a free use of water to purify the skin, and when sick, take counsel of the best physician you know and follow nature.

## EXTRACTS FROM AN ADDRESS.

BY BRO. P. A. HACKLEMAN.

Man is a dependent creature; dependent upon his Creator and dependent upon his fellow-men. Throughout all the ramifications of society and government, this great truth stamps itself upon the relations of life, upon every feature of the social fabric. Man is not only a dependent creature, but he is a social being, so endowed by his Creator that association is essential to his happiness and to the developement of his moral excellence. The sentiments of Love, Benevolence, Friendship and Fraternity, which well up in the human heart, like springs of living water, to invigorate and beautify human nature, without association, without a commingling of man with his fellow man, would, like the fountains of a barren, desolate country, dry up and disappear, leaving the human heart an arid waste, and man a selfish, miserable misanthropist. From this state of dependence and from this law of our nature, arises the necessity for fraternal and beneficiary societies, for the cultivation of the social sentiments and the relief of distress. Odd Fellowship is founded, therefore, on principles which all intelligent men acknowledge to be of paramount importance to the happiness and well-being of society; which are alike axioms among all civilized nations, and which, if properly observed, cannot fail to have a beneficial effect upon the human family. Our Order proceeds upon the supposition that all men are brethren, the offspring of a common parent, and seeks, by habits of closer associations, for objects of an enlarged and animating philanthropy, to break down the prejudices which improper education has interposed between the hearts of men; to imbue its initiates with proper conceptions of their capabilities for good; to elevate them in the scale of moral excellence; to increase their usefulness as members of society, and to realize as far as practicable, the benefits which would ensue to mankind, were the souls of all men truly knit together in the bonds of universal brotherhood. It is an institution of true moral influence, and its teachings are addressed to the hearts and consciences of its members. While it does not claim to be a religious organization, in the common acceptation of the term, and while it seeks to encroach upon no prerogative of the church, it claims to be the emporium and dispensary of those charities

which are the highest ornaments to the christian character, and which exert such a salutary and beneficent influence upon the human heart and upon the welfare of the human race. Odd Fellowship labors to promote good will among men; to send forth its initiates clothed with the dignity of truth, animated with the spirit of love and filled with the sentiment of friendship; to enlarge the sphere of their usefulness, by constantly reminding them of their duty towards God and man; to increase their love one for another, by reminding them of the imperfections of human nature and by exhorting them to exercise that charity of which it is said: "Charity suffereth long and is kind; charity envieth not; charity vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up, doth not behave itself unseemly, seeketh not her own, is not easily provoked, thinketh no evil; rejoiceth not in iniquity, but rejoiceth in the truth, beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things," and to attain a great earthly good by laying, broad and deep, the foundations of brotherly regard. It seeks to promote harmony in the world such as is anticipated in the coming of that period yet hidden in the womb of time, and to which hope looks forward with ardent joy, when the chains of human bondage shall be broken and the tears and woes of this world shall be submerged by the healing tide which shall flow from the fountain of benevolence and peace—when the ancient wrongs of the world shall disappear, and its millennial glory arise—when men shall beat their swords into plow shares and their spears into pruning hooks, and nation shall no more rise up against nation to mar the beauty of the earth with the gore of human victims!

Although our Order does not profess to be a religious organization, at least of a sectarian character, it draws its lessons of instruction from that great fountain of truth from which the church derives its sublime doctrines and its time-honored institutions. It enjoins the practice of those exalted virtues which adorn and beautify the christian character, which have been admired and extolled by the well-wishers to our race in all ages, and which are the true sources of happiness to all mankind. But while it leaves each individual member to choose his own method of worship—"under his own vine and fig tree without any to molest or make him afraid"—no man can pass its threshold, without a gross violation of his honor, who does not believe in the existence of a "Supreme Intelligent Being,

the Maker and Preserver of the Universe." This is the universal qualification for membership, and one about which there can be no compromise. It is one of the fundamental laws of the institution, which cannot be disregarded and which ought not to be violated. While our Order is anti-sectarian in religion and politics, and allows of full and free toleration in regard to both, it urges upon its members the importance of observing and practicing that great fundamental law upon which rests, in grand magnificence and glory, the whole catalogue of christian duties—"Whatsoever ye would that other men should do unto you, do ye even so unto them!" You will perceive that the foundations of the Order are laid upon a sure basis, the basis of eternal truth and right, and that the Order is the hand-maiden of christianity, and that it must delight to dispense its bounties in aid of the needy and distressed.

The leading principle of the Order is fraternity, a universal fraternity among the family of man, and all other principles and objects, numerous and important as they are, either result from, grow out of, or are modifications of this great leading feature, this corner-stone of the fabric. Man's improvement in the social virtues, his elevation in the scale of intelligence, his advancement in true philanthropy, but the better qualify him to comprehend and practice those duties which he owes to his fellow-men, and but the better enable him to disrobe himself of selfishness which is one of the greatest stigmas upon the human character. Man, to fill with fidelity the place intended by the Creator to be occupied by him, must be liberal in his views, accomodating in his disposition, social in his feelings, faithful to his country, and fraternal to his fellow-men. Hospitality to the stranger—giving bread to the hungry and water to the thirsty—succoring the enfeebled—sympathizing with those in distress—practicing truth in intercourse, and allowing of full and free toleration, are, therefore, distinguishing traits in the conduct of every genuine Odd Fellow.

Public charities and benevolent associations, for the gratuitous relief of every species of distress, are peculiar to christianity; no other system of civil or religious policy has originated them; they form its highest praise and characteristic feature: an order of benevolence so disinterested and so exalted, looking before and after, could no more have preceded revelation than light the sun.

## OPPOSITION TO ODD FELLOWSHIP.

It is a matter both of surprise and regret that there should exist in any mind a dislike and opposition to the institutions of Odd Fellowship. We wish it were otherwise, not merely for the sake of our Order and its members, but for the welfare of society where our Lodges exist. Believing and knowing as we do, that the principles inculcated in our Lodges, and the objects sought to be accomplished by our Order, are promotive of extensive and permanent benefit to society at large, we cannot but feel a deep and unaffected regret that any opposition to the Order should come from sources of intelligence and respectability, and particularly that such opposition should be characterized by a want of liberality and fairness. To some particular sections, and by a certain class of persons, this opposition is carried on with an unscrupulous zeal. There is an entire absence of a kind, charitable and frank spirit, such as christianity recommends, and a decent respect for the courtesy of society indicates. This class of persons hate Odd Fellows without a cause, and condemn our Order without a hearing. They are afraid to meet us in an open and free debate, and unwilling those more liberal minded and better disposed than themselves, should have an opportunity of hearing our defence against their unfounded and illiberal assaults upon our institutions. These opponents pretend to oppose us from moral and patriotic motives, and yet they are careful to condemn us in our absence, or select a time and place for their opposition, when it would be indecorous to dispute with or answer them. Instead of meeting us with the magnanimity of men conscious of being right in their cause, and demanding, or even permitting us the privilege of bringing forth our strong reasons, and justifying ourselves and our Order for our course of action, and then refuting us fairly and honorably, as they say they can, they ignobly attack us and our Order in a covert and underhanded manner, thus preventing us from unmasking the real motive that lies at the bottom of their opposition. This species of attack both in kind and degree is cruel and ungenerous—as contemptible as it is mischievous.

Sometimes the pulpit is made the place for an attack upon the Order, and though done under an avowed indisposition to do us an injury, yet accompanied with an unmistakeable evidence of a rankling hate existing in their

minds. To assume an attitude of self-defence at such times and places, Odd Fellows cannot, without subjecting themselves to the charge of rudeness or disrespect to the institutions of religion. From this consideration they are compelled to endure this palpable wrong and injustice, confiding in the intelligence and candor of those hearing it, to administer the needful corrective. If such objectors are sincere when publicly condemning our Order, it should be their duty and pleasure to meet us in an open, frank and courteous manner, and either convert us from (what they say is) "the error of our ways," or permit us to correct the mistakes into which they have fallen.

We have said that it is a matter both of *regret* and *surprise* to find such dislikes and opposition from *intelligent* and *respectable* sources. So it is. If the ignorant and vicious portions of society were to be left alone in their accustomed work of warring against measures calculated to improve their condition and elevate their characters, however much their opposition might be deplored, it would not excite our *surprise*—but to find all the better portion of society, and even ministers, striking hands with these foes to the progress and improvements of the race excites both *surprise* and *regret*.

We ask if it is not a matter for *surprise*, that ministers of the gospel should needlessly excite unpleasant feelings and promote disturbances in families and neighborhoods, by engaging in a crusade of persecution against benevolent societies, thus preventing themselves the opportunity of doing good. But when from the want of real good or sufficient reason, they descend to the pitiful stratagem of insinuating, what they dare not openly avow, in order to excite prejudices, it is stepping out of the sphere of their legitimate calling and place, subjecting themselves to censures and reproaches, that cripple their usefulness, and retards the march of improvement in their churches.

Odd Fellows do not wish ministers or members of churches, or any other persons, to unite with the Order, unless it be their own voluntary and expressed desire. Nor do they attend any particular church or stay away from another, because the ministers of these churches are or are not Odd Fellows. They do not sacrifice their own religious predilections as men and christians, nor do they desire or expect their families to make such sacrifices for them. Nor do they ask ministers to avow a friendship for the Order, when

not congenial with their own convictions of right and duty, but they do expect, and they have a right to expect, that if opposition is to be the order of the day, with some, it should be that of a manly, dignified cast—such as will command respect for our opposers, however much we may disapprove the opposition itself. In other words we expect opponents to act like gentlemen.

Mirror of the Times.

Original.

## THE VISIT OF SPRING.

BY HENRY T. STANTON.

Spring is coming, spring is coming,  
For I see it on the stream—  
See her glancing, see her dancing,  
'Neath the golden sunset's gleam.  
See her leaping, see her sleeping,  
In a thousand chrystal rills—  
See her splashing, list her dashing,  
Adown the green clad hills.

Spring is coming, spring is coming,  
For I see it on the tree,  
See her flushing, see her blushing,  
List her singing merrily;  
See she lingers, watch her fingers,  
As she paints the petal sweet,  
See she's hiding, see she's gliding,  
With step so gay and fleet.

Spring has met us, spring has met us,  
For I see her emerald dye:  
See her springing, hear her singing,  
As she gaily flutters by.  
See her bow'ring, mark her show'ring,  
Thro' the verdant valleys low;  
See her budding, see her flooding,  
And her silver riv'lets flow.

Spring has met us, spring has met us,  
For I hear the birdling's lay;  
Watch it clinging; see it winging,  
In the balmy air away.  
Fled is sadness, all is gladness,  
While the merry spring is here;  
Hearts are lighter, smiles are brighter,  
While she lingers sweetly near.

Spring is going, spring is going,  
For I see her fading smile;  
See her leaping turns to weeping,  
As she bids adieu the while.  
Sweet our meeting, gay our greeting,  
To the spring-times happy freak,  
Now the parting tears are starting,  
Adown the maiden's cheek.

Spring is going, spring is going,  
See her sullen down-cast look;  
List the rolling waters shoaling  
From the river to the brook.  
Now the "crafting winds" are wafting,  
Thro' the vale her spicy breath;  
Now she's sighing, ah! she's dying.  
Now she "sleeps the sleep of death."

Maysoille, Ky.

# The Ark.

ALEX. E. GLENN, Editor.

## COMPETENCY OF LODGE OFFICERS.

During the present month the nomination and election of officers for our Lodges and Encampments will take place. This is always a matter of great importance—much more so, indeed than is often contemplated, if we are to judge from the qualifications of those who fill the chairs; and we have concluded that an article on the subject, at this time, might be of some benefit to the Lodges, by inducing them to cast their eyes about them with a view of making the proper selection of officers.

Every Lodge and Encampment should endeavor to select good and competent officers—those who can and will discharge their duties promptly and lawfully. Too much attention is often given to what is called “*claims*”—to those who set up a *right* to be elected. Now, we deny that any one has a *right* to any office in the Order, or that there is such a thing as a *claim* to an office, or that a Lodge is bound to bestow an office upon any one. It too often happens that claims are set up because such a candidate is the oldest member, or because he has held such an office heretofore. These things are not entitled to the least weight or regard, unless the candidate is in every way qualified to fill the place—has been an attentive member, and is a good Odd Fellow. When such members are elected officers, a Lodge will be well attended, and must prosper.

There is often too much strife for office. It would be better if many were more modest—much better we think if none were to put themselves forward, but let the Lodges make a requisition for the services of those who are competent. Then we should have good officers, and Lodges would not be bored by incompetent officers. Those who are incompetent, and will not endeavor to qualify themselves, and who are generally the most anxious to get into office, would not be elected.

We have found in the Golden Rule, some

appropriate remarks on this subject, which we endorse and append:

‘COMPETENCY OF OFFICERS.—If there is any subject connected with our Order which demands, at the present time, the most serious consideration of the brethren, it is this which we have just mentioned. It lies very near the root of all our prosperity. Nothing will invest our Order with so much dignity—nothing will so secure the respect of new members, and win their reverence and love—and nothing, we are certain, will make the ritual of Odd Fellowship so attracting to ourselves, as a dignified, decorous, and correct administration. Whereas, on the contrary, no one can conceive the injury which is inflicted upon us by inefficient officers; of whom, we are sorry to say, there are far too many. We have sometimes been infinitely pained, to say the least, when it has been our lot to witness the dreadful havoc which is made of our WORK, by officers who can scarcely read.

‘A Lodge, in selecting individuals to fill the various offices, should have no other desire than to find the men who will best discharge the respective duties of each. The Charges and Lectures of the Order are exceedingly elegant and refined, and no one, therefore, should venture to lay sacrilegious hands upon them, or attempt to deliver them, unless he can do so with a corresponding elegance and grace. That miserable, mumbling, unintelligible manner of performing these duties, which is even now the bane of many of our Lodges, should be denounced everywhere, till the evil disappears. A gentlemanly address, a ready speech, and an impressive manner of delivery, are indispensable qualifications; without them, no brother, it seems to us, ought to be considered eligible to office.

‘We speak with great plainness on this subject, because it is of momentous importance. It is a fact, which we are obliged to confess, that there are hundreds of the most respectable and intelligent citizens of the United States, who never attend any meetings, having been disgusted at their initiation, by the undignified administration of the rites.

‘It is a happiness, however, to know that

the Order is everywhere waking up to a consciousness of this evil, and all the brethren are anxious for its removal. The members of the fraternity have so deep a love for it, they will readily sacrifice all private feeling, for the general good. Those who have the requisite qualifications for office will not shrink from its duties, labors and responsibilities; and those who have them not, will apply themselves diligently to the business and science of Odd Fellowship, that they may become proficient therein, to their own honor and the credit of the Order.

‘We would not for a moment, be understood to favor the notion of an aristocracy in the Order of Odd Fellows. We do not mean to say, that none but literary and educated men should be allowed to hold offices in our Lodges. We only mean, that all who aspire to these honors shall, by previous study and practice, qualify themselves. And this we must most strenuously insist upon. There is no Odd Fellow, of good common sense, who may not, in a very short time, by proper study, make a good officer. We would not debar any one, whatever his condition in life, from the honors of the Order; but we would rather inspire all with a desire of becoming worthy of them by their qualifications. We care not what a man’s professions may be—we care not a pin whether he be the President, or the humblest rag-picker of our street, be he only honest, intelligent and *qualified*.

‘We hope our brethren will think more of this matter, for great is the need of it. It would be a very useful practice to examine brothers before installation, to ascertain whether their qualifications are equal to the respective duties of the offices they expect to fill. This would have other most salutary results. It would create among the brethren a desire for literary cultivation, and a taste for literary pursuit; for, as all Odd Fellows expect sooner or later to fill the offices, so all would labor for the requisite qualifications. For ourselves, we love Odd Fellowship with an increasing attachment; we see its beauties, and appreciate all its worth, and are therefore anxious, above all things else, to see it working with-

out any hindrance, and accomplishing, with unfettered energies, its ministry of beneficence and love.

### THE N. G.

As appropriate to follow the foregoing article, we append the following, in relation to the N.G. of the Lodge. It is from the pen of that distinguished brother, the Rev. B. B. Halleck, and originated in reply to the question of a lady, made in jest, as to what “N.G.” meant. Several explanations were given, among them that of “Noted Grandfather,” whereupon Bro. B. says—

“The N.G. does in reality, hold the place of a *father*; and it is easy to recognize his duty and the nature of his office with this fact now before us. His authority, his conduct, his decisions, and discipline should be parental, consequently, he must aim for the good of the whole. He should have no favorites, no partialities; but always keep it in mind that he stands at the head of his family to rule with unflinching rectitude, but with paternal clemency; to decide with unwavering confidence and firmness, but with impartial justice; to rebuke and admonish in truth and equity, but with fatherly kindness; and to discipline and govern his children according to prescribed and acknowledged jurisdiction, but with all that lenity and forbearance which a wise and good father can feel justified in exercising. The high and the low, the rich and the poor, the familiar acquaintance, or the stranger, are alike the objects of his regard; they meet together under his roof, and together stand on the same level around his board. They are alike entitled to the same privileges that he confers, the freedom that he grants, and the favors he bestows; and alike must they feel the rod of his chastening when they disobey or rebel. He may rejoice at the courtesy and kindness and tractability of one, and deplore the impetuosity and perversity of another; but he must not lose sight of the important and interesting truth, that he is a *father*.

“Hence arises the great utility of exercising *prudence* as well as zeal, *discretion* as well as personal preferences in making choice of an N.G. It is no disparagement to the moral worth of any brother; no dishonorable reflection on any, to say, that every, and all members are not qualified for this station. A young man of a fervid, enthusiastic temperament, could hardly be expected to perform du-



ties of a parental kind, or to command the respect and subordination of his superiors in age and wisdom. One more advanced in years, who is known, and who knows himself to be of a sanguinary temperament, easily excited, testy, and inflammable, under opposition, or provocation, should not aspire to this station. Both of this class can do something else; they will be efficient, 'good men and true' on committees, and other duties, but their good sense ought to restrain them from aspiring to the chief seat. We know not but these brief and desultory remarks may meet with the disapproval of some, but they are made with all kindness and *pro bono publico* (for the public good) as respects the brotherhood. There can be men found in all Lodges, whose equanimity of temper, experience, ability, and devotion to the Order, fully qualify them for the arduous and responsible duties of N.G. They should be selected, *in our opinion*, in preference to others."

#### CELEBRATION AT NEW LISBON.

Concordia Lodge, No. 88, had a splendid celebration at New Lisbon, on the 26th of April. There was a large attendance from neighboring Lodges, and an eloquent address from Rev. Bro. Adams. We copy as follows, from the New Lisbon Palladium:

**ODD FELLOW'S CELEBRATION.**—On Saturday last the Odd Fellows of this place held a celebration, that day being the 32d anniversary of the establishment of their Order, on its present basis in the United States. A goodly number of the mystic brotherhood from a distance were in attendance. The Lodges of Pittsburgh, Salem, Wellsville, Hanover, New Castle, &c., sent forth their representatives. The bands of Hanover and Wellsville added to the hilarity of the occasion by their excellent music, and when the Order left their Lodge room in procession clad in their appropriate regalia, they were gazed upon by the largest concourse of people we have seen for years collected in our town.

The exercises of the day were held in the Presbyterian Church. This large building was completely filled; the audience listening with breathless expectation to catch the strains of eloquence that fell from the lips of the Rev. S. L. Adams, of Kentucky, the orator of the day. This gentleman's masterly expositions of the principles, objects and mysteries of the Order, of which he is a distinguished member, will undoubtedly have a tendency to al-

lay the feelings of prejudice which have existed in the minds of many against secret societies. If the positions he advanced are true, (and why should we doubt since we have had a practical illustration of some of them exhibited in our midst,) we cannot but help regarding this Order as one of the means by which the condition of the human race is to be ameliorated and improved.

The choir, composed of a number of ladies and gentlemen of New Lisbon, executed in a masterly manner some very beautiful and appropriate odes, and at the close of the exercises the audience departed, evidently delighted with the scenes they had witnessed.

#### A GOOD EXAMPLE.

A few days since we received a letter from three young ladies in this State, enclosing a dollar, and requesting The Ark sent to them. We take the liberty of giving a portion of the letter, as follows:

"Our father is an old Odd Fellow, and also a Freemason, and as he takes some of the Masonic publications we thought we would like to read The Ark. Although we cannot meet in the Lodge, we can give our influence to the cause, as we believe the Order is a good one, if lived up to."

There is an example worthy of imitation by many older females—we do not mean to take The Ark—but to lend their influence to the cause, instead of opposing it, and finding fault with their husbands for being Odd Fellows. We are very certain these sisters are intelligent, sensible girls, and altogether worthy of good Odd Fellows for husbands. We hope they may get none other than good Odd Fellows.

**THE ORDER IN FULTON.**—The Order in Fulton, in this State, had a beautiful Bible presented to the Lodge on the 8th of May, by the ladies of that place. The presentation address was delivered by Mrs. Jane Sumwalt, and an address was delivered by Bro. R. B. Hayes. There was a good attendance of Brothers from the Lodges in Cincinnati, Covington and Newport. Fulton Lodge, No. 112, is composed of an excellent set of members—has never had any trouble, but live in peace and harmony, and deserves the countenance, good will, and approving smiles of the ladies.

## PAST SECRETARY'S DEGREE.

The inquiry is very often made whether the Permanent Secretary is entitled to the Past Official Degree of Past Secretary? and if service as Permanent Secretary renders a brother eligible to the office of Vice Grand? Both questions are to be answered in the negative. The Permanent Secretary is not entitled to any honors. He is the Book-keeper or Accountant of the Lodge, and is a salaried officer. The foregoing questions would scarcely arise with any one who had examined the Laws. The Degree is for the Past Secretary, and there is no such thing as a *Past Permanent Secretary's Degree*. The question is asked and decided on page 70 of the proceedings of our Grand Lodge, January session, 1851.

A word as to conferring the Past Degrees. No one is entitled to *any one* of the Past Degrees until he has passed the N.G.'s. chair, and has received a certificate from his Lodge, stating what elective offices he has filled, and recommending him to a seat in the Grand Lodge. If he is the first N.G. or V.G. of a new Lodge, the certificate must state the fact. Then the D.D.G.M. may confer the Past Official Degrees, *but not* the Grand Lodge Degree. This latter Degree can only be conferred in the body of the Grand Lodge, or in a room contiguous thereto. Some D.D.G.M.'s. have been in the habit of conferring the Past Secretary's Degree, and Past V.G.'s. Degree as soon as those chairs were passed. This is entirely wrong.

Bro. John B. Miller writes us in reference to The Ark, and enclosed a dollar in his letter, and wants The Ark sent to him. We will cheerfully comply whenever he advises us to what Post Office it is to be sent.

It often occurs that persons write us without naming the Post Office. When a subscriber changes his residence, he ought to say where The Ark has been sent to him at. We have now a letter from a brother dated at Xenia, asking us to change the direction of The Ark to him at that place. We do not know where it has been sent, and we have not time to hunt over several hundred names to find it.

## CELEBRATIONS.

Wooster Lodge, No. 42, is to have a procession and address on Friday, the 13th inst., to which they invite all brothers who can find it convenient to attend. A cordial greeting will be extended to all. We hope there will be a good attendance.

Mt. Vernon Lodge, No. 20, will have a procession and address on Thursday, the 19th of June. The address will be delivered by Rev. Bro. MATHER. A cordial invitation is extended to the brotherhood of the neighboring Lodges to be present. We presume there will be a large gathering—larger perhaps than has ever been at any place in the State, on account of the facilities to reach Mt. Vernon by railroad. There are some 12 Lodges on, or nearly on, the line of the Sandusky and Newark railroad, and there will be a large attendance from each one, so we are informed. We intend that Columbus shall be represented on the occasion.

The members of Clement Lodge, No. 129, and visiting brothers, had a procession and address at Bridgeport, Ohio, on the 26th of April, but no account of it has been sent us. Nor have we heard from the celebration at Winchester, Preble county, on the 17th of May. Some brother should always send us an account of these celebrations, and also notices of intended celebrations. We publish such things with pleasure.

THE POWER OF LOVE.—We commence in the present number, an excellent story, headed as above. It beautifully illustrates the power of love; and how much can be accomplished by kind advice and persuasion. As one of the leading principles of the Order is Love, let all read the story, and remember its moral.

NEW LODGE.—A Lodge was instituted at Edinburgh, Johnson county, Indiana, on the 28th of April, by D.D.G.M. W. S. Johnson, and is called Herndon Lodge, No. 95, in honor of the present M.W. Grand Master of Indiana. The officers elected and installed are J. S. Jelf, NG; S. Wilson, VG; Joseph Hunt, Sec'y; Adam Clark, Treasurer.

## NOT RIGHT.

Under this head a late number of the Golden Rule has the following article:

It is a gross violation of duty to the Order to give a withdrawal card to a troublesome and criminal member. We complain when European nations ship their paupers and convicts to our shores. And yet we have known a Lodge having a member, who was guilty of offences which would have expelled him from the Order had he been justly dealt with, to save themselves the trouble and strife of a trial, or for the lack of moral courage, compromise the matter by giving him a card, recommending him to the Order as a worthy Odd Fellow, deserving their confidence and protection!

Now let it be understood, that no member of a Lodge can vote for such a procedure, and be guiltless of downright (and probably injurious) falsehood to every Lodge or brother who may be deceived by such card. Nor can the officers of such Lodge sign a card under such circumstances, without forfeiting their claim to be credited. It may be supposed that this language is too severe. But look at the *offence*—trace it out in its probable consequences—consider the utter breaking up of confidence in our official credentials which such a practice must tend to produce, and reflect how many good and deserving brethren who rely on such credentials, are thereby made liable to be treated with suspicion and distrust—take all these legitimate consequences of such faithless and deceptive conduct in view, and we think all will agree that our condemnation of it is mild and very restrained.

Indeed, we would go further, and say that every member who silently acquiesces in such wrong-doing by his Lodge, is guilty of violating his obligations to his brethren. And any Lodge known to be guilty of this conniving at the escape of a bad man from justice, and aiding him to impose on a sister body, should be duly brought to trial, and if proven guilty should be deprived of its charter. Without perfect truthfulness and fraternal honesty in our Order—between members and Lodges—the foundations of confidence will be broken up, and our beautiful and beneficent system prove a mere thing of words and appearances—a hollow, detestable *sham*!

We question much if a more pointed, truthful and sensible article ever appeared in the columns of the Golden Rule, or any other publication devoted to the cause of Odd Fellowship.

It is a subject which has been overlooked, and no one seems to have deemed it of sufficient consequence to demand the attention of the Order. The granting of a withdrawal card is an important matter; and it should never, in any case, be done, except where the brothers is in reality in good standing; yet how often is it the case that Lodges grant cards merely to get rid of a bad or troublesome member. When such is the case, it is evidence of a want of moral courage on the part of the Lodge to deal with the member as the law provides; and if found unworthy, to suspend or expel him, instead of granting him a Card, "recommending him to the friendship and protection of the Order, and admission into any regular Lodge to which he may apply."

Do brothers consider what they are doing when they recommend a member whom they *know* to be unworthy, to the friendship and protection of the brotherhood? It may well be exclaimed that such conduct is a hollow, miserable sham! It does seem that a moment's reflection will convince any one of such a great wrong.

—But this is not all which is *not right*. There are other things connected with the Order now-a-days, which is not right, and a long article might be written on the subject. We will name one. It is altogether wrong to retain members who are of intemperate habits. We speak freely and knowingly when we say there are now by far too many such in the Order; and it seems that the Lodges do not possess the moral courage, or the moral strength to purify themselves of this stain. It is not confined to any particular locality, or Lodges. We hear of it from all quarters, and it is lamentable that it is so. We have heard it complained that it is difficult to sustain charges, if brought. This is worse and worse. It is indeed bad, if a Lodge does not contain strength and firmness enough to rid itself of those who violate its laws.

There are men who fill stations in community who are always hard to reach. They are feared and dreaded. But it should not be so. No matter how high a member's standing, he

should be dealt with as rigidly as the humblest laborer. Turn him out, if he violates the laws and principles of Odd Fellowship, and refuses to reform. Let there be no distinctions—no respect to persons.

We wish we could arouse the Order to its duty, its whole duty in this matter. Several brothers have promised to write articles in regard to intemperance, and the too free use of intoxicating drinks among the members. We would be glad to hear from some of them on the subject.

#### THE ODD FELLOWSHIP PRESS.

The publications devoted in whole or in part to Odd Fellowship are, the Odd Fellow at Boston, the Golden Rule, and the Mirror of the Times at New York, the Banner of the Union at Philadelphia, the Token at Pittsburgh—each published weekly at two dollars per annum; the Odd Fellow at Louisville, semi-monthly, at one dollar per annum, and The Ark at Columbus, monthly, in magazine form, at one dollar per annum.

We name The Ark last, yet it is the oldest of all, and has been published without any change of Editor or Proprietor since the commencement. But we claim nothing for it on the account of *age*. *That* is no recommendation. Its *face* must recommend it.

The Boston Odd Fellow has recently been much enlarged, and appears on new type, and its matter and manner also gives evidence of improvement. We believe it is well patronized.

The Token has also been enlarged and is now issued weekly. It is an excellent publication, and Bro. Russell is a real industrious editor. We are much pleased that the patronage of the Token has enabled Bro. R. to enlarge it, and to issue it weekly. May prosperity attend it: and also all other publications whose real object is to endeavor to advance the interests of our Order. We wish there were more of them.

By the way, is the Covenant published at this time? and if so, where and by whom? We know there has been several attempts to resuscitate it, but believe all failed.

THE AMENDE.—The Louisville Odd Fellow thinks if the article inserted in our April No., on the "Principles and purposes of Odd Fellowship," was worth copying from their paper, it was worthy of credit. Certainly; and it was an oversight or neglect that credit was not given. And this reminds us that we owe an apology to the Golden Rule for not crediting the excellent story of the "Traveling Card," to that paper. We were reminded of it by the Editors. That story, however, was published in the Golden Rule long before the present proprietors had anything to do with it. Now, if they claim credit for what transpired before they were proprietors, are they willing to be answerable for its follies and failures previous to that time?

Speaking of copying articles without credit, reminds us that we have often noticed articles taken from The Ark, and no credit given. But we have not complained, and shall not. We are willing that our brother Editors may draw upon our labors as largely as suits them, and instead of complaining, we shall be pleased that any article of ours merits their approbation.

MELANCHOLY DEATHS.—It is with the most poignant sorrow we learn the deaths of Bros. JOHN L. CAMPBELL, P.G., and GEORGE M. BLOSS, of Magnolia Lodge, No. 83, Cincinnati. They were burned on the steamboat Webster, on the Mississippi, on the 2d of May. They were the first and second clerks of the boat. They were good Odd Fellows, and men of excellent character and high moral worth, beloved and esteemed by their brothers. The Lodge "*Resolved*, That our deceased brothers, by their exemplary deportment, merited, as they received, our warm esteem, and that whilst we deplore their death, we have, from a knowledge of their character, the melancholy satisfaction of believing that our loss was occasioned by their utter disregard of self-preservation, whilst an opportunity offered to render assistance to others even at the risk of their own lives."

Bro. Campbell was one of the charter members of Magnolia Lodge.

# "THE STATE OF THE ORDER."

ORPHAN'S HOPE LODGE, NO. 182.

WILMINGTON, May 10, 1851.

BRO. GLENN—On the 3d inst., by virtue of a commission from M. W. G. M. Craighead, assisted by P. G.'s Stevens and Steward of Chosen Friends, No. 45, C. C. and Geo. Bowers of Clinton, No. 92, and Baker and Finley of Star of Hope, No. 127, and a large number of brothers from all the neighboring Lodges, I instituted Orphan's Hope Lodge, No. 182, at Martinsville, Clinton county. The officers elected were C. S. Parker, NG; Samuel Hiatt, VG; Levi Pike, Sec'y; Jehu Davis, P. Sec'y; Jacob Glenn, Treasurer. After the installation of officers, four brothers were admitted on card, and two initiated into the mysteries of Odd Fellowship, making 14 to commence with. Brothers forming this Lodge manifest the right spirit to build up a Lodge that will be an ornament to our beloved Order. Night of meeting Saturday. I return my thanks to the above Past Grands and brothers for their assistance.

Yours in F., L. & T.

I. B. THOMAS, Sp. Deputy.

MIZPAH ENCAMPMENT, NO. 50.

URBANA, May 15, 1851.

BRO. GLENN—I visited Marion on last evening, (May 14) and duly instituted Mizpah Encampment, No. 50, I. O. O. F. Eight of the petitioners were present, and the following Patriarchs were chosen officers: J. V. Horton, CP; H. S. Camp, HP; John Naylor, SW; J. E. Davids, JW; R. C. Kirk, Scribe, and J. Ulman, Treasurer. Subsequently, Pat. Kirk resigned the office of Scribe, and Pat. J. R. Knapp, Jr., was elected and installed to that office. Six petitions were received, and three of the applicants were exalted to the R. P. degree. Permit me to express my indebtedness to P. P. McKelly, C. P. John D. Sears, and a number of Patriarchs from Staratizée Encampment, No. 45, for their valuable services on the occasion.

Fraternally yours,

WM. F. SLATER, Sp. Dep'y.

JEFFERSONVILLE, IND.—Our Order is progressing finely in this part of the country. We instituted a new Lodge in this place on the 29th of January last—(Tabor Lodge, No. 92.) Our officers are William Dixon, NG; John N. Ingram, VG; R. H. Gresham, Sec'y and Thomas L. Dean, Treasurer. Bro. John

N. Myers was elected N.G. at the institution of Tabor Lodge, but he has been taken away from us—he calmly fell asleep on the 21st of March, 1851. He was a whole-souled Odd Fellow, and he now rests from his labors. His widow, Mrs. Jemima Myers, is as true and zealous an Odd Fellow, as any lady I ever saw. Her husband was a subscriber to The Ark and she intends to continue the subscription if she lives.

R. H. G.

PITTSBURGH, IND.—There are three Lodges in this county, (Carroll,) and one Encampment, in a good healthy condition. The Encampment is located at Delphi, and called Carroll Encampment, No. 22. The officers of the present term are J. H. Stewart, CP; J. R. Blanchard, HP; John McCarty, SW; E. W. Hubbard, JW. Our Lodge (Pittsburgh No. 53,) is getting along smoothly. It does not increase in numbers as fast as might be wished, but they are all good and true. The officers of the present term are M. S. Bare, NG; L. D. Osborn, VG; Wm. R. Davis, Sec'y, and C. Herman, Treasurer.

LADOGA, IND.—The Order in this vicinity is gradually gaining ground. When we first instituted we had strong opposition. We did not pay much attention to their bickering, but went on, discharging our duty to ourselves and our neighbors. By this means they were forced to see the principles of our beloved Order established in their midst. Many have united with us who were at first opposed to the Order; the beam was removed from their eyes, and then they saw the fruits of our principles budding. They came forward and boldly knocked at our portals for admittance. The worthy were admitted.

## MARRIED,

At Cincinnati, March 6, 1851, by the Rev. Mr. Purcell, V. G., Bro. JOHN W. KEENAN, of Eagle Lodge, No. 100, to Miss E. F. BAER, both of that city.

At Columbus, Ohio, May 1, 1851, by the Rev. G. W. Willard, Bro. HIRAM JOHN, of Central Lodge, No. 23, to Miss MARY V. SILER, both of that city.

At Columbus, Ohio, May 8, 1851, by the Rev. Mr. Tyler, Bro. JOHN WILLIAMS of Columbus Lodge, No. 9, to Miss JANE HUGHES, both of that city.

## OBITUARY.

Died, at Jeffersonville, Ind., March 21, 1851, Bro. JOHN N. MYERS, of Tabor Lodge, No. 92, age 28 years, 10 months, and twenty days. Bro. Myers was N.G. of Tabor Lodge at the time of his death. He was a worthy member of the Methodist Episcopal Church, an esteemed citizen, a very affectionate husband and father, and a true Odd Fellow.

# THE ARK.

VOL. 8.

JULY, 1851.

No. 7.

## INFLUENCES OF ODD FELLOWSHIP.

An Address delivered before the R. W. Grand Lodge of Kentucky, at its semi-annual session, Jan. 1851.

BY REV. BRO. I. D. WILLIAMSON.

The time has been, when on an occasion like the present, it would have been expected of the speaker, that he should enter upon an exposition of the principles of Odd Fellowship, and a defence of the Order against the objections to which it was exposed. Then, our institution was in its infancy—few were well informed in regard to its real character and objects; while many, mistaking the pings of prejudice for the decisions of truth, were bitter in their denunciations, and active in their hostility. But that time is past and our Order has no longer need of an advocate to plead its cause before the tribunal of public opinion. The decision has been pronounced and the tongue, even of slander, is well nigh silent. Besides, this Order is no longer an infant, but a full grown man, and is able to plead its own cause, and defend itself.

It stands proudly erect, by no means small or contemptible, among the vast social structures of the day. With five hundred thousand men enlisted under its banner, and a revenue of well nigh a million and a half per annum, in these United States, it may be presumed to stand upon its own basis: and tho' it would ever meet the candid with truth and argument, yet, it may intimate to the few who yet scoff and sneer, that possibly it may manage to get along without them. We need not sue for patronage, nor plead for the favor of a smile, but we may say, not boastingly, yet plainly, and boldly, that our Order has more to give than to receive from any man who enters within its pale. Occupying a position thus exalted above the necessity of pausing to conciliate the few, who still condemn and denounce; and extending as it does, over the whole length and breadth of the land, and its temples in every city and village, and its members all abroad in our marts of business,

our halls of legislation, and our walks of science and literature, it cannot fail of exerting a commanding influence of some sort. I therefore waive alike eulogy and defence of the Order, and give you as the subject of my address, *the influences of Odd Fellowship*.

I remember that I address in an especial manner, that respectable body of men to whom is given, by our laws, the supreme legislative control of the affairs of the Order, in the State of Kentucky; and if I can succeed in giving you a correct view of the influence that our institution exerts, and is capable of exerting, you will not fail of perceiving the responsibility of the position you occupy, and the obligations that are binding upon you, to see that all the doings of the fraternity shall be directed to the promotion of human good.

There is no individual so humble that his influence is not felt in some direction. He mingles with his fellow men in the social circle as in the business of the world, and is sure to come in contact with some, upon whom his words or examples will tell, for good or evil, with no inconsiderate power.

The same is true of all societies and associations of men. The human character is moulded, in a great degree, by the medium in which it is developed. When men form themselves into social compacts, where they often meet together, they carry the influence of these associations out into the busy world, and feel it in every avenue of life. And as in the case of individuals, every man is responsible, not only for his acts, but also for the general influence of his life and example; so every organized body of men is to be held accountable, not only for its doings, but also, for the influence it exerts in the world.

It is to be considered, in the outset, that man was made for society; and that he cannot, if he would, escape the influences exerted upon him by the institutions in which he lives. Nor is it desirable that he should escape them. Man is by nature a social being, and was never designed to be alone. When he first stood upon the earth, fresh from the

forming hand of the Creator, the eye of infinite wisdom looked upon him in his solitude, and the voice of eternal truth pronounced the decision "It is not good for man to be alone." All over the wide world, and in every grade and condition of life, he has sought the society of his fellow man, and the recluse or hermit is an exception to his race.

Indeed, there is nothing alone in the universe. No object, or thing, animate, or inanimate, can be found, which fulfils the end of its being, as a solitary and independent individuality.

The sun shines bright in the firmament, and one not acquainted with the wonders of creation, might think it was solitary and alone. But it is not so. Far off indeed, as we measure distances, yet, within the sphere of its influence, there are worlds and planets wheeling in their courses, cheered by its light, and warmed by its heat; and all the myriads of their inhabitants look upon that same blessed sun, and rejoice in the good derived from the fact that they are not alone. So, when the evening drops her curtain gently upon the skies, there is one bright star gleaming out in mild and beauteous radiance, as a solitary light house upon the dark waters of the ocean; but it is not alone. The shadows grow darker and deeper, and star after star appears in the heavens, sparkling from its abode on high, and soon the whole heavens are illuminated with gems of beauty, and the vast immensity is seen to be filled with congregated worlds, shadowing forth the wisdom and glory of the great Creator. The stars are many, and they are not alone.

If from these we come down to this "dim orb" of ours, we shall find the same truth manifested. This "ponderous globe of earth" is made up of particles, each having an individuality indeed, yet indissolubly united with the whole. Not one of them is made to be alone; but they all attract and are attracted, embrace, and are embraced by others.

All life, vegetable and animal, is subject to this great law. The tendency of each shrub and flower, and of every blade of grass, is to avoid isolation, to reproduce its own likeness, and surround itself with its own kind. A lonely plant is a sickly, drooping thing; and the cedar and the oak grow not to their full proportions when alone, but in the mighty forest among their fellows.

And so of animal life. In all the multitudes of beings, that swim on the surface, or creep in the bosom of the earth, not one is solitary;

but from him that "stately treads," to him that "lowly creeps," all seek and enjoy the society of their fellows.

Is it wonderful then, that man bows to this great law, which runs through all creation?

Is it at all remarkable that, wherever on earth you find a human being, he instinctively seeks the society of others? Or appearing, as Odd Fellowship does, in an eminent degree to this prominent feature of human nature, is it strange, that it takes a strong hold upon the affections of many? Or, is it extravagant to say, that it has, and necessarily must have a powerful influence upon its members? It speaks to men as social beings. It brings them together often, to meet and mingle in a circle, which it teaches them to regard as one family of brothers, where interests are one and indissoluble, and thus tends to assimilate them in character and feeling.

The sum of what I wish to say on this point may be embraced in the proposition, that Odd Fellowship exerts a most powerful fraternizing influence upon its members.

The great truth of the brotherhood of man lies at the foundation of our Order. On that truth, the whole superstructure is reared; and like all other truths, it is eternal and immutable.

Men may know it, or be ignorant of it. They may regard it or disregard it. They may acknowledge it or deny it, and yet, it is true, as God is great, that we are all brethren of our great and blessed family, and all interested in the weal or woe of one another.

The great and fatal error of the world, however, in all its social structures, has been, in the supposition, that each individual is a being by himself, an isolated fragment of Creation. So that is no matter how the world goes with others, if self is safe. Nay, worse, the idea has been that the interests of men clash by a law of necessity. And on this idea society is, at present, constituted so that the principle of antagonism enters into the great share of human intercourse in all departments of the social fabric.

Do you doubt the fact here asserted? Go out then into your crowded marts of business, where man meets man in the sharp conflict for gain, and behold, how little of the sentiment of human brotherhood enters into all the roar of industry and the traffic of the world? The doctrine is, each man for himself, and no matter who loses, so that self wins.

When in the rush of strife for wealth, one falls, see how the others run in hot haste to

the leger, to see how stands the account of "profit and loss," by that fall, while none pause to raise the prostrate man again to his feet. The result is, that the business of the world is well nigh as hazardous as a game of chance, where each plays to the utmost of his skill, and pockets what he wins, never giving a tho't to the losses of his antagonist.

Commercial probity and honor are claimed, and no doubt possessed, and so, it is said, that there is a code of honor even among thieves; but what I wish to say is, that the best maxims of commercial honor are based upon the idea of antagonism of interest, and have little regard to the great truth of the absolute brotherhood of the race. He who engages in the business of the world, understands distinctly that every other man of business is his competitor and antagonist, and that he will make as much of him as he can; and the man who enters the business world hoping to find there something to nourish and cherish the sentiment of fraternity in his own heart, will find that he is seeking the living among the dead.

If you turn your attention to the political world, you will find the case much the same. In most countries the idea is, that government exists in the hands of the few, above the people, by a prescriptive or divine right; that there is no fraternity of interest between the few and the many; but that it is the prerogative of the one to rule and govern, and the province of the other to serve and obey.

In our own country the *theory* is, that the government and the people are one, and that the latter are politically, and to a certain extent, brethren. But even here, the practical effort is to separate between the government and the people, and to array the one against the other. Hence the vituperations of the government on the one hand, and of the people on the other. Hence party spirit is rife, and Democrats and Whigs each talk as if they had no interests in common, but were natural and sworn enemies to each other. The result is a constant strife between party and party. A perpetual and exciting warfare between North and South, East and West; and in this war and commotion of the elements, the great truth of human fraternity is too much overlooked and neglected. A poor school to learn lessons of fraternity, is the noise and excitement of political parties.

If we turn even to the religious world, we shall find much to lament in this respect. Though it is true, that the positive unity and fraternity of man is among the first principles

of our divine religion, taught even in the fact, that we are all instructed to pray to the same God, and call him "our Father;" yet, sectarianism is rife. Names and denominations have divided man from his brother. The lines between the sects are closely drawn, and the christian world, instead of presenting one band of brothers, one solid phalanx, laboring together, with united hearts and hands, for the glory of God, and the good of man, is divided into parties, each toiling for self, and each imagining a sort of necessary antagonism between it and all others.

We can easily enough allow a sort of brotherhood between ourselves, and the members of one sect or party, but that *broad* and extensive fraternity, which overlooks the distinctions of names and sects, and extends a brother's hand, and gives a brother's love to the men of every creed. Alas! how little there is of it even in the church!

The effect of this combined antagonism predicated, of all temporal, political, and religious affairs, is, that we all suffer together; for the eternal law is, that what injures one is the bane of another.

We suffer in the divided, distempered, and disordered state of the body to which we belong. We suffer from the general dearth of brotherly love and sterling virtue. We suffer in endless strife and contention—in feverish anxieties and uncertainties—in the known and acknowledged instability of all social and religious institutions—in the rapid changes and fluctuations of all forms of social life. We *suffer* in eternal strife and cut-throat competitions between man and man, party and party, sect and sect. And we suffer more than all from the distorted, half-formed, half-grown, and one-sided development of our own souls in all that is good and great. The very atmosphere we breathe becomes tainted, and in such a medium spiritual health cannot be enjoyed.

The cause of these evils is one and but one. It is a practical denial of the absolute fraternity of man. The fatal defect in all existing systems and organizations of human society is, in the admission of the idea of a necessary antagonism between man and his fellow men.

The eternal truth is, *we are brethren*, and must suffer or rejoice together, and every institution built upon a contrary supposition is founded upon an error, and must fall when the overflowing scourge of truth shall pass by. If human government, or party, or sect, or



law, or social fabric, says that we are *not brethren*, and we must *necessarily* wrangle and fight, and worry and devour one another, it utters a black and monstrous falsehood, and the working of it will be evil.

As the disease is one, so must the cure be one. It is nothing less than the theoretical and practical recognition of the truth of man's fraternity. Humanity is bound to you—not Democratic or Whig humanity—not party or sectarian humanity—not Northern or Southern humanity—but MAN'S HUMANITY, is bound to you by all the ties of a common origin and brotherhood—by all the nerves that pervade the common body, and thrill with pain when smitten at the remotest limb, and by the very blood that circulates through all our veins and arteries.

Deny it as you will, yet there it stands an eternal truth, firm as the old mountain whose thunder scarred head is away up above the clouds, serene amid the earthquake and storm. Aye, it is every where in the world. Thrilling upon every nerve of the great body, which, like the maniac that dwelt among the tombs, has plucked out its own hair, and cut itself with stones, until it is bleeding and sore in every limb. It heaves in every convulsion of the world, by which it is outraged, and breathes in every sigh or wail of want and wo, that loads the passing gale, saying, man is thy brother, and wo to the world when it denies it. Degraded and ignorant he may be. Scarred with the wounds of many conflicts with evil, maimed and crippled in limb, and distorted in feature, and smeared all over with filth, he may be, yet he is thy brother—to him thou owest the duties of fraternal kindness, and heaven's truth is, thou can'st not injure a hair upon his lonely head without injuring myself.

This is the truth that needs to be infused into the human heart, and to find its way into all social organizations, and until this is done, there is little hope of the removal of the evils that now afflict the world.

Do you ask what all this has to do with Odd Fellowship? It has much to do with it. Precisely upon this point. The practical diffuser of the sentiment of fraternity, Odd Fellowship exerts its most powerful influence. That is the foundation stone of the Order. It is taught in theory, and embodied in all her most positive enactments. If you examine our laws, which are no private matter, but may be read by all, you shall find that the poor, the sick, the distressed, the widow and the fatherless, and the stranger, far from his home,

are not regarded as outcasts, and antagonists, whom it is lawful to crush, or leave to perish; but as members of a common family, to be cared for, and treated with a brother's kindness. This sentiment of fraternity is embodied in all our system of relief—in our provisions for the poor—watching with the sick—relieving the widow—educating the orphan—burying the dead—and in all the regulations for the intercourse of members of the Order; and the whole code of laws may be summed up in these few words: "Thou shalt recognize in man thy brother, and treat him as such."

Those who have entered within the veil, and have gone from the threshold to the inmost sanctuary of the Order, know that in every step of their progress, this truth of human fraternity, was sounded in their ears in impressive lectures, by emblems and insignia, and by solemn and impressive forms and ceremonies, not likely to be forgotten.

Nay, they know full well, that in every degree, and at every turn, they have bound themselves, by obligations the most solemn and binding, that can bear upon the human conscience, to heed this law, and to remember that we are not enemies but *brethren*. Every one of you will bear me witness, that from the beginning to the end, there is not an emblem or symbol, a form or ceremony, an obligation or a charge, which does not recognise and seek to enforce this sentiment of fraternity. It is hardly possible for a man to pass through these scenes, and not feel that a powerful fraternising influence has been at work, giving him broader charities, and a more deep interest in the welfare of his race.

But aside from this, let us look at the practical workings of the system. Knowing that the bigotry and the prejudices of parties and sects are strong, and when indulged, apt to engender strife, our positive laws have shut them out from our Lodge meetings, and sternly prohibited the utterance of a party or a sectarian word. In the Lodge you will meet the partizan of every party, and the votary of every sect and creed. But, for one brief hour, they must forget their parties and their sects. They pass that threshold, not as sectarians, or partizans, but as *brethren*. By that name they must hail each other, and together, labor for the melioration of the condition of our race. There, the men who have hitherto rarely met with any, but those of their own party or sect, meet the men of the other names and creeds. They discover that virtue and real worth

are not confined to any sect or party; but that good men and true, are found in all; and the result is, full often, that the countenance upon which dark-browed bigotry, and narrow-visaged prejudice had scowled most furiously, beams with the radiance of love, and a brother's greeting, and a brother's warm embrace are given to those who had hitherto been regarded as natural antagonists, if not absolute enemies.

Thus, the bond of brotherhood is extended, and a fraternal feeling spread far and wide. My brethren will bear me witness, I doubt not, in saying, that if I could lift the veil from the heart, it would appear, that thus, many are brought together, who otherwise would have been the most distant from each other; and that many of the warmest friendships are formed, and many of the sweetest hours of communion of heart with heart, enjoyed in the Lodge room, between those, who, but for this institution, would have been to each other as the heathen and publicans were to the Jews of old.

I do not, therefore, claim too much in saying that this institution exercises a most salutary fraternising influence, widely beneficial to the best interests of man.

Constituted as it is, and laboring as it does directly, in binding man in stronger bonds of brotherhood, and recognising in its organic structure, this principle of fraternity, in a higher degree than it is recognized in binding human society, it cannot be otherwise than useful in this respect.

There is another view of the influence of Odd Fellowship upon its members, which is worthy of a passing notice.

We are much the creatures of habit, and we do nothing well, or efficiently, that we do not *habitually* and *systematically*. The man who lives by himself, and enjoys a snug corner in the world, is apt to imagine that others are about as comfortable as himself. If he occasionally stumbles upon a case of suffering, he attributes it to fault, rather than misfortune; and if he affords relief at all, it will be in a scant measure, and reluctantly, and grudgingly. But, let such a man visit a Lodge, from week to week, and he will soon find that there are more opportunities of doing good than he has before imagined. No week shall pass in which he is not called upon to hear the report of a brother sick, or in distress, and to act in the premises. Thus the relief of suffering will become a habit, and as he goes out into the world, his ear will be more

quick to hear the prayer, and his hand prompt to afford relief to his suffering fellow men.

An excellent writer illustrates the idea after this manner: He says, he observed that when the pump before his door was not used for a long time, it became dry; and it required much labor to get a bucket of water from it. But, when it was constantly used, it responded to the first stroke of the handle, and the cool stream flowed freely, and at once.

So with the man who is not in the habit of affording relief to others, or doing deeds of charity. He will hesitate, and make many excuses, and cling to his purse as if met by a robber, and fortunate will the poor sufferer be who draws from his iron grasp a few dimes. But the man who is habitually engaged in these works, is prompt to act and quick to relieve.

He needs but the opportunity, and the work is done. I will not say how much influence Odd Fellowship exerts in this direction upon its members. But I shall be borne out by facts in saying that whenever an effort is made in behalf of a suffering fellow creature, outside of the Lodge, you shall, as a general thing, find the members of our Order prompt to act, from the fact that such is their *habit*.

One more view of the influence of the Order and I have done.

I allude to its influence upon the permanency and prosperity of our political institutions.

We have a government of which any nation or people may well be proud; securing liberty and prosperity to the masses of our people, in a higher degree than any other government on earth; and on the permanency of which interests are staked, the most momentous that ever claimed the attention of man. But this government rests upon the public sentiment alone for its security. Let that be sound and healthful and we are safe. Now Odd Fellowship is a system of law and order. In our Lodges men learn the necessity of law and order, and all the influence there exerted upon us is calculated to make us a law abiding people. This feeling is necessarily carried out into the world, and there, as in the Lodge, we naturally stand upon the side of order, and learn to abide the decisions of the law; and thus, an influence is exerted favorable to the permanency and stability of our political institutions.

But we have a country extending over a vast extent of territory, and abounding in all the resources that can exalt and enrich a nation. But owing to this wide extent of terri-

tory, there are of course sectional interests, and sometimes sectional jealousies, that will arise to disturb the harmony of the States.

The passions when once aroused are boisterous, violent, headlong, and furious. They even now bristle fiercely and with menacing aspect threaten to raise a hand and shatter in fragments the fairest temple of liberty upon which the sun of heaven shines. And while the elements of strife are thus heaving and in commotion, and the strength of the bond of union is thus subjected to the severest test to which it has ever been exposed, where shall we look for safety? To what shall we look to calm the turbulent waters, and bear aloft the standard upon which float the "stars and stripes?" emblems of our country as one and undivided. To what, but the fraternal feeling that pervades the hearts of our people? *Here is our only hope!* Let that fail and all is lost. If it be true then that Odd Fellowship fosters, nurtures, and cherishes this feeling of fraternity, it is also true that to this extent its influence is powerful in checking the turbulence of faction, and in cementing the foundation of our National Union.

Not easily will a vast association, who hail each other as brethren from the mountains of the North, to the savannahs of the South, and from the sea-coast of the East, to the wilds of the West — not easily will a band of brethren thus united in the bonds of fraternal relations be sundered; or persuaded to take the attitude of enemies to one another.

I am gifted with no spirit of prophecy, but if the evil time shall come, when the bond that binds us together as one great nation, shall be sundered, strand after strand, until we shall be scattered to the winds, the historian who records our downfall shall say, among the last ligaments that were broken, was that golden chain of "Friendship, Love, and Truth," which knowing no North, no South, no East, no West, recognised one great and blessed country; and one vast fraternity, banded together for good, in life and in death.

And when political associations shall dissolve and die, then shall the spirit of our Order, and the heart of every true Odd Fellow beat high with the sentiment of "Fraternity and Union, now and forever."

The officers and representatives of the R. W. Grand Lodge of Kentucky, who have honored me with the privilege of addressing them, will allow me one word ere I close.

To you, brethren, has been committed the supervision of the affairs of the Order, in

your noble State, and on your wisdom and discretion much of its prosperity will depend.

In all that I have said of the influences of our Order, I have spoken of it as it is, and as it ever must be, when properly guided and devoted to its legitimate purposes. To you will the Order throughout the world look, to see that its principles are preserved unimpaired, and practiced to their full extent in the territory under your jurisdiction; and justly hold you responsible for the result.

I congratulate you on your past success, and present prosperity, and bid you go on in the good work. May you neither faint or be weary, until there shall be no more need of your labors, because human want and human wo shall be no more.

Original.

*To Miss L. C., with a Volume of my Poems.*

BY MRS. M. L. GARDINER.

Your tiny hands, my precious one,  
I know now cannot hold the book  
I send; but years will quickly run  
When o'er its pages you can look.

There may you find one single flower,  
Within your infant breast to bloom,  
Not for a day, a week, an hour,  
But 'yond the confines of the tomb.

The flower of Immortality,  
Whose hues can never fade away,  
But as unnumbered ages flee,  
A richer, holier tint display.

I ne'er amid this world of change  
May live your opening charms to see;  
But I would ask (think it not strange)—  
Of you one gem of memory.

Though distant far, and unconfined,  
I may behold it gushing clear,  
And by an effort of the mind,  
Preserve the trembling, brilliant tear.

The liquid pearl, mingled with those  
Which love, when gone, may shed for me.  
My chain of diamonds shall compose,  
To sparkle through eternity.

ODD FELLOWSHIP.

BY A LADY.

It had its birth in Heaven above;  
Its motto, Sympathy and Love;  
And with the flag of Truth unfurl'd,  
It came to triumph o'er the world;  
To soothe the lonely widow's sigh,  
To wipe the tear from sorrow's eye;  
To teach the heart oppress'd with care,  
That blessed lesson, "ne'er despair!"  
The joys of age, the hopes of youth,  
Are link'd with Friendship, Love and Truth.

## THE HEART OF JOHN MIDDLETON; OR, THE POWER OF LOVE.

Concluded from page 176.

In a year or so, Nelly had a baby—a little girl, with eyes just like hers, that looked with a grave openness right into yours. Nell recovered but slowly. It was just before winter, the cotton crop had failed, and master had to turn off many hands. I thought I was sure of being kept on, for I had earned a steady character, and did my work well; but once again it was permitted that Dick Jackson should do me wrong. He induced his father to dismiss me among the first in my branch of the business; and there was I, just before winter set in, with a wife and newborn child, and a small enough store of money to keep body and soul together, till I could get to work again. All my savings had gone by Christmas Eve, and we sat in the house foodless for the morrow's festival. Nelly looked pinched and worn; the baby cried for a larger supply of milk than its poor starving mother could give it. My right hand had not forgot its cunning; and I went out once more to my poaching. I knew where the gang met; and I knew what a welcome back I should have—a far warmer and more hearty welcome than good men had given me when I tried to enter their ranks. On the road to the meeting-place, I fell in with an old man—one who had been a companion to my father in his early days.

"What, lad!" said he, "art thou turning back to the old trade? It's the better business now, that cotton has failed."

"Ay," said I, "cotton is starving us outright. A man may bear a deal himself, but he'll do aught bad and sinful to save his wife and child."

"Nay, lad," said he, "poaching is not sinful; it goes against man's laws, but not against God's."

I was too weak to argue or talk much. I had not tasted food for two days. But I murmured, "At any rate, I trusted to have been clear of it for the rest of my days. It led my father wrong at first. I have tried and I have striven. Now I give all up. Right or wrong shall be the same to me. Some are foredoomed; and so am I." And as I spoke, some notion of the futurity, that would separate Nelly, the pure and holy, from me, the reckless and desperate one, came over me with an irrepressible burst of anguish. Just then the bells of Bolton-in-Bolland struck up a glad

peal, which came over the woods, in the solemn midnight air, like the sons of the morning shouting for joy—they seemed so clear and jubilant. It was Christmas Day; and I felt like an outcast from the gladness and the salvation. Old Jonah spoke out:

"Yon's the Christmas bells. I say, Johnny, my lad, I've no notion of taking such a spiritless chap as thou into the thick of it, with thy rights and wrongs. We don't trouble ourselves with such fine lawyer's stuff, and we bring down the 'varmint' all the better. Now, I'll not have thee in our gang, for thou art not up to the fun, and thou'd hang fire when the time came to be doing. But I've a shrewd guess that plaguy wife and child of thine are at the bottom of thy half-and-half joining. Now, I was thy father's friend afore he took to them helter-skelter ways; and I've five shillings and a neck of mutton at thy service. I'll no list a fasting man; but if thou'lt come to us with a full stomach, and say, 'I like your life, my lads, and I'll make one of you with pleasure, the first shiny night,' why, we'll give you a welcome and a half; but to-night, make no more ado but turn back with me for the mutton and the money."

I was not proud; nay, I was most thankful. I took the meat, and boiled some broth for my poor Nelly. She was in a sleep, or a faint, I know not which; but I roused her, and held her up in bed, and fed her with a teaspoon, and the light came back to her eyes, and the faint moonlight smile to her lips; and when she had ended, she said her innocent grace, and fell asleep with her baby on her breast. I sat over the fire, and listened to the bells, as they swept past my cottage on the gusts of the wind. I longed and yearned for the second coming of Christ, of which Nelly had told me. The world seemed cruel, and hard, and strong, too strong for me; and I prayed to cling to the hem of his garment, and be borne over the rough places when I fainted and bled, and found no man to pity or help me, but poor old Jonah, the publican and sinner. All this time my own woes and my own self were uppermost in my mind, as they are in the minds of most who have been hardly used. As I thought of my wrongs and my sufferings, my heart burned against Dick Jackson; and as the bells rose and fell, so my hopes waxed and waned, that in those mysterious days of which they were both the remembrance and the prophecy, he would be purged from off the earth. I took Nelly's Bible, and turned, not to the gracious story of the Savior's birth, but to the

records of the former days when the Jews took such wild revenge upon all their opponents. I was a Jew — a leader among the people. Dick Jackson was as Pharaoh, as the King Agag, who walked delicately, thinking the bitterness of death was past — in short, he was the conquered enemy over whom I gloated, with my Bible in my hand — that Bible which contained our Savior's words on the Cross. As yet, those words seemed faint and meaningless to me, like a tract of country seen in the starlight haze; while the histories of the Old Testament were grand and distinct in the blood-red color of sunset. By-and-by that night passed into day; and little piping voices came round, carol-singing. They wakened Nelly. I went to her as soon as I heard her stirring.

"Nelly," said I, "there's money and food in the house; I will be off to Padiham seeking work, while thou hast something to go upon."

"Not to-day," said she; "stay to-day with me. If thou wouldst only go to church with me this once" — for you see I had never been inside a church but when we were married, and she was often praying me to go; and now she looked at me, with a sigh just creeping forth from her lips, as she expected a refusal. But I did not refuse. I had been kept away from church before because I dared not go; and now I was desperate and dared do any thing. If I did look like a heathen in the face of all men, why, I was a heathen in my heart; for I was falling back into all my evil ways. I had resolved, if my search of work at Padiham should fail, I would follow my father's footsteps, and take with my own right hand and by my strength of arm, what it was denied me to obtain honestly. I had resolved to leave Sawley, where a curse seemed to hang over me; so what did it matter if I went to church, all unbeknowing what strange ceremonies were there performed? I walked thither as a sinful man — sinful in my heart. Nelly hung on my arm, but even she could not get me to speak. I went in; she found my places, and pointed to the words, and looked up into my eyes with hers, so full of faith and joy. But I saw nothing but Richard Jackson — I heard nothing but his loud nasal voice, making response, and desecrating all the holy words. He was in broadcloth of the best — I in my fustian jacket. He was prosperous and glad — I was starving and desperate. Nelly grew pale as she saw the expression in my eyes; and she prayed ever and ever more fervently as the thought of me tempted by the

devil, even at that very moment, came more fully before her.

By-and-by she forgot even me, and laid her soul bare before God; in a long silent weeping prayer, before we left the church. Nearly all had gone — and I stood by her, unwilling to disturb her, unable to join her. At last she rose up, heavenly calm. She took my arm, and we went home through the woods, where all the birds seemed tame and familiar. Nelly said she thought all living creatures knew it was Christmas Day, and rejoiced, and were loving together. I believed it was the frost that had tamed them; and I felt the hatred that was in me, and knew that whatever else was loving, I was full of malice and uncharitableness, nor did I wish to be otherwise. That afternoon I bade Nelly and our child farewell, and tramped to Padiham. I got work — how I hardly know; for stronger and stronger came the force of the temptation to lead a wild, free life of sin; legions seemed whispering evil thoughts to me, and only my gentle, pleading Nelly to pull me back from the great gulf. However, as I said before, I got work, and set off homeward to move my wife and child to that neighborhood. I hated Sawley, and yet I was fiercely indignant to leave it; with my purposes unaccomplished. I was still an outcast from the more respectable, who stood afar off from such as I; and mine enemy lived and flourished in their regard. Padiham, however, was not so far away, for me to despair — to relinquish my fixed determination. It was on the eastern side of the great Pendle Hill; ten miles away, maybe. Hate will overleap a greater obstacle.

I took a cottage on the Fell, high up on the side of the hill. We saw a long bleak moorland slope before us, and then the gray stone houses of Padiham, over which a black cloud hung; different from the blue wood or turf smoke about Sawley. The wild winds came down, and whistled round our house many a day when all was still below. But I was happy then. I rose in men's esteem. I had work in plenty. Our child lived and thrived. But I forgot not our country proverb: "Keep a stone in thy pocket for seven years: turn it, and keep it seven years more; but have it ever ready to cast at thine enemy when the time comes."

One day a fellow workman asked me to go to a hill-side preaching. Now I never cared to go to church; but there was something newer and freer in the notion of praying to God

right under His great dome; and the open air had had a charm to me ever since my wild boyhood. Besides, they said these ranters had strange ways with them, and I thought it would be fun to see their way of setting about it; and this ranter of all others had made himself a name in our parts. Accordingly we went; it was a fine summer's evening, after work was done. When we got to the place we saw such a crowd as I never saw before, men, women, and children; all ages were gathered together, and sat on the hill-side. They were care-worn, diseased, sorrowful, criminal; all that was told on their faces, which were hard, and strongly marked. In the midst, standing in a cart, was the ranter. When I first saw him, I said to my companion, "Lord! What a little man to make all this pother! I could trip him up with one of my fingers;" and then I sat down and looked about me a bit. All eyes were fixed on the preacher; and I turned mine upon him too. He began to speak; it was in no fine-drawn language, but in words such as we heard every day of our lives, and about things we did every day of our lives. He did not call our short-comings, pride or worldliness or pleasure-seeking, which would have given us no clear notion of what he meant, but he just told us outright what we did, and then he gave it a name, and said that it was accursed — and that we were lost if we went on so doing.

By this time the tears and sweat were running down his face; he was wrestling for our souls. We wondered how much he knew our innermost lives as he did, for each one of us saw his sin set before him in plain-spoken words. Then he cried out to repent; and spoke first to us, and then to God, in a way that would have shocked many — but it did not shock me. I liked strong things; and I liked the bare full truth: and I felt brought nearer to God in that hour — the summer darkness creeping over us, and one after one the stars coming out above us — than I had ever done in my life before. When he had brought us to our tears and sighs, he stopped his loud voice of upbraiding, and there was a hush, only broken by sobs and quivering moans, in which I heard through the gloom the voices of strong men in anguish and supplication, as well as the shriller tones of women. Suddenly he was heard again; by this time we could not see him; but his voice was now tender as the voice of an angel, and he told us of Christ, and implored us to come to Him. I never heard such passionate entreaty. He spoke as

if he saw Satan hovering near us in the dark dense night, and as if our only safety lay in a very present coming to the Cross; I believe he did see Satan; we know he haunts the desolate old hills, awaiting his time, and now or never it was, with many a soul. At length there was a sudden silence; and by the cries of those nearest to the preacher, we heard that he had fainted. We had all crowded round him, as if he were our safety and our guide; and he was overcome by the heat and the fatigue, for we were the fifth set of people whom he had addressed that day. I left the crowd who were leading him down, and took a lonely path myself.

Here was the earnestness I needed. To this weak and weary, fainting man, religion was a life and a passion. I look back now, and wonder at my blindness as to what was the root of all my Nelly's patience and long-suffering; for I thought, now I had found out what religion was, and that hitherto, it had been all an unknown thing to me.

Henceforward, my life was changed. I was zealous and fanatical. Beyond the set to whom I had affiliated myself I had no sympathy. I would have persecuted all who differed from me, if I had only had the power. I became an ascetic in all bodily enjoyments. And, strange and inexplicable mystery, I had some thoughts that by every act of self-denial I was attaining to my unholy end, and that, when I had fasted and prayed long enough, God would place my vengeance in my hands. I have knelt by Nelly's bedside, and vowed to live a self-denying life, as regarded all outward things, if so that God would grant my prayer. I left it in His hands. I felt sure He would trace out the token and the word; and Nelly would listen to my passionate words, and lie awake sorrowful and heart-sore through the night; and I would get up, and make her tea, and re-arrange her pillows, with a strange and willful blindness that my bitter words and blasphemous prayers had cost her miserable, sleepless nights. My Nelly was suffering yet from that blow. How or where the stone had hurt her I never understood; but in consequence of that one moment's action, her limbs became numb and dead, and by slow degrees, she took to her bed, from whence she was never carried alive. There she lay, propped up by pillows, her meek face ever bright, and smiling forth a greeting; her white pale hands ever busy with some kind of work; and our little Grace was as the power of motion to her. Fierce as I was away from her, I never could

speak to her but in my gentlest tones. She seemed to me as if she had never wrestled for salvation as I had; and when away from her, I resolved, many a time and oft, that I would rouse her up to her state of danger when I returned home that evening—even if strong reproach were required I would rouse her up to her soul's need. But I came in and heard her voice singing softly some holy word of patience, some psalm which, maybe, had comforted the martyrs, and when I saw her face, like the face of an angel, full of patience and happy faith, I put off my awakening speeches till another time.

One night, long ago, when I was yet young and strong, although my years were past forty, I sat alone in my house-place. Nelly was always in bed, as I have told you, and Grace lay in a cot by her side. I believed them to be both asleep; though how they could sleep I could not conceive, so wild and terrible was the night. The wind came sweeping down from the hill-top in great beats, like the pulses of Heaven; and, during the pauses, while I listened for the coming roar, I felt the earth shiver beneath me. The rain beat against windows and doors, and sobbed for entrance. I thought the Prince of the Air was abroad; and I heard, or fancied I heard, shrieks come on the blast, like the cries of sinful souls given over to his power.

The sounds came nearer and nearer. I got up and saw to the fastenings of the door, for though I cared not for mortal man, I did care for what I believed was surrounding the house, in evil might and power. But the door shook as though it, too, were in deadly terror, and I thought the fastenings would give away. I stood facing the entrance, lashing my heart up to defy the spiritual enemy that I looked to see, every instant, in bodily presence; and the door did burst open; and before me stood—what was it? man or demon? a gray-haired man, with poor worn clothes all wringing wet, and he himself battered and piteous to look upon, from the storm he had passed through.

"Let me in!" he said. "Give me shelter. I am poor, or I would reward you. And I am friendless too," he said, looking up in my face, like one seeking what he cannot find. In that look, strangely changed, I knew that God had heard me; for it was the old cowardly look of my life's enemy. Had he been a stranger I might not have welcomed him, but as he was mine enemy, I gave him welcome in a lordly dish. I sat opposite to him. "Whence do

you come?" said I. "It is a strange night to be out on the fells."

He looked up at me sharp: but in general he held his head down like a beast or a hound.

"You won't betray me. I'll not trouble you long. As soon as the storm abates, I'll go."

"Friend," said I, "what have I to betray?" and I trembled lest he should keep himself out of my power and not tell me. "You come for shelter, and I give you of my best. Why do you suspect me?"

"Because," said he, in his abject bitterness, "all the world is against me. I never met with goodness or kindness; and now I am hunted like a wild beast. I'll tell you—I am a convict returned before my time. I was a Sawley man," (as if I, of all men did not know it!) "and I went back like a fool to the old place. They've hunted me out where I would fain have lived rightly and quietly, and they'll send me back to that hell upon earth, if they catch me. I did not know it would be such a night. Only let me rest and get warm once more, and I'll go away. Good kind man! have pity upon me." I smiled all his doubts away; I promised him a bed on the floor, and I thought of Jael and Sisera. My heart leaped up like a war-horse at the sound of the trumpet, and said, "Ha, ha, the Lord hath heard my prayer and supplication; I shall have vengeance at last!"

He did not dream who I was. He was changed; so that I, who had learned his features with all the diligence of hatred, did not at first recognize him; and he thought not of me, only of his own woe and affright. He looked into the fire with the dreamy gaze of one whose strength of character, if he had any, is beaten out of him; and can not return at any emergency whatsoever. He sighed and pitied himself, yet could not decide on what to do. I went softly about my business, which was to make him up a bed on the floor; and, when he was lulled to sleep and security, to make the best of my way to Padiham, and summon the constable, into whose hands I would give him up to be taken back to his "hell upon earth." I went into Nelly's room. She was awake and anxious. I saw she had been listening to the voices.

"Who is there?" said she. "John, tell me—it sounded like a voice I knew. For God's sake, speak."

I smiled a quiet smile. "It is a poor man who has lost his way. Go to sleep my dear—I shall make him up on the floor. I may not

come for some time. Go to sleep;" and I kissed her. I thought she was soothed, but not fully satisfied. However, I hastened away before there was any further time for questioning. I made up the bed; and Richard Jackson, tired out, lay down and fell asleep. My contempt for him almost equalled my hate. If I were avoiding return to a place which I thought to be a hell upon earth, think you I would have taken a quiet sleep under any man's roof, till somehow or another I was secure? Now comes this man, and with incontinence of tongue, blabs out the very thing he most should conceal, and then lies down to a good, quiet, snoring sleep. I looked again. His face was old, and worn, and miserable. So should mine enemy look. And yet it was sad to gaze upon him, poor hunted creature!

I would gaze no more, lest I grew weak and pitiful. Thus I took my hat and softly opened the door. The wind blew in, but did not disturb him, he was so utterly weary. I was out in the open air of night. The storm was ceasing, and instead of the black sky of doom, that I had seen when I last looked forth, the moon was come out, wan and pale, as if wearied with the fight in the heavens; and her white light fell ghostly and calm on many a well-known object. Now and then a dark torn cloud was blown across her home in the sky, but they grew fewer and fewer, and at last she shone out steady and clear, I could see Padiham down before me. I heard the noise of the water-courses down the hill-side. My mind was full of one thought, and strained upon that one thought, and yet my senses were most acute and observant. When I came to the brook, it was swollen to a rapid, tossing river; and the little bridge, with its hand-rail was utterly swept away. It was like the bridge at Sawley, where I had first seen Nelly; and I remembered that day even then in the midst of my vexation at having to go round. I turned away from the brook and there stood a little figure facing me. No spirit from the dead could have affrighted me as it did; for I saw it was Grace, whom I had left in bed by her mother's side.

She came to me and took my hand. Her bare feet glittered white in the moonshine; and sprinkled the light upward, as they plashed through the pool.

"Father," said she, "Mother bade me say this." Then pausing to gather breath and memory, she repeated these words, like a lesson of which she feared to forget a syllable.

"Mother says, 'There is a God in Heaven;

and in His house are many mansions. If you hope to meet her there, you will come back and speak to her; if you are to be separate forever and ever, you will go on; and may God have mercy on her and on you!' Father, I have said it right—every word."

I was silent. At last I said,

"What made mother say this? How came she to send you out?"

"I was asleep, Father, and I heard her cry. I wakened up, and I think you had but just left the house, and that she was calling for you. Then she prayed, with the tears rolling down her cheeks, and kept saying—'Oh, that I could walk!—Oh, that for one hour I could run and walk!' So I said, 'Mother, I can run and walk. Where must I go?' And she clutched at my arm; and bade God bless me; and told me not to fear, for that he would compass me about; and taught me my message; and now, Father, dear Father, you will meet mother in Heaven, won't you—and not be separate forever and ever!" She clung to my knees and pleaded once more in her mother's words. I took her up in my arms and turned homewards.

"Is you man there, on the kitchen floor?" asked I.

"Yes!" she answered. At any rate, my vengeance was not out of my power yet.

When we got home I passed him, dead asleep!

In our room, to which my child guided me, was Nelly. She sat up in bed, a most unusual attitude for her, and one of which I thought she had been incapable of attaining without help. She had her hands clasped, and her face wrapt as if in prayer; and when she saw me, she lay back with a sweet, ineffable smile. She could not speak at first; but when I came near, she took my hand and kissed it, and then she called Grace to her, and made her take off her cloak and her wet things, and, dressed in her short, scanty night-gown, she slipped into her mother's warm side, and all this time my Nelly never told me why she summoned me; it seemed enough that she should hold my hand, and feel that I was there. I believed she had read my heart; and yet I durst not speak to ask her. At last she looked up. "My husband," said she, "God has saved you and me from a great sorrow this night." I would not understand, and I felt her look die away into disappointment.

"That poor wanderer in the house-place is Richard Jackson is it not?"



I made no answer. Her face grew white and wan.

"Oh," said she, "this is hard to bear. Speak what is in your mind, I beg of you. I will not thwart you harshly; dearest John, only speak to me."

"Why need I speak? You seem to know all."

"I do know that his is a voice I can never forget; and I do know the awful prayers you have prayed; and I know how I have lain awake, to pray that your words might never be heard; and I am a powerless cripple. I put my cause in God's hands. You shall not do the man any harm. What you have it in your thoughts to do I can not tell. But I know that you can not do it. My eyes are dim with a strange mist, but some voice tells me that you will forgive even Richard Jackson. Dear husband—dearest John, it is so dark I can not see you; but speak once to me."

I moved the candle—but when I saw her face, I saw what was drawing the mist over those loving eyes—how strange and woeful that she could die! Her little girl lying by her side looked in my face, and then at her; and the wild knowledge of death shot through her young heart and she screamed aloud.

Nelly opened her eyes once more. They fell upon the gaunt, sorrow-worn man who was the cause of all. He roused him from his sleep, at that child's piercing cry, and stood at the doorway looking in. He knew Nelly and understood where the storm had driven him to shelter. He came toward her:

"Oh, woman—dying woman—you have haunted me in the loneliness of the Bush far away—you have been in my dreams forever—the hunting of men has not been so terrible as the hunting of your spirit—that stone—that stone!" he fell down by her bedside in an agony—above which her saint-like face looked on us all, for the last time, glorious with the coming light of heaven. She spoke once again:

"It was a moment of passion—I never bore you malice for it. I forgive you—and so does John, I trust."

Could I keep my purpose there? It faded into nothing. But above my choking tears, I strove to speak clear and distinct, for her dying ear to hear, and her sinking heart to be gladdened.

"I forgive you Richard; I will befriend you in your trouble."

She could not see; but instead of the dim shadow of death stealing over her face, a qui-

et light came over it, which we knew was the look of a soul at rest.

That night I listened to his tale for her sake; and I learnt that it is better to be sinned against than to sin. In the storm of the night mine enemy came to me; in the calm of the gray morning, I let him forth, and bade him "God speed." And a woe had come upon me, but the burning burden of a sinful, angry heart was taken off. I am old now, and my daughter is married. I try to go about preaching and teaching in my rough, rude way; and what I teach is how Christ lived and died, and what was Nelly's faith of love.

### DEDICATION ODE.

"IN GOD WE TRUST!" was sweetly sung  
By every "Morning Star" on high;  
"In God we Trust!" right gladly rung  
From "Son of God" in loud reply  
When out from chaos systems rolled,  
From darkness, light, in rosy youth,  
And Earth, wrapped in her clouds of gold,  
Awoke to "Friendship, Love and Truth."

"In God we Trust," the golden Sun  
And silver Moon yet seem to say,  
And million Stars that round them burn,  
Repeat the anthem night and day.  
And still our earth, from hill and vale,  
From all that live and breathe and move,  
Where foot doth tread, or waves a sail,  
Responds with "Friendship, Love and Truth."

"In God we Trust," the builders said,  
And deep in earth they sunk the wall;  
In Hope the corner stone was laid,  
And raised the building over all.  
No accident has marred our trust,  
No loss of life drawn forth regret,  
Complete our Hall, it is but just  
That it to THEE we dedicate.

Here may we with Fidelity,  
In covenanted Love relieve,  
And Friendship with remembrance be,  
'Till Truth her sovereign power give.  
May Hospitality here reign,  
With Toleration's kindly love;  
And Faith each pilgrim soul sustain,  
Until they reach Thy Tent above.

"In Thee we Trust!" and thus to Thee  
We offer all, for all is Thine,  
That Thy co-workers we may be  
On earth, in work and word divine.  
When brethren want, or death lays low—  
When orphans cry in helpless youth—  
When widows weep in cheerless woe—  
Oh grant us "Friendship, Love and Truth."

Weigh every step that you are about to take, whenever passions become involved. How often do things assume a different aspect when they are fairly considered.

### ODD FELLOWSHIP.

Odd Fellowship simply recognizes the principle of human brotherhood—a principle which the great majority of men recognize. There is a distinction, however, in this mutual recognition, which we think without animadversion, may be made in favor of our institution. And this distinction is in its *practice* of the duties growing out of this relation of human brotherhood—duties which the great majority of men would seem by their lives to estimate as mere visionary idealities. They admit the moral beauty of beneficence, but do not much practice it. They seem to esteem the absolute necessity of mutual good faith between man and man, without troubling themselves much about its performance. They recognize the eternal principles of Love and Truth as abstractions, as things which may and do exist, and yet without an absolute every day working reality—and which, like brilliant but evanescent meteors coursing through the heavens, may be admired, but not followed.

The general history of the world and the particular lives of individuals, have given us abundant proof that profession is by no means the criterion of practice. Friendship, Love and Truth have been mere conventionalisms. Men have not taken them to their “business and bosoms,” as matters of intrinsic, absolute and obligatory importance, but have held them loosely round them, as things to be admired, but not adapted to them;

Like rich jewels in an Ethiop's ear.”

There is no criterion of virtue and good will, other than the honest purpose evidenced as far as possible in our acts; it is the only admissible evidence by which to judge of what is good and of what is bad; all other tests are mere illusions, possessed of no intrinsic character, but like the fancied forms of piled up clouds irradiated by the sunlight, seeming whatever we may choose to fancy them.

The world has been pestered with ethical philosophers. It has been flooded with “tomes of casuistry.” But whence the good? What intrinsic profit has accrued? Accumulated and lumbering masses of learned verbiage lie sleeping on their shelves, and their authors lie sleeping in their tombs; and the one is of as much benefit as the other, and neither, nothing. 'Tis a sad consummation for so much effort—a “most lame and impotent conclusion” to such high-sounding pretensions!

The poor fool endeavoring to ladle a river out by throwing its waters upon its banks, was as wise in his day and generation, as many learned doctors have shown themselves to have been in theirs. To use a somewhat vulgar colloquial phrase, they have been “on the wrong track;”—they pursued, in their metaphysical windings, devious paths, beguiled and puzzled by their own instructions, which like Irish sign boards veering in the air, pointed to any direction in which the wind might flaunt them. The Brahmins, they tell us, are apt casuists, who make nice hair-breadth distinctions between the different grades of vice and virtue, allotting to each its respective degree of award and punishment. Has this knowledge—if knowledge it may be called—transmitted among them from age to age, “from sire to son,” alleviated the condition or elevated the character of the Hindoo? The same question may be more or less truly asked of all nations and of every people.

The path of duty and of goodness is plain and open; the simplest wayfarer may follow it without direction. It requires no learned casuistry to point it out; the judgment gives it immediate acquiescence, and the nobler feelings of humanity intuitively respond to it. And in this view stands our institution. Like Noah's Ark floating on the troubled waters, amid the raging elements of social evils, it upholds all within it in peace, security and safety.

Let Odd Fellowship and the spirit which animates it then flourish; there are vast domains in which its sacred symbols have not yet been reared, and millions of hearts who yet remain untouched by its influences; what it has effected is an earnest of what it is yet destined to accomplish. And considering the rapid vigor with which our institution has developed itself, is it too much to hope that it may prove the precursor of the universal reign of Friendship, Love and Truth?—*Symbol.*

**IDLENESS.**—With most of us idleness is the parent not merely of uneasiness, but withal of fretfulness, malevolence, and the whole host of evil passions. The phrase “aching void,” may seem ridiculous to some, but it is true to those who feel humanly. To supply this void is an object, and moreover a certain effect of a regular and judicious method of self-instruction. The used key is bright. If the steel be wrought up and refined to a high temper, the cloudiness of the vapor will perish from it almost at the instant that it is breathed upon it.

## OBJECTS OF ODD FELLOWSHIP.

BY REV. BRO. RICHARD CURRAN.

Some one may be anxious to inquire, what is Odd Fellowship? It is what it professes to be; a remedy for some of the ills of human life—an antidote for some of the miseries that afflict the family of man. It recognizes as bounden duties all those obligations that arise out of the relation which we sustain to God, our Creator and Preserver; yet it has no religious creed, as such, and of consequence it is not offered to you as a substitute for the church or the christian religion. It recognizes, inculcates and enforces all those duties that man owes to his fellow man; and with these especially it is versant. The golden rule teaches us the proper manner in which to conduct ourselves toward others, viz: "All things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them;" with the requisitions of this law we labor to comply.

The object of this Order, then, is to mitigate the sufferings of man—to raise him as much as possible and as near as may be to his proper place in the scale of being. This we conceive to be our duty, and the duty of every man. It is for these benevolent purposes we have associated ourselves together.

We profess not to have made any new discovery in relation to the duties which we owe each other, when we obligate ourselves to sympathize with and aid suffering humanity: no; the principle which prompts us to this was coeval with man. It has been fighting its way from the first against the depravity of man; against ignorance and prejudice. It is matter of wonder, all things considered, that any thing has been done toward the attainment of this end, since man, for the most part, regards himself as the rival of his fellow man. But we rejoice to say to you, to-day, that some real advances have been made: the condition of the human family is improving. This will be obvious if we compare its present with its past condition. The human family has greatly multiplied, which indicates its prosperity: year after year it encroaches in its onward march upon the hindrances to its happiness. The lodge of the red man has given place to the well constructed and stately mansion; the forests have been felled by the well directed energies of the woodsman; the thistle and the thorn have been subdued, and in their stead the golden harvest presents itself, promising subsistence for man and beast; the desert has

blossomed as the rose. The rivers, and lakes, and seas, are no longer the boundaries of man's peregrinations: no; they have become the highway of man; ever and anon you find them studded with floating palaces, teeming with life and energy; they now serve as a medium of communication between nations. Thus also is the diffusion of knowledge facilitated, a knowledge of the arts and of the sciences communicated, and the happiness and well-being of man is promoted.

The means employed for improving the external condition of man have been various; they have varied with every age. But it has been ascertained that those efforts have been most successful, which have been combined and organized. No single individual, however powerful, could have overcome the difficulties that lie in the way of man's present comfort, and which have already fled before his efforts. In every age men of powerful intellect have led the way in the work of reformation, and in alleviating the sorrows of man; but these have been successful, not by an exercise of individual power, but by giving to the power and energies of others a proper direction. From combined effort, if well directed, men may look for success in almost any reasonable undertaking.

The obstacles in the way of man's happiness and comfort here are not altogether external: he must strive to obtain a victory over himself. His own tumultuous passions and evil tempers lead him to ruin; these must be restrained or he cannot be happy. Now it is the design of this institution to serve as a check at least upon the passions of men; it throws many restraints around them of which the uninitiated knew nothing. There is a tribunal to which every Odd Fellow feels himself bound to answer for his conduct; every member of this Order is regarded in some measure as a representative of the whole; hence the several Lodges search diligently into the conduct and character of those who seek to enter this band of brotherhood, and exercise vigilance in ascertaining the worth of those who pass to and fro through the country bearing our name.

"KNOW THYSELF," was Solon's maxim, and every Odd Fellow would do well to make it his. Then he would know how to guard against those things that cause him to swerve from the path of duty, and which bring ruin and misery in their train. Through the blindness of his mind man sometimes is led to regard his fellow man as his greatest enemy;

hence the struggle for dominion which we sometimes see going on in the earth. Owing to this misdirected energy and zeal, man's present interest has been retarded, and the history of our race is, in many instances, a history of oppression, written in letters of blood! The shout of victory ascends, not because some brilliant discovery has been made in the arts, or in the sciences, which will contribute greatly to the well-being of man, but too often because man has triumphed over his fellow in the deadly encounter; because thousands have fallen in the day of battle. Oh, how far have we fallen from our primitive state! Man, alas! has forgotten that he is allied by blood to every other man. By this means he has limited the dominion which he was destined to exercise in the earth; he has paralyzed his energies, he has exhausted his strength, and therefore, his advances are but slow against the tide of opposition that sets in against him when he labors to subdue all things that conflict with his present interest.

The advances that have already been made in the arts and sciences have given him a partial victory over the elements. All, however, has not been accomplished in this respect for which we may hope. Some towering genius may yet arise, and by availing himself of what has already been achieved, may so nearly annihilate space that we shall stand linked together, hand in hand, with other nations in distant climes, a universal brotherhood, bound together by our sublime principles—Friendship, Love and Truth.

But this great work in which we are engaged is to be promoted by united effort. Hence we have associated ourselves together, believing that in union there is strength. This society ought of right to be regarded as useful; its expressed intentions are to promote the temporal interests of man. It increases human power, and concentrates it in this important undertaking. In combining together for this purpose, we conceive that we have acted wisely: by so doing we have strengthened our hands for the work we have undertaken; we have also acted in accordance with the examples long since set us. The religious world is organized into various societies; but little advance could be made without organization in attempting to spread the gospel. By proper organization and direction of the energies of the church, under the blessing of God, she hopes yet to evangelize the world. By organization, also, the friends of temperance hope to accomplish their object; by this means

they have already stayed the progress of the destroyer. Individual effort in this cause accomplished but little; and so it will be found in almost every great undertaking.

I have already said that the object of Odd Fellowship is to elevate the condition of man, and to relieve his present miseries and sorrows. We do not, nor have we offered it to you, as a substitute for the gospel, or for the religion of Jesus Christ, or for the church. No; to the gospel and to true religion we give the pre-eminence over all the plans which man's wisdom can devise. Our object is to protect ourselves from temporal evils, and to aid each other under the ills and sorrows to which we are here exposed. Making no higher pretensions for Odd Fellowship than this, we offer it to your candid consideration.

It is our aim to strengthen the bonds of brotherhood among men; to ally the human family as closely as possible together; to give unity of effort and interest to an extent to which it is not given by any other form of social organization. Thus we hope to remove in some measure, the evils which waste the energies of man, and which crush the feeble into the very dust. And, in this important work, we seek to unite men without distinction of creed, whether political or religious.

It is in seasons of adversity and affliction that the excellency of Odd Fellowship is seen. She extends her hand to the stranger and he receives a hearty welcome; she extends her hand to the sick and afflicted. But these are considerations which have but little influence upon men in time of health and prosperity; for such an hour it is not usual with men to make the provision which they ought. How often are men, in the word of God admonished of the fact that they are perishing creatures in their best estate. To-day we may be in the bloom of youth, and in all the vigor of health; but to-morrow, alas! a perfect wreck, quailing before the last enemy of the human race. Oh, how trying the bed of death even when surrounded by kind and sympathizing friends, and with all that is calculated to administer to our comfort and relieve our sufferings! But what must it be to be invaded, by disease, and to struggle with death, far from the friends that love and cherish us, where there is no kind hand to smoothe the dying pillow, or to wipe the cold, the dewy perspiration from the brow; where man must lie neglected, and, perhaps, perish, because he may be penniless. Ah! then the stoutest heart fails. But under these circumstances,

Odd Fellowship presents herself as an angel of mercy ; she stands, night and day, around the couch of the sick, relieving his sufferings and supplying all present wants ; with words of comfort she soothes the aching heart, and with her kind hand smoothes the pathway of the weary sufferer to the tomb ; and when she commits the lifeless tabernacle to the dust she drops her tears of sorrow for the dead, and then hastens on in her errand of mercy.

The poor man who is dependent upon his daily labor for his daily bread, in seasons of affliction, needs both the sympathy of friends, and the comforts which pecuniary aid alone can give ; he needs, too, some assurance that if he die there are those who will care for his widow and the babes written fatherless. This exigency Odd Fellowship meets ; it gives the assurance desired. To care for the widow and the orphan we have obligated ourselves. If, then, we cannot drive disease away, we can, nevertheless, relieve and comfort man in his afflictions. To offer spiritual consolation in affliction is not the office of Odd Fellowship ; this belongs to the religion of Jesus Christ. But surely to administer to the present wants of the sick and the dying are important duties ; this cannot fail to render them more calm and composed as they approach "the dark valley." The assurance that the wife of his bosom and his children are to be cared for when he shall be numbered with the dead, is a great comfort to the dying father. Many a true believer, in health and at death, has experienced much anxiety in regard to the wife and the children which he is about to leave behind him. Who shall protect the one and shield the other ? Who shall aid them in battling with a world so hostile to their interests ? Who shall care for these little innocents when this fond heart shall cease to beat, and when this purple fluid shall cease to course these veins ? These are questions which press upon the dying man, and disturb the serenity of his soul. But oh ! what a cordial, at such a moment, to know that even though he cannot leave them an estate, he leaves them what is better, and what gold could not purchase, the pledged Friendship and Love of a vast band of brothers. He leaves them to an institution which will not fail to throw her protecting arms around them ; he leaves them, not to the charities of the world, no yet to the charities of this institution, but as claimants for care, for protection, for support and education, from an institution which acknowledges herself indebted to them.

This, then, is the legacy that every Odd Fellow leaves his wife and children. Far better that our widows and children should inherit the pledged Friendship and Love of one hundred thousand hearts, than all the glittering wealth we may be able to leave behind us. Gold is but dust and vanity ; but Friendship and Love cannot perish while there are true hearted men in this Order.

But all this you say is beautiful in theory ; it is a pleasant dream. This institution, you suppose, has not sufficient resources to justify such confidence. I am ready to admit that Odd Fellowship is yet in her infancy, but she even now possesses the strength of a giant. The present year she will gather into her treasury, for her charitable purposes, more than one million of dollars. She has now an army in the field of her benevolent operations more than one hundred thousand strong. She has already accomplished much, but all that she has yet done is as the hidings of her power and the concealing of her resources. But her efficiency has already been so far tested as to induce the belief that she is competent to meet most if not all the present wants of man.

Our difficulties, in aiming to promote our present comfort, and also that of others, result from that supreme selfishness which isolates every man, and which leads him to look with an evil and jealous eye upon every other man ; he seems to regard himself as having no interest in common with other men, and regards every advance on the part of others as a loss to himself. To this is owing the competition among men ; in this contest the weak are crushed into the dust, while the powerful are rendered still more so. Hence it is that the few grasp the wealth, and the mass are left to grapple with poverty and ignorance. All this is to be attributed to the fact that there is no bond of brotherhood among men. Many men have yet to learn that the prosperity of the country consists in the prosperity of those that inhabit it ; that the whole is made up of individuals, and that, in order to the prosperity and happiness of the whole, it is necessary that each should be prosperous and happy. Hence the truly philanthropic man rests not satisfied until he has extended his acts of kindness to all that are needy ; he endeavors to make every other man as prosperous and happy as he himself is. The man who will consult his Bible cannot fail to discover that it never was the design of his Creator that he should live for himself alone.

Many experiments have been made to ascertain whether a social organization is not possible, which is capable of securing every one against the evils that prey upon humanity. The history of these experiments show that, in most cases, they have failed, and even where they have not, the prospect of their final success is indeed dark. But to-day we may point you to Odd Fellowship as embodying the true idea of such a plan—as capable of solving the problem. She speaks to the world, not with uncertain, hesitating voice: no; she speaks with all the power of actual demonstration, because she speaks from experience. She points to-day to a living army more than one hundred thousand strong, and her revenue of more than a million per annum, and both the one and the other increasing with tremendous rapidity as a guaranty for the accomplishment of her purposes. She challenges the world to point to a single instance in which the orphan has been left to weep to the winds, or the widow to sigh, unheard, to the passing gale. She pledges herself that as the past has been, so the future shall be; that she will still continue to visit the sick, relieve the distressed, enlighten the ignorant, protect and educate the orphan, and bury the dead.

Odd Fellowship might profess more than she does; for she now accomplishes more than she professes. Her own children are not the only ones who are recipients of her benevolence: no; in pressing circumstances she makes no distinction; her coffers are open to supply bread to the perishing who have no connection with her or claim upon her. She has then fully redeemed her pledge; she has met the expectation of her friends, and out-lived the predictions of her enemies.

The secret of our success is our unity of effort. With us even the child is strong, and every man a host. The infant of to-day, if an orphan, is loved and cherished by a hundred thousand hearts; a hundred thousand hands are extended to protect it, and lead it on to victory over every obstacle in its way; if needy, the coffers of the Order pour its treasures in its lap. Let him that would wrong the widow or the fatherless beware; they belong now to an institution, vast and powerful, which will feel the more for them, since they are without an earthly protector.

Tell me, then, kind father, and you, too, fond mother, is not this a desirable institution? When that beloved son, around whom the fond affections of your hearts have long clustered,

is about to leave the paternal roof, to wander far into a strange land, where there are none to counsel, none to advise, none to protect him from insult, injury or violence, is it not an hour of darkness, of distressing anxiety to you? Ah! you say it is even so. And to what is this owing? "Alas!" say you, "by melancholy experience I have found the world to be selfish. I know that men, for the most part, seek their own interest, and in many instances build up their fortunes out of the ruins of others." But how different the case under the fostering care and protection of this Order. He goes forth, not the lonely, friendless boy we before contemplated: nay; he has more than one hundred thousand brethren scattered throughout this vast republic, with strong arms to protect him, and true hearts to love and cherish him. If destitute, they will supply his need; if sick, they will visit him, and if death ensue, they will lay him in his grave, not in some lone corner in the potter's field, but where a brother should lie; and these last sad offices they will perform not with feigned but heart-felt sorrow.

Odd Fellowship ought to be loved for the good she has already done; she ought to be encouraged that she may accomplish still more. She sheds light upon the social destiny of man; she binds men together in the bonds of love; she concentrates the powers of men upon important undertakings, and thus promotes their well-being; in adversity she stretches out her hand to help; in affliction she watches by the weary couch; in death, she forsakes not, but pays, with sorrow, the last tribute to human nature.

As a remedy then for many of the ills of human life, we offer Odd Fellowship to you, and that you may avail yourselves of its benefits we establish it in your village, in the confident belief that it will meet all your expectations, and that it will grow in your estimation if you judge it by its fruits.

HAPPINESS.—No man can judge of the happiness of another. As the moon plays upon the waves, and seems to our eyes to favor with a peculiar beam, one long track amidst the waters, leaving the rest in comparative obscurity; yet all the while she is no niggard in her lustre; for the rays that meet not our eyes seem to us as though they were not, yet she with an equal and unfavorable loveliness, mirrors herself on every wave. Even so, perhaps, happiness falls with the same brightness and power over the whole expanse of life.

Original.

## ODD FELLOWSHIP VINDICATED.

It is nothing strange in this day and age of the world, when things serious are laughed at, truth discarded or made subservient to the prejudices of men, and christianity mangled and distorted into all sorts of forms, or the truth of its basis firmly denied on account of our inability to solve many of its mysteries, or with our paltry reason and finite minds, comprehend the works of him who is in wisdom infinite and majesty incomprehensible, that the principles of an organized body whose rules and *modus operandi* are unknown to all save those who are worthy of being entrusted with them—that notwithstanding all their evidences of good works, they should be ridiculed, laughed at, made subjects for the bitter animosities and malignant attacks of those scoffers of all good works with which the world abounds. That some degree of opposition should be brought against any new theory, seems to be right, for by so doing, its merits are brought to light—it undergoes a thorough and severe criticism, its weak points are ferreted out and brought to bear against its strong ones. It is thus tested until we know its benefits or its disadvantages, and so are we saved from the many evils we might otherwise incur by sanctioning what may appear smooth upon its surface, but with the seeds of destruction concealed within. But when any theory or principle has been thoroughly investigated, examined in all its parts, criticised and tested in the severest and in every possible manner, then to continue in opposition to such theory or principle, merely because you once formed an opinion counter to it, is to discard truth, to persevere in error, to exercise your whole influence, both by precept and example, for the very thing you so loudly disclaimed against. To continue in the support of an opinion, when you know it to be wrong, merely to exhibit to the world that what you once thought or said was correct, argues very poorly for the strength and soundness of your judgment. Nor is it in the least commendable for a firm, unwavering mind, but indicative of a stubborn, perverse spirit, incapable of weighing testimony, however forcibly presented, unwilling to grant any others in the right; rather be led into all the evils and fatal consequences that may occur by following a course of error, than yield your opinion or acknowledge yourself in the wrong, thus per-

sisting in a course, which, if followed out, would check all improvement, all progression, leaving the world engulfed in the rubbish of scholastic theology, monkish rituals, and enslaving, degrading priestcraft.

From the various construction of the minds of men, a diversity of opinion will always exist, yet conflicting as they may be, each is at least entitled to the respect of the other, unless positively detrimental to the community of which we are a portion. This inflexible and uncompromising opposition has been manifested in all its bitterness, by the enemies of Odd Fellowship, although it has undergone the severest scrutiny, received the sanction and approval of the greatest, the wisest, and the best of men; stood firm as adamant, flourishing like a green bay tree, when other societies have been shook from the convulsions without—when other institutions have crumbled—when hosts have been arrayed against it—when it has been attacked upon all sides in the strongest possible manner—although amidst all the terrors of the storm it has stood unspotted and untarnished, looming up with majestic grandeur, far above the reach of its adversaries, gleaming with light in the midst of surrounding darkness like some staunch tree of the forest, whilst the tempest is hugging its distended branches, bearing it to the ground, its roots are grappling with and striking deeper and deeper into its mother earth, and when clouds have dispersed, the storm spirit hushed, alone it stands surrounded by destruction to decorate and adorn the dreary waste, to gladden the heart and buoy up the spirits of the discorolate traveler, continuing to flourish, defying the ravings of the storm and the ravages of time, until it becomes gigantic in its size, wonderful in its strength, beautiful in its foliage, bearing fruit sometimes sixty, sometimes an hundred fold. Notwithstanding all these evidences of its usefulness and benefits, scoffers still hurl their arrows against it; its opposers still rail out against and denounce, in unmeasured terms, its professions; they still cry beware! beware! the Jesuitical principles of old are embodied within, and woe, woe, to that community, that people, that nation, that tolerates such an institution! But, alas! how wonderful their predictions! Time has rolled its ponderous wheels onward; wars, internal dissensions, political strife, has convulsed this nation to its very centre; anarchy and confusion has threatened to destroy its unanimity, to deface the beauty of its proudest monument,

to lay in ashes its sacred temple, yet ever and anon have Odd Fellows been found the friends of order, the lovers of peace, struggling to promote the prosperity and glory of this great nation, fostering the very spirit that will preserve its harmony and concord, pointing out the only path to its perfection. What of Odd Fellowship is designed for the world to know is proclaimed aloud; what for outsiders to see is placed in the most conspicuous places: yet against these we find no assaults; they are all acknowledged by the most inimical, to be useful and good; yet so petulant are its enemies that they argue these as external signs to conceal the iniquities within; as allurements to entice the virtuous, or to frustrate and divert the attention of those whose cunning might lead them into its mysteries. Strange infatuation; poor deluded, suspicious mortals, to think the glaring enormities their own corrupt fancy has conceived is practised within the Lodge room, and would not long since have burst the virtuous garb with which it is enveloped, and shown its hydra head. What consummate weakness to condemn as base and wild, notwithstanding all the evidence to the contrary, what they cannot comprehend, or are ignorant of—to array themselves against the proclaimed opinion of those men whose works are living monuments of greatness; whose memorials are cherished, and whose lives were one continued manifestation of purity and goodness. Thus to act is to strike at the foundation of all good works; is to discard the teachings of all good men; to disbelieve in all we cannot or do not understand, merely because we have not acquainted ourselves with its principles, or are unfortunately the possessors of such weak intellects as cannot investigate, else to gratify a perverse, obstinate spirit, the preconceived notions of a bigoted and perverse mind? Shall we deny the purity of Luther, Calvin, Cranmer, and others, because we know nothing of their private conduct? Shall we regard all they have done as a polished exterior only, to conceal their private iniquities? Shall we deny the existence of a God because unseen by mortals, though manifested in all his boundless works? Shall we say he is not infinite in wisdom, in majesty, power and perfection, because such greatness is to finite beings incomprehensible? What! shall we contend that philosophy is false, and the teaching of astronomers a humbug, because we cannot follow the minute and intricate lines of cause and effect, or traverse the broad expanse of heaven, when ignorant of

all pertaining to it? Who ever heard of such incongruous reasonings? Yet these arguments are analogous to those used against Odd Fellowship, its enemies being unable to penetrate the veil; ignorant of all connected with it, have been clamorous to condemn, seeing naught but evil in their acknowledged good works. But such, however, has always been the case with men of no acuteness of perception for discerning what is good, or solidity of judgment for determining what is true. In fact every branch of science has been hooted and scouted as the precursor of every imaginable evil; its advocates persecuted and detested. Pythagoras and his followers were driven from Athens for their philosophical opinions. Socrates was imprisoned and made to drink the hemlock for teaching the unity of God. Galileo was twice condemned before the inquisition, for teaching the immovability of the sun. Harney and his disciples were pronounced fanatics, and treated with the greatest contumely on account of their opinions; and Newton and his followers were regarded as insane. Such has invariably been the case, when any new doctrine or method has been suggested. It comes in contact with old and long established prejudices, which men, notwithstanding the force of truth and hideousness of their own errors, are loth to relinquish. But truth must and will triumph; error, sooner or later, will develop itself and fall to the ground. These several branches of science have stood the test and now live the greatest blessings of mankind, while its opponents are long since buried in oblivion, or eking out an existence in shame and ignorance.

Such has been the case with Odd Fellowship. It has been ridiculed, mocked at, its members reviled and persecuted—yet it has flourished and grown beyond the most sanguine expectations, and now stands more permanent than ever, a living monument of goodness and usefulness, whilst its opposers with all their sophistry have been crushed beneath its ponderous wheels, and buried in the rubbish of their own folly. Was Odd Fellowship what its enemies has represented it to be, a bundle of iniquity, it would long since have worked its own destruction, and now lay moulding in ruins. Odd Fellowship would be annihilated, and an Odd Fellow the scorn and hiss of the whole world. But from Siberia's desert wastes to India's sunny plains, we find temples dedicated to its service, going hand in hand with civilization, its twin sister, dis-



seminating their invaluable blessings to all nations, shedding light abroad in the midst of darkness, making glad the hearts and happy the homes of thousands, destined to continue onward, until the angel shall plant one foot upon the sea and one upon the land, and herald to the world, time was, but time shall be no more !

A. J. H.

Fort Wayne, Ind.

### LOVE.

Without love, religion is a task, and a toil, and a drudgery—an irksome work that the slave performs, goaded by conscience or impelled by self-righteousness; but when we love Him, then we serve Him not because we will—but from choice. Every duty is endeared, every yoke is lightened, every burthen is relieved, when God fills the heart. Look at this in earthly things. When the child—that delights in the aged father, watches him by day, and takes no rest in her care by night—smooths his pillow, bears with his complainings, anticipates every wish, watches every glance of his eye—does she deem it a toilsome task? Does she wish it were at an end? Her heart trembles at the thought. To the hireling it would be a task: but doing it from love, it is the source to her of sweetest delight. So it will be in the service of God: the commandments which are grievous to the sinner—the requirement which men naturally recoil from, the child of God counts his greatest privilege and enjoyment. To serve God is his heaven begun; to serve him as his angels do will be his heaven complete. Sorrow, too, loses its bitterness, when it is received from the hand of love; when we see that the hand which smites us is the hand that was wounded for us, and when we hear amid the storm and darkness a voice which says, “It is I, be not afraid,” we can kiss the hand that wields the rod, and welcome the storm and the darkness that brings the Savior nearer to us. With us in the lion’s den, as with Daniel, it becomes “the house of God and the gate of heaven”—with us in the fiery furnace, as with the children in captivity, we can sing praise in the flames, and rejoice even in the torture: even as the martyr who said when burning at the stake—“You want a miracle; behold one. These flames are to me as a bed of roses.” So did the love of his Savior fill his soul, that the Spirit of God lifted him above the pains of his body; heaven began, and the flames were to him but as the prophet’s chariot of fire that bore him triumphantly to his God.

Original.

### MY HARP.

BY MISS M. E. WILSON.

Like a prison'd bird I'm pining,  
Sick, weary, sad and lone,  
Hygeia's smiles of loveliness  
Have now forever flown.  
And I no more can wander o'er  
Green fields and meadows bright,  
Where violets blue and lillies pale,  
Shed round a hallowed light.  
And too I have forgotten soft  
Tones of murmuring streams,  
The beauties of their bosoms blue,  
As down the sunlight gleams:  
And dark green hills, their valleys too,  
I cannot see them now,  
Nor feel their cooling winds' soft breath,  
Upon my aching brow.  
Ah! my heart is sear as autumn's leaf,  
Toss'd by the chilly gale,  
And the rose hues of my young life  
Are growing sadly pale.  
Oh! I am as it were alone  
In this cold world of ours,  
Without one soothing voice to cheer  
Or bless my lonely hours.  
Nay! did I say without one voice  
To cheer and bless me now,  
Or with its music glad to chase  
The shadows from my brow?  
It is not so! My Harp is left,  
I'll waken from its string  
Silvery notes that soon bright Joy  
To my lone heart will bring.  
Its gladd'ning tones will echo back  
The voice of distant streams,  
And picture forth their glancing smiles  
In sweet enchanting dreams.  
Fair wood-nymphs too will come and sing  
Of shady dells and bowers,  
And bring me back as 't were again  
'Mid fields of sweetest flowers.  
And I will drink of perfum'd airs,  
That wander o'er green hills,  
And list the gentle song that breathes  
From valley's gurgling rills—  
Will pluck from rose-tree, myrtle too,  
Their buds and leaves so bright,  
And press them to my heart now fill'd  
With wonder and delight.  
Ah, yes! may I dream ever thus,  
As from my harp shall wake  
A gentle song, and from my heart  
Its clouds of sorrow take;  
And tho' I'm not as others blest  
With joys the bright and real,  
Yet, give my harp, and they are mine,  
In my own sweet ideal.

Mayeville, Ky.

The plainer the dress, with greater luster  
does beauty appear. Virtue is the greatest  
ornament, and good sense the best equipage.

### THE YOUNG LADY WHO WOULD MARRY AN ODD FELLOW.

How oft does a passing remark claim the attention, and prove a subject for reflection in after years; and the trite adage of "there is a many true word spoken in a jest," has been brought forcibly to my mind, within a few days, by meeting with a young lady whom I had not seen for the space of three years. When last I had the pleasure of an interchange of speech with her, was in the year '47, at a social gathering of a few friends; she was a gay, cheerful-spirited being, extremely enthusiastic in her temperament, and thinking that every one must possess feelings in accordance with her own.

Our party had met on a charitable experiment, to devise means to assist some of the many needy in the thickly congregated metropolis; and in the course of the various conversational topics, the subject of "Odd Fellowship" was introduced, not one of the number present, knowing, by the way, that *I was an Odd Fellow*.

The young lady above alluded to, in expressing very warmly her admiration for the principles of Odd Fellowship, observed — "Well, if ever I marry, it shall be to an Odd Fellow." I thought of her remark at the time and have pondered on it since, whenever memory presented her to my view, and have wondered whether she had yet realized the truth of her determination, in marrying an Odd Fellow, for soon after that social meeting I left the city, and have never seen or heard of the young lady since, until a few days ago we were unexpectedly thrown together again.

After some common-place remarks, I alluded to the time I had last met her, three years previous, and in a humorous manner asked if she recollected an observation she made that time in respect to marrying.

"Yes, indeed," she replied, "well do I remember it, and I have truly realized my determination; if you call on me I will give you ocular demonstrations of the fact, by presenting to you my husband, who is an Odd Fellow in good truth, and one, too, of the very best; but little did I think, at the time I made the remark, that I should so soon test its realization; yet I have been married two years, and must say, that within that period, I have enjoyed more substantial happiness, than in all my life-time previous; true, one evening in each week, I am obliged to dispense with the company of my dear husband, for, like a true Odd Fellow, he is never absent from the Lodge

on its regular evenings for assembling; but when I know the great good the society does, I am willing to forego his society for a time, the enjoyment of which is greatly enhanced on his return, although he never divulges any *secrets*; but I am happy, and wish to know no more of the proceedings of the Order than he sees proper to divulge."

"I am much pleased to hear," I replied, "of your happy and almost enviable situation, and wish that all the gentlemen were Odd Fellows. If every young lady could induce the gentleman she was to marry to enlist under the banner of Odd Fellowship, I will venture to assert that the state of society, its morality and happiness, with the pure teachings of "Friendship, Truth and Love," practically manifested by those of that Order, would be very greatly increased; for the influences of that society vastly tend to the universal extension of the "golden rule," which no one needs to be reminded of by my humble self.

THE CHARMS OF LIFE.—There are a thousand things in this world to afflict and to sadden; but oh! how many that are beautiful and good. The world teems with beauty — with objects which gladden the eye and warm the heart. We might be happy if we would. There are ills that we cannot escape — the approach of disease and death, of misfortune, the sundering of earthly ties, and the canker worm of grief; but a vast majority of the evils that beset us might be avoided. The course of intemperance, interwoven as it is with all the ligaments of society, is one which never strikes but to destroy. There is not one bright page upon record of its progress; nothing to shield it from the heartiest execration of the human race. It should not exist — it must not. Do away with all this — let wars come to an end, and let friendship, charity, love, purity and kindness mark the intercourse between man and man. We are too selfish, as if the world was made for us alone. How much happier should we be were we to labor more earnestly to promote each other's good. God has blessed us with a home which is not dark. There is a sunshine everywhere — in the sky — upon earth — there would be in most hearts, if we would look around us. The storms die away, and the sun comes out. Summer drops her tinted curtain upon the earth, which is *very* beautiful, *even* when autumn breathes upon it. God reigns in heaven. Murmur not at a being so bountiful, and we can be happier than we are.

Original.

## BOOK KEEPING IN LODGES.

## DUTIES OF THE PERMANENT SECRETARY.

BRO. GLENN:—I remember to have read in the number of *The Ark* for October 1849, some suggestions from one of your correspondents, relative to the manner of keeping the accounts of a Subordinate Lodge. That article contained many valuable suggestions; but it seems to me that a more simple and convenient plan might be adopted than that therein partially delineated. Every one will admit that *accuracy* and *fidelity* on the part of the Permanent Secretary of a Lodge, is of the most vital importance to its prosperity, and perhaps to its existence. It is not possible for all Lodges to secure the services of competent book-keepers in this important office, and yet the best book-keeper may sometimes find himself in a quandary in keeping properly the accounts of a Lodge.

I have had some experience in the office of Permanent Secretary, and I have found unnecessary labor and no little trouble in keeping accurately the various accounts upon the plan pursued in many Lodges. Too great desiderata are to be attained in book-keeping—*accuracy* and *simplicity*. Any system which combines these two elements in the greatest degree, is most desirable. For the benefit of Permanent Secretaries, who, like myself, have found difficulty in the proper management of their books, and especially in *closing* them at the end of the term, I propose to communicate a plan which, on trial, I have found to work admirably, and with far greater satisfaction than any other with which I have been acquainted. For this plan I do not claim entire originality, a part of it having been used many years ago, and having been discarded for other forms which have proven less acceptable, and much more laborious.

## THE DUES BOOK.

There is entirely too much labor connected with the keeping of the *individual* accounts in the Lodges. In a large Lodge the books necessary for such a purpose are too cumbersome, and too much writing is required. In order to obviate this, a book prepared after the following description will be found preferable. It should be made of large paper, say 28 by 14 or 15 inches, and ~~may~~ be two or three quires in thickness, without being too cumbersome. The lines from left to right should be about one inch apart, in order to give ample

room for interlineations if necessary. On the extreme left, a space should be left for the names of members; then follow two dollar and cent columns, for the balances of Dr. and Cr., brought forward from the close of the last term or quarter. Next are thirteen columns of equal space for the number of meetings in each quarter, and should be numbered at the head from 1 to 13, inclusive; then two dollar and cent columns for the balances of Dr. and Cr., to be carried forward to the commencement of another term or quarter. This book may be so ruled as to answer for a term of six months, but it will be found, on the whole, more convenient to transfer the names and balances at the close of each quarter. The space on the extreme right of the page may be left for *remarks*. In this book are registered the names of the members of the Lodge, as nearly as practicable, in the order in which they were admitted. If this order is pursued, the Permanent Secretary soon becomes familiar with the location of each name, and has but little difficulty in finding it for reference. When a member pays his dues, note the amount in the column for the evening. This book should be carefully examined at every meeting, and if a member is in arrears, notice should be served, and the charge for the notice, (if made chargeable by the laws of the Lodge,) should be entered in the proper column. When *fin*es are ordered against members, a minute thereof should be made in the Dues Book, so that they be not overlooked, and the *first* payments thereafter should be applied to the liquidation of these fines, when the minute in the Dues Book may be neatly erased, leaving the member indebted for dues only.

## CARDS.

Where a Card is granted, the member receiving it should pay for it at the time, whatever may be the state of his account in the Dues Book, in order that the amount received for Cards may be placed to the credit of the Card account in the Leger.

## THE JOURNAL AND LEGER.

In the Leger, the leading accounts only are kept. These are Cash, Dues, Degrees, Initiations, Deposited Cards, Cards granted, Charges, (or Expenses,) Widows' and Orphans' Fund, Degree Lodge, Grand Lodge, Fines, Donations, Interest, and Profit and Loss, &c., &c. The Journal and Leger may be four or five quires in thickness. In opening the accounts in the Leger, they should be so arranged as to leave ample room for the transactions of three or four years, if practicable.

Thus, thirty pages may be appropriated to the Cash account, thirty to the Dues, five or six to each of the Degrees, and other accounts in proportion to the probable amount of space required. A Degree Summary should be opened, to which, at the close of the term or quarter, the several Degree accounts should be transferred, and the settlements made from that account.

It may be well to remark here, that when a proposition for membership is presented, the money accompanying it should be laid aside with the petition, or otherwise disposed of, and should not be entered with other receipts until the applicant has been initiated, and has paid the entire fee.

*Double Entry* is the *only* admissible form of book-keeping. No other should be attempted in a subordinate Lodge, or indeed in any important business transactions.

The entry in the Journal for a meeting may read thus :

Cash	To Sundries.
Dues, - of A. B. - 3.00	
" - of C. D. - 1.00— 4.00	
Initiations, of E. F. - 10.00	
" - of G. H. - 10.00—20.00	
Fines - of I. J. - - 1.00	
Degrees of K. L. 1st D. 5.00	
" - of M. N. 4th D. 2.00—7.00—\$32.	

#### STOCK ACCOUNTS.

When a Lodge has funds invested in stocks which bear interest, separate accounts should be opened with the corporations in which money is invested. When interest or dividends on those stocks are collected, interest should be made debtor to the stock account, for the amount of the dividend, and cash should be made debtor to interest for the amount received. Thus the various stock accounts will show their productiveness, and the interest account will show the amount of benefit derived by the Lodge from her investments.

#### CLOSING THE BOOKS.

The Books of a Lodge *should* be closed at the end of every quarter, though some Lodges do not require it. At the same time the Permanent Secretary should give to the Lodge an accurate and detailed statement of the financial transactions of the past quarter. The board of auditors, (if there be such a body,) should be men who are acquainted with financial matters, and with book-keeping, and should be *required* to make a thorough examination of the books of the Permanent Secretary as often as required by the Lodge. This duty is too often neglected. The Permanent Secre-

tary may be every way well qualified for the discharge of his duties, yet no man is infallible, and a competent board of auditors may detect errors which may lead to important results.

When about to close the books, see that the *Leger balances*. Then proceed to make the proper entries for the closing of the various accounts. As before stated, the several *Degree* accounts are to be transferred to the *Degree summary*, by which means those accounts are finally closed. Where the Degrees are conferred by a Degree Lodge, which receives 10 per cent. on the receipts for Degrees, the following entry should be made :

#### Degrees, To Degree Lodge.

For per centage on receipts, - \$00 00

The Widows' and Orphans' Fund is entitled to the same amount of per centage from this account, and the Grand Lodge to per centage on the remainder only :

#### Sundries. To Widows' & Orphans' Fund.

Degrees. For per centage on receipts, \$

Dues, " " " "

Initiations, " " " "

Cards gratd. " " " "

The same accounts should then be made Dr. to Grand Lodge for per centage on the remainder, after deducting the per centage already passed to the Cr. of the Widows' and Orphans' Fund. The balance is to be placed to the Cr. of Profit and Loss. The names, with the balance of Dr. and Cr., are to be transferred to a new page on the Dues Book.

#### THE REGISTER.

This book is designed to contain all desirable and necessary information relative to each member of the Lodge at a single view. It should be made of paper about 26 by 13, and should consist of about one quire. The lines from left to right should be, like those in the Dues Book, about one inch apart. On the extreme left of the page is a narrow space for the *number*; next a wide space for the *name* of the member; then follows a column for the *date of admission*, and for the *manner of admission*, whether by card, initiation, or otherwise; five columns for *date of election to Degrees*, five for *date of reception of Degrees*, fifteen columns for *date of installation* into the various offices, in the following order: Chaplain, I. G., L. S. S., R. S. S., L. S. V. G., R. S. V. G., L. S. N. G., R. S. N. G., Con., War., Treas., Per. Sec., Sec., V. G., N. G. The space at the extreme right of the page is appropriate for remarks relative to the manner of leaving the Lodge, &c.

I have thus given a cursory sketch of a system which may be useful to Permanent Secretaries, and consequently to the welfare of the Order at large. It is susceptible, doubtless, of improvement, and if any brother can suggest any desirable alteration, it is hoped he will do so; or if any officer wishes any further explanation, I will cheerfully assist him so far as I am able.

Yours, in F. L. and T. L.

## TENETS OF ODD FELLOWSHIP.

### TRUTH.

While the mystic bond excites the warmest admiration of the scrutinizing, even of its enemies, it paralyzes the force of its foolhardy adversaries by the simple array of its matchless potency. Its nature laid bare, its unrevealed, virtues laid open, its heaven-born attributes, its purity, and its quiet accordance with every moral and religious duty exposed, it is received at once as at least harmless, if not positively beneficial and assuredly good; it is respected by the idlest, and where reverence is least expected, we find it received with an honest regard, and treated with a marked deference. The good, the faithful, the true Odd Fellow, will never lack a welcome. In the midst of brothers he is at ease, at home; in the midst of strangers love recommends, while truth ennoble him; he is ever warm in his love, tender in his sympathies; for it may be said that while Friendship binds us as men and brothers together in happy, holy and inviolate communion, Love binds us to the world with the outpouring fulness of an o'erflown heart, and Truth, the everlasting Truth, points us to God and heaven; its influence completes our tie, perfects our inseparable union, and its sacredness, the burden of Scripture and Revelation, the whole spirit and tenor of the Christian creed, is the great and deathless glory of our institution.

Friendship is fostered in our hearts; the gentle dew droppeth not more gently upon the petals of the violet, than its requirements are demanded at our hands. The joy with which it is embraced, the ardor and fervency of our hold upon it, are inculcated by precept, and enforced by practice; with it Love is instilled in steady gurgling streams—it penetrates our bosoms, it lingers about our heart-strings, occasionally, it may be, touching them lightly, bringing forth the delightful harmony of their silent and concealed music. It sitteth upon our thoughts, giving them spiritual beauty ere

they assume a being—it guides our actions, and moulds the soul to its eternal destiny, pointing towards eternity with hope, and cherishing us on through the veil of life, strewn, as it is with roses and crowned with multitudinous blessings, and the trio is only complete when Truth is added. This, by intuition, becomes our characteristic—thus is the child and issue of our other virtues yet far more noble, more endearing than they, for this shall stand unharmed

"Amidst the wreck of matter, and the  
Cush of worlds."

This is an indispensable attendant upon the discharge of our duty; we can in no wise deceive our friend, or yet breathe falsehood to those we love—in the very nature of our kind it is impossible, it cannot exist that Friendship and Love be in bond with Falsehood or Deceit; no more can the true Odd Fellow betray the truths reposed in him, or left in his charge and keeping. He is bound by a vow and adopted principle, to make Truth the high standard of his life, to preserve it in his bosom, pure and unsullied, to watch its growth, and be certain it keeps pace with his advancement, to nurture its incipency, and protect its tenderness, that it may continually increase in brightness unto the perfect day, wherein it shall shine in meridian splendor, dazzling the world with its brilliancy. Its triumph will be the ascendancy of virtue over vice—the perfection of our earthly state, and the completion of man's destiny—the beautifying of morality to the advancement of that blissful millennium which revelation and prophecy have foretold. Truth is more to be admired as the parent of virtue rather than for its might, though it is omnipotent, in the midst of every excitement, when element after element shall be dissolved, as when

"Shrivelled like a parched scroll,  
The flaming heavens together roll."

Still it shall stand unmoved upon its sure foundation, tottering not, neither trembling or shaking. The wisdom of God is its foundation, and its stream gushing ever onward, shall flow throughout eternity's limitless space, in limpid purity, reflecting the steady course of that Creator who "doeth all things well."

Therefore, brothers, you who are enamored of truth, having fixed your hearts upon the simplicity and potency of her charms, be strong in your purpose, be unceasing in your energies to promote the great caused you have espoused; hold fast it your fidelity to this the master virtue of our bond; forsake her not,

and the constancy of your attachment shall crown you with honor.

Here, then, welcome assailants, you have seen our force, you may scan its numbers; the rising sun forever smiles upon our confines, and sets not upon our borders, for wherever humanity exists, wherever mankind are found, either in savage or civilized being, Friendship, Love and Truth are enshrined in the heart, their influence universally felt, their sacredness held inviolate; all are not Odd Fellows, to be sure, but the tendency of the soul is upward, the aspirations of every heart are pure, in a certain degree, and hence these elements of godliness, these component portions of every grace, are instinctively suggested to our reflection. Friendship among thieves and robbers has often been observed; it has been admired among philosophers, it has been applauded among patriots, it has been noted in every class, often combining natures dissimilar and at wide variance. Love, too, has likewise attracted attention, exerting its benign influence every where, and shedding the divine light imparted to it around and about, dispersing the dense clouds of malice, enmity and revenge; but Truth outshines them both in its efficacy, in its divinity, in its universal sway; while they exert, by tender pleadings, their restless arguments, Truth commands attention, enforces obedience. It nods, and the vassalage of the world is tested and quietly acknowledged. If it galls popular prejudice, if it confronts fanaticism, it matters not; it is destined to command, and it is divinely commissioned to govern. "Thou shalt provide out of the people men of truth, and place such over them to be rulers," says the page of Holy Writ, "and the lip of truth shall be established." What fear then have we; the truth is our stronghold, and it will forever protect us; its impregnable walls will turn back our adversary's shafts. Let us then fear no evil, but stand forth in the whole armor of God, having our loins girt about with truth; let us thus do or die.—Boston Odd Fellow.

The lady who would become truly beautiful must make the cultivation of her mind—of those intellectual and moral powers with which the Creator has endowed her—her first and principal care. Pure affections must be cherished; amiable dispositions encouraged; useful knowledge acquired; and a mild, even, and obliging temper assiduously cultivated; or all her endeavors to obtain real beauty will prove to have been in vain.

Original.

## TO MY OLD HARP.

BY REV. BRO. C. HARTLEY.

Come thou my poor neglected harp,  
Thy strain I fain would hear;  
How shall I wake thy slumbering tones,  
And feel their influence near?  
'Tis sinful thus to lose the power,  
To turn thy chords to song;  
For many a leaden-footed hour  
With thee hast pass'd along,  
As though this world were all a scene  
Of perfect changeless bliss;  
And I a dweller in that world,  
Free from the pains of this.

Awake! awake! I fain would touch  
Thy chords to notes of sweetness;  
Then come, unseen, inspiring power,  
On wings of lightning fleetness!  
Inflame my heart, my mind illumine,  
Awaken all its fires;  
And let my harp burst forth in song,  
While deathless love inspires.  
I know that thou hast lain unstrung,  
Neglected and forsaken;  
But in my heart I love thee yet;  
That love shall now awaken.

The sweetest music often breathes,  
From harp of frailest strings,  
And finest chord when rudely touched,  
In wildest discord rings.  
I love my harp so nicely strung,  
Trembling in every part,  
That when its strings are touched aright,  
Each fibre of the heart  
May echo back in pure delight,  
Each tone the muse inspires,  
Until the heart itself consumes  
In its own lightning fires.

Come then, my poor neglected muse,  
No longer dwell apart;  
But Harp and Muse unite and dwell  
Forever in my heart.

Canal Dover, Ohio.

THE HOME OF TASTE.—How easy is it to be neat!—to be clean! How easy to arrange the rooms with the most graceful propriety! How easy is it to invest our houses with the truest elegance! Elegance resides not with upholsterer or the draper; it is not in the mosaics, the carpetings, the rosewood, the mahogany, the candelabra, or the marble ornaments; it exists in the spirit presiding over the chambers of the dwelling. Contentment must always be most graceful; it sheds serenity over the scene of its abode; it transforms a waste into a garden. The home lightened by those intimations of a nobler and brighter life may be wanting in much which the discontented desire; but to its inhabitants it will be a palace, far outvying the oriental in brilliancy and glory.

# The Ark.

ALEX. B. GLENN, Editor.

## LADIES' CARDS.

In 1845, the G.L.U.S. adopted a form of card to be issued to the wives and widows of Odd Fellows—to the former not to remain in force more than a year at a time; and to the latter, so long as they remain widows. These cards are to be applied for in open Lodge, and must be granted by a vote of two-thirds of the members present.

The G.L.U.S. does not furnish these cards. Each State must supply itself. The Grand Lodge of Ohio had a card engraved, and it furnishes blanks to her subordinates, and to other Lodges or States who may order them.

It is not required that Ladies' cards should bear the signature of the Secretary of the G. L.U.S., as has been asserted by some brothers.

We have been told by pretty good authority that in Pennsylvania, these cards are not recognized. Our authority comes from Pittsburgh. How is it, Bro. Russell? Can it be that a lady, holding a card, certifying that she is the wife of a brother, who is a member of a Lodge in Ohio, would not be recognized as such, and receive the attentions and kindnesses she has a right to, under such circumstances? There must be some mistake, or misunderstanding, certainly.

Our form of card will answer for any jurisdiction, and we would be pleased to fill orders for them at the rate of six dollars per hundred.

THE MT. VERNON CELEBRATION. — We learn from Grand Master CRAIGHEAD, who was present, that the procession and other proceedings at Mt. Vernon, on the 19th of June, was a splendid affair, and every thing went off to the satisfaction of all. Bro. C. speaks highly of the address of Bro. MATHER. We were greatly and grievously disappointed in not being present. We were too unwell to venture abroad. We hope some one will send us a full account for publication.

## MISSOURI—ENCAMPMENT MATTERS.

We have received from our ever attentive friend and brother, I. M. VEITCH, Grand Scribe, the proceedings of the R.W. Grand Encampment of Missouri, at its sessions during the years 1850-51. We do not find therein any thing of general interest. The jurisdiction is composed of ten subordinate Encampments, and reported on the 31st of December last, 284 contributing members. No report from three Encampments.

The Grand Patriarch, in his report at the April session, 1851, says—"We cannot say that its progress [the Encampment branch,] has been as rapid as we, in our sanguine expectations, had anticipated. There is not that interest shown by members of the subordinate Encampments that is desirable. We, however, feel ourselves justified in saying that, as far as we can learn, there are attached to each Encampment, members who give evidence of their devotion and zeal, by a constant attendance, and we feel assured that although our increase is slow, this branch of the Order is in a healthy condition."

It is thus seen that the same indifference which manifests itself in Ohio and elsewhere, in regard to Encampments, exists in Missouri. *A want of interest by the members.* They do not attend, and thus give the best of evidence that *they take no interest* in the Encampment branch; and it is more evidence in favor of abolishing Encampments—most especially Grand Encampments.

The following are the officers of the Grand Encampment of Missouri, elected on the 21st of April last: Luther Perkins, M.W.G.P.; Rev. John Libby, M.E.G.H.P.; Franklin Weston, G.S.W.; Isaac M. Veitch, G. Scribe; Wm. H. Remington, G. Treas.; Alex. Peterson, Jr., G.J.W.; Benj. F. Crane, G. Sent; Wm. H. Remington, Grand Representative.

BRO. WILLIAMSON'S ADDRESS.—The address of Bro. Williamson, before the Grand Lodge of Kentucky, published in this number, is copied from the Louisville Odd Fellow. It is a most admirable production, and we hope all who receive The Ark will read it.

**BARNESVILLE LODGE, No. 185,**  
Was instituted at Barnesville, Belmont county, on the 13th of June, by M. W. G. M. Craighead. A goodly number of brothers from neighboring Lodges were present, who, with the petitioners, formed a procession and marched to the Methodist Church, where they were addressed by the Grand Master. The day and evening passed off pleasantly, and a good impression was made. The petitioners are men of character and means, and start off with the avowed determination of building up a Lodge there that will be a credit to the Order. There being plenty of material in the neighborhood, there is no doubt the determination will be fully carried out.

The officers of the new Lodge are Thomas C. Parker, NG; Jacob H. Parker, VG; William Y. Laws, Sec'y; Joseph Ireman, Treas'r. Meets Saturday evenings.

This makes the third Lodge in the substantial old county of Belmont, and all within a little over two years. Success to each one, and to the speed of the Order every where.

**WAKATOMICA LODGE, No. 186,** was instituted at Dresden, Muskingum county, on the 17th of June, by Grand Master Craighead, assisted by a goodly number of brothers from Zanesville and Coshocton. Six gentlemen were initiated, and the new Lodge makes a very promising beginning. The officers are Alfred Barren, NG; B. F. Lemert, VG; E. E. Granger, Sec'y; A. S. Culbertson, Treasurer. Meets Tuesday evenings.

**THORNVILLE, OHIO.**—We have understood from one of the members, that a Lodge has been instituted at the above village, but no report or particulars have been sent us. We have some acquaintance with the brothers of Thornville, and feel certain they will have a good Lodge there.

**CORRECTION.**—Herndon Lodge, No. 95, was instituted at Edinburgh, Ind., on the 28th of March last. Isaac S. Jelf is N.G. and Joseph Hurt, Sec'y. The date and names were incorrectly printed in the last Ark.

**LAFAYETTE ENCAMPMENT, No 51,** was instituted at Ripley, Brown county, Ohio, on the 2d of June, by the Grand Patriarch. Nine petitioners were present, and nine members were added, having been duly received and exalted to the R. P. degree. The officers are D. H. Murphy, CP; Jacob Debolt, HP; Geo. K. Snider, SW; A. N. Wiley, JW; F. Taylor Liggett, Scribe; C. Howard, Treasurer. The members of this new branch of the Patriarchal Order, are all No. 1 Odd Fellows, and will be faithful to the new trust reposed in them. The Lodge at Ripley, from which the material for the Encampment will be drawn, is one of the very best Lodges in Ohio, being composed of honest, moral, upright men. The labors of the evening were almost entirely borne by Patriarchs S. R. Reed, Wm. Chidsey, John Gould, Paxson Coats, George D. Winchell, Frederick Swartz of Cincinnati, and Jos. V. Corre, of Mt. Healthy, to each of whom, for ourself, (and we assume it for the Encampment,) we tender our sincere thanks; and invite them to be present the next time we may have similar work on hand. We do not wish to particularize; but we must say we have never met Bro. Coats' equal, in his line.

**SEWANIE LODGE, No. 95.**—We regret to say that this Lodge, formerly located at Georgetown, Brown county, has ceased to exist. The Grand Master visited it recently and took possession of its effects. The charter was no doubt forfeited long since, for "non-user," or something worse. So the chain which has so long connected unbroken all our Lodges, from No. 1, upwards, has at last been broken. We are not without hope, however, that the Lodge may some day be resuscitated. Certainly there can be found among its members five good and trusty men who will take charge of it, and go to work in the right way.

✂ The name of the Encampment at Monroeville, Ohio, is changed to CALUMET—signifying the "Pipe of Peace." It is now Calumet Encampment, No. 47, and is prospering finely



## THE BOOK OF LAWS.

BRO. GLENN—Passing through the Miami Valley a few days since, and stopping to dine at Piqua, I found in the reading room a Cincinnati daily paper, in which my eye met the following notice :

I. O. O. F.—The members of the Franklin Lodge, No. 4, I. O. O. F. are particularly requested to attend the stated meeting to be held this evening, June 12th, at 8 o'clock. The subjects of the acceptance or rejection of the new code of laws, and of the purchase of the fee simple in the ground corner of Third and Walnut streets, will be considered.

By order of the Lodge,

E. PENROSE JONES, P. S.

I was, and still am, at a loss to conceive what "the Franklin Lodge, No. 4," or any other Lodge has to do with the "acceptance or rejection of the new code of laws," recently sent out by the Grand Lodge. If I understand the powers of the Grand Lodge, as taught me some years since, when the Grand Lodge met monthly, and often weekly, and was altogether in the hands of our Cincinnati Past Grands, that body had supreme power, and could rule her subordinates as she pleased. I knew *that right* was not only asserted, but it was *often exercised*, as the proceedings show; and wo to the Lodge that attempted to controvert such a right! A few years since, if a Lodge at Dayton, or beyond the boundary of Hamilton county, or in Cincinnati itself, had put forth such a notice as the one I send you, the Grand Lodge would have voted it insubordination of the rankest kind; and in the vulgar phrase, the Lodge would have been "put through by the day-light line!" A *special* session would have been called, and "due deliverance made," especially had it occurred in the memorable year 1847! I do not think much of the little book of laws, so far as I have examined it, and do not think it was required or necessary; and its enactment may have been wrong; but I am a law abiding brother. I remember I have several times pledged my sacred word of honor, that I will submit to the laws and rules of the Grand Lodge; and so I shall endeavor to do; and when I find any thing that I think is wrong, I shall not nullify. I will not do that

which is at war with every principle and with every precept of our Order, taught us at every step we take, from the initiation door on up, up, up, until we can go no farther. Odd Fellowship teaches us to be order-loving and law-abiding men; and if the Grand Lodge of the United States, or the Grand Lodge of Ohio, should pass offensive and obnoxious laws, I will not join any nullifying party, but I will join that party which will endeavor to obtain redress by having the obnoxious law expunged in a legal and peaceable manner. P. G.

VILLAINOUS OUTRAGE.—Under this head the Trumbull County Whig, (published at Warren, Ohio,) of May 16th, details one of the most outrageous pieces of villainy that has been placed on record in a long time. It is this: On the week previous, some villain or villains entered the Hall of Mahoning Lodge, No. 29, I. O. O. F., in the town of Warren, and "mutilated the books and furniture belonging thereto. Perhaps no Lodge in the State is better fitted and furnished than this, the carpeting, furniture, &c., being of the most elegant and expensive kind. The entrance was most probably effected by means of false keys; two locks upon the outer and one on the inner door having to be picked before admission could be gained to the Hall. Here the Secretary's desk was found broken open, the ledger containing the accounts of the Lodge, amounting to many hundreds of dollars, was cut to pieces, other of the account books hid in the stove, and the papers of the Lodge torn and scattered about the room. Ashes and oil were thrown on the carpet, the regalia disfigured with grease, and other acts equally wanton and fiendish perpetrated upon the fixtures and furniture."

The Lodge offers a reward of two hundred dollars for the arrest and conviction of the perpetrators of this infamous deed; and we earnestly hope they may be arrested and punished. It would seem that no penalty would be too severe for such a wanton and dastardly act.

37 The annual session of the Grand Encampment of Ohio will be held in Cincinnati, on Saturday, the 19th inst.

# THE RICH ODD FELLOW—THE ARK.

A brother far away down in old Virginia, who has for a long time read *The Ark*, and who has sent us many subscribers, writes us as follows, in regard to Bro. Adams' story of the rich Odd Fellow, and in reference to the present volume of *The Ark*. We have never published any thing more popular than "Charles Steddom." We hope Bro. Adams will try his pen again. We know all our readers will welcome him. As to *The Ark*, we assure Bro. B. his good opinion is most grateful to us, and we hope we shall be able to keep up the interest of its pages :

"I have received the May No. of *The Ark*, and have read the conclusion of the 'Rich Odd Fellow.' I have never read a tale that kept up its interest so well throughout as did that; and it seemed so truthful and life-like in all its parts, and was, withal, so excitingly interesting that I really regretted that Bro. Adams had got through his task so soon. I hesitate not to say that nothing that has appeared in your columns for years will produce a better effect.

"The present volume of *The Ark*, thus far, I am delighted with. Your contributions and selections are not only good, very good, but really of intrinsic value to the Order; and I cannot see how any good Odd Fellow will deny himself the pleasure of its monthly visits."

**WIDOWS' AND ORPHAN ASYLUM.**—We observe it stated in the *Banner of the Union*, that the members of the Order under the jurisdiction of the Grand Lodge of Northern N. York, have it in contemplation to establish at Syracuse, an Asylum, for the care of the widows and the education and protection of the orphan children of their deceased brethren. They propose making an assessment the first year of one dollar upon each of the twenty thousand members of the district, half a dollar for the second year, and thereafter twenty-five cents per annum, which they think will realize a sum amply sufficient to build an Asylum upon a large scale, and keep it in healthy operation.

The celebration at Wooster is postponed until the 4th inst. Rev. Bro. Adams delivers the address.

**ZANESVILLE, OHIO.**—The Order in the flourishing city of Zanesville, are engaged in erecting an Odd Fellow's Hall. The building is to be three stories high, and will be a beautiful ornament to the city. It will be forty-one and a half feet front, and one hundred and eight and a half in length, sixty feet in height from the pavement to the eaves, with walls 22 inches thick. The first story is to be fitted up for store rooms, the second as a public hall, and the third for the use of the Order. Odd Fellowship prospers in Zanesville, and the brothers are determined to keep progress with the improvements and conveniences of the times. That is right. We wish them all the success which their energy and enterprise so much deserves.

**COLUMBUS, ILL.**—I have read your valuable magazine for some time through the kindness of some of the brothers at St. Francisville, Mo., where I first became acquainted with the beauties of Odd Fellowship. Within the past year I removed to this place, where there was but one Odd Fellow besides myself, although I found some few good citizens who were anxious to become members of the Order. With such aid we set to work in earnest, had four or five gentlemen initiated, and obtaining a charter from the Grand Lodge of Illinois, Columbus Lodge, No. 84, was organized at this place on the 21st of November, 1850. We have been steadily increasing in numbers and interest ever since, and have now quite an interesting Lodge. Our Order seems to be flourishing generally throughout the Western country.

**MINNESOTA.**—Just as the last form of this No. is ready to go to press, we have a letter from P.G.M. Potts, of Galena, informing us that he has instituted John G. Potts Lodge, No. 3, at the Falls of St. Anthony, Minnesota territory. The paper he speaks of has not arrived.

**LOUISVILLE, KY.**—A new Lodge, (Louisville, No. 81,) was instituted in that city, on the 15th of April last, by D.G.M. Riddle. The Lodge meets on Tuesday evenings, in Eureka Lodge Hall. The officers are: F. Stork, NG; J. Kraufman, VG; Frantz Beck, Sec'y; and G. Nernberger, Treasurer.

## CELEBRATION AT SOMERFIELD, PA.

On Tuesday, May 20, (says the Genius of Liberty,) the celebration by the Independent Order of Odd Fellows, took place at Somerfield, Somerset co., Pa. Notwithstanding the unfavorable state of the weather, the procession was large and imposing. Members of the Order were in attendance from Stoystown Lodge, Somerset co., Fort Necessity and Tonaluka Lodges, Uniontown, and Addison Lodge, Somerfield. The procession formed in front of the Methodist Episcopal Church, marched to the west end of town, counter-marched and proceeded to the Youghiogheny bridge, thence to the M. E. Church, where the following ceremonies took place: 1st. Music. 2d. Prayer, by Rev. H. A. Hartzell, Chaplain of Addison Lodge. 3d. Music. 4th. Oration by Rev. James D. McCabe, Past Grand Chaplain G. L. U. S. 5th. Music. 6th. Benediction.

It is hardly necessary to say that the oration of Mr. McCabe was replete with learning and eloquence. A mere announcement that he made an address, is a sufficient assurance that a "feast of reason" was well served up. Mr. McCabe gave utterance to many truths which were no doubt received with great reluctance by the Somerset county Anti-Masons. They seemed to be irresistible, however, and all united in awarding the highest praise to the sincerity and eloquence of the speaker. The address to the Throne of Grace, by Rev. Mr. Hartzell, was truly an eloquent appeal. The Reverend gentleman invoked Heaven's choicest blessings upon our glorious Union. A large number of persons from Fayette and Somerset counties, and contiguous portions of Maryland and Virginia, came out from their mountain homes, to attend the celebration. Gen. JOSHUA B. HOWELL, of this place, was Chief Marshal of the line of procession. As this was the first demonstration of the kind that has been made in Somerset county for a long time, it will doubtless make a lasting impression.

The brother who kindly sent us the foregoing from Wheeling, adds the following:

"I will merely add to the enclosed, that the Order in this place and adjoining parts of Pennsylvania, is *onward*. There is now a scheme agitated by the Lodges in Western Pennsylvania, for the purpose of erecting an asylum for Widows' and Orphans'. Only think of this, in a region once cursed by the presence and power of that pestilential demon, *Anti-Masonry*!

"The vocation of our Order is to work out a practical scheme of good to all men—to illustrate in its harmonious movements to this great end, the propriety of *union* among the good and true, in relieving the physical ills to which suffering humanity is heir."

## CELEBRATION AT NEVILLE, OHIO.

NEVILLE, May 31, 1851.

BRO. GLENN—On the 28th of this month, Vesper Lodge, No. 131, had a fine celebration in this place. There were a number of brothers present, and participated in the festivities of the day, from Lamartine, Mistletoe, Milton and Batavia Lodges, and Augusta, Ky. We had a splendid address on Odd Fellowship, from Bro. D. W. C. Johnston, which did honor to himself, and good to the Order in this section. The procession made a better appearance than is usual in a country village, in consequence of there being a goodly number of Past Grands and Encampment members in procession. After the services at the church the procession proceeded to the place where a most superb dinner was prepared by Mr. S. A. Gelvin, (now Bro. Gelvin,) and bountifully participated in the abundance of the table, after which the visiting brothers embarked for their several homes, highly pleased with the ceremonies of the occasion.

Vesper Lodge is in a prosperous condition. Our hall is well finished and furnished, neatly carpeted, and furnished with a full set of emblems. We have initiated twelve good members within the last three or four months, which is quite an accession to our Lodge since the last report.

Yours in F., L. & T.,  
W. P. KINCAID.

## CELEBRATION AT WINCHESTER, O.

WINCHESTER, June 12, 1851.

BRO. GLENN—The June No. of The Ark reached us in due season, and to the subscribers here it is a welcome messenger. We believe that the principles of Odd Fellowship, as set forth from time to time in its pages, is well calculated to work great good to the Order, especially to those that believe in the doctrine of "Friendship, Love and Truth."

I see by the notice given us, that you have not had any account of our celebration, which came off at this place on the 17th of May. We had been looking forward with anxiety to the day, hoping that we might have fair weather for the occasion. On the night of the 16th, the lowering clouds, which had been threat-

ening rain for several days, gave us a heavy shower. The morning came with flying clouds, and we were fearful that we would have a rainy day; but we were favored by a kind Providence with fair weather. About 8 o'clock in the morning, the brothers commenced coming in from every direction, and by half past 10 o'clock, our village was pretty well filled up, with a large number of the brotherhood, with many others, which the occasion brought together. We formed in procession about 11 o'clock, and after marching through the principal streets, we proceeded to the grove, where the Rev. Bro. S. L. Adams delivered an appropriate address to an audience of 1000 or 1500 persons, in a clear and forcible manner, giving us an account of the rise and progress of Odd Fellowship in the United States. His address throughout was well suited to the occasion, and there is no doubt but what there has been a good impression made for the Order in this vicinity. After the exercises closed at the grove, we then proceeded back to town, marching through several streets. We were then conducted to the Lodge, where we were formally dismissed. All appeared to be highly pleased with the proceedings and exercises of the day.

Yours, in F., L. and T.

W. P. BLAIR.

## CELEBRATION AT RICHMOND, IND.

RICHMOND, IA, May 24, 1851.

BRO. GLENN—Our celebration came off on the 21st, in a happy style, and will long be remembered by those who participated in its festivities, and by the citizens generally. The day was favorable, and a goodly number of brethren from neighboring Lodges were in attendance. The procession was formed at 10 o'clock, and marched to a beautiful grove near town, headed by the Eaton Brass Band, discoursing sweet music to enliven the scene. The address was delivered by Bro. S. L. Adams, P. G. H. P., to an unusually large audience. He spoke near one hour and a half, and appeared to rivet all to the spot. My pen will not do justice to the address. Suffice it to say, it was the best ever delivered in eastern Indiana, and there is no doubt but it will do much good.

White Water Lodge is in a better and more thriving condition than she has ever been, which her next report will show.

Yours fraternally,

W. L. FARQUHAR.

FROM LOUISIANA.—A good brother at Franklin, writes us as follows:

I am going to Opeleousas this week, and intend taking with me the first number of The Ark. As it is only some four or six weeks since we established a Lodge there, (which is going ahead finely, and, as I suppose, they know nothing about your excellent publication,) I am in hopes I can add something more to the interest of our noble Order, by inducing as many of the young brothers there as possible to read and study through it, the great obligations they have voluntarily taken on themselves; and giving those that are not of us an opportunity of judging correctly of our principles, and how we carry out our objects.

The Order here is doing finely. We have just established an Encampment, under the name of Mount Sinai, No. 9, which, although new, is doing well, and working under the right principle, as we prefer few in number, (they being good and true,) to a host indiscriminately taken without due inquiry to principle and standing.

J. G. C.

FLEMINGSBURGH, KY.—Fleming Lodge, No. 30, had a procession and address, on the 5th of June. There were visiting brothers present from Mayslick, Maysville, Sharpsburg, and Orangeburgh, Ky., and from Aberdeen, Ohio, making about 150 in the procession.

The address was delivered by Rev. Bro. Wm. McD. Abbott, and is highly spoken of. A sumptuous dinner was served up at the Dudley House, and the whole affair passed off to the satisfaction of all, and was highly creditable to the Order.

For the above particulars we are indebted to Bro. N. S. Andrews, and the Maysville Plow Boy.

MELMORE, OHIO.—The Lodge in this place is not increasing in numbers as fast as some others; yet it probably will meet the expectations of the petitioners. We have initiated two, and one joined on card since the institution, and one petition is before the committee at this time. I will further say, those we have are of the right stripe, and we are determined to have all of that kind or none.

E. J. C.

CHARLESTON, IND.—Our Lodge here is yet in its infancy, being instituted on the 20th of February last. It is called Charleston Lodge, No. 94. Our present officers are Wm. S. Ferrier, N. G.; John Liter, V. G.; John C. Parker, Sec'y.; M. P. Alpha, Treasurer.

## VIRGINIA.

The Grand Lodge of this State held its annual session at Richmond in April last, but as yet we have had no advices except a copy of the report of Grand Master FITZHUGH. This, unfortunately, was laid aside, and it was only by accident we found it. It is not too late, however, to give some extracts from this interesting and able report:

"Since our last meeting, another year has been added to the history of our Order. A year of peace and prosperity, in every region where Odd Fellowship exists. From ocean to ocean, with the isles of the sea, and more than half a continent, as the theatre of its labors the vast brotherhood is actively engaged in the dissemination of its principles and the practice of its virtues.

On reviewing the past, we find our Order encountering and overcoming with resistless energy, the difficulties which opposed its progress. The present exhibits a bright and cloudless sky; and the achievements of the past pre-  
sage a future gilded with still nobler triumphs.

Constituting an important portion of this great fraternity, each annual communication of this Grand Lodge is an event of much interest, not only to our own jurisdiction, but to the whole Order. We have been permitted to meet once more, to consult and advise, of the means best calculated to promote the general good. To preserve the purposes of our Order from perversion, and its work from innovation and error. To aid you in discharging this important trust, it is made my duty to inform you of the general state of the Order under your jurisdiction, and the acts of the Executive during the recess.

Virginia forms no exception to the harmony and prosperity which exist generally throughout the Order.

The subordinates have discharged the various duties which devolve upon them with fidelity and zeal. They labor, however, under some disadvantages, which the legislative head alone can remedy. These consist, first, in the want of a new edition of the laws and decisions of this Grand Lodge, and secondly, in the adoption of some system by which they can be more frequently and thoroughly trained and instructed in the work of the Order. It is needless to urge upon you the importance of both of these subjects.

ODD FELLOWSHIP IN BALTIMORE.—A Baltimore paper gives the following account of the operations in the city that cradled the Order in the United States:

"They have an excellent library at their hall, in this city, which, on the first of January last, contained 8,864 volumes. During the quarter, 5,217 volumes were taken out for temporary use by the members of the several Lodges—2,436 of which were English and 2,681 German works. The increase in the number of readers for the quarter, compared with the same quarter last year, was 2,834.

"They have also under their charge 400 orphan children, to whose care and education they pay especial attention. The propriety of erecting an orphan asylum, which will cost \$10,000, has been under consideration for some time, but no definite action taken."

P.G. P. B. SMUCKER.—We have in our possession a letter sent us from New Orleans with a request that we should forward it to P.G. P. B. Smucker, or his family. We do not know such a person, and after many inquiries cannot hear of such a person. Can some one inform us where to send the letter?

WESTERN IRIS.—Bro. D. Radebaugh, Jr., has issued a prospectus for publishing in Cincinnati a weekly paper to be devoted to Odd Fellowship, literature, scientific matters, news, &c., &c., to be called the Western Iris. The terms to be \$2.00 a year. We hope it may get a good start, and be well sustained.

## MARRIED,

At Mt. Pleasant, Ohio, March 27, 1851, by Rev. Benj. Mitchell, Bro. JOHN DELANY, of Mt. Pleasant Lodge, No. 63, to Miss MARTHA JANE MERCER, both of that place.

At Richmond, Ind., May 20, 1851, by Rev. George F. Fish, Bro. JOHN D. MORRISON, of Wm Penn Lodge, No. 56, Cincinnati, to Miss REBECCA A. MCGRAW, of the former place.

At Coshocton, Ohio, May 28, 1851, by the Rev. D. Trueman, Bro. A. T. WALLING, Editor of the Coshocton Democrat, to Miss ELLEN BURNS, both of that place.

At Oak Spring, May 8, 1851, by Elder D. S. Burnet, Bro. JOSEPH F. WRIGHT, P.G. of Woodbine Lodge, No. 126, to Miss MARY, daughter of the late Dr. Gano, all of Hamilton county, Ohio.

At Wheeling, Va., June 4, 1851, by the Rev. T. L. Armstrong, Bro. T. L. FRACKER, P.G. of Moxahala Lodge, No. 144, Zanesville, Ohio, to Miss JULIA WILLARD, of Wood county, Va.

At Madison, Ind., June 3, 1851, by the Rev. James A. Kirtley, Bro. JOSEPH TODD, P.G. of Monroe Lodge, No. 2, to Miss ELIZABETH V. CHAPMAN, both of that city.

# THE ARK.

VOL. 8.

AUGUST, 1851.

No. 8.

## OUR OBJECTS AND OUR DUTIES.

BY BRO. R. W. GIBBES.

We are banded together for "Friendship, Love and Truth," and for "the diffusion of the principles of Benevolence and Charity."

Man is a social being—he is a dependant one. The incomprehensible mind, acting upon the wonderful organization of the corporeal mechanism, prompts him to fellowship with his kind—mutual relations, from necessities and interests, real or fancied, establish mysterious and powerful feelings, and sympathies arise to fix and perpetuate a bond of union of separate individual natures. The history of the world is full of examples of this delightful influence, established among the members of the human family, although it has been a theme for the poet to denounce as

—————"On earth unseen,  
And only found, to warm the turtle's nest."

What is Friendship? It is the practice of that great precept of the only perfect man the world has seen, "Do unto others what ye would that they should do unto you." Love is the basis of this maxim, and Friendship is the result of its application. It teaches us to feel an interest in the pleasures and pains, the prosperity and adversity, the happiness or misery of our fellow-mortals—and feeling thus, to contribute all we can to advance the former or alleviate the latter. Friendship prompts us to appreciate the good qualities and extenuate the faults and errors of our neighbors—to look with joy upon their advancement, and "more in sorrow than in anger" upon their treating us with feelings opposite to our own. It is the part of Friendship to have *faith* in our brethren—to confide in those we deem worthy, and encourage to better conduct such as have deviated from the paths of propriety—that they may be tempted by kind feelings to "feel the luxury of doing good." Friendship is the pure feeling of interest in the well being of the object of our attachment, apart

from any personal interest of our own. In its purity it induces us to prefer the success of others to our own prosperity.

It is the object of Odd Fellowship to encourage and foster this worthy sympathy, and to cultivate and improve those finer feelings of our nature which characterize the supremacy of man over the brute. Our journey through life is a rugged one at best, and our nature calls for aid from our fellows to support those troubles which but too clearly prove that

"Man was made to mourn."

If we analyze farther the springs of Friendship, we would find numerous causes for its exercise, apart from the intrinsic excellence of its enjoyment. In union there is strength, and every great object is accomplished by concert of action among individuals, or combined influence of numbers. We all take more interest in any work where our exertions are appreciated, and when we feel that others are disposed to support us in any undertaking our individual labors are increased and our own disposition to effect our object is stimulated. This being our state of feeling when countenanced by others, it is reasonable that reflection should make us take a reciprocal interest in them, and thus is established that community of dependance which is a ground-work of Friendship. Our feelings and sentiments for others being thus based on a foundation of mutual sympathy, good will and brotherly love are the certain offsprings.

Such a feeling once established, frequent communication renders it a habit, and hence we derive permanent and lasting social connexion in society.

When we meet at the altar of Odd Fellowship, is it not expected that we come with sincere hearts, and in accordance with our obligation, that we have no animosity to our brethren? If otherwise, it were better for us to remain at home, and avoid the hypocritical condition of professing what is far from our thoughts.

Do we meet within these sacred walls to go

through the cold and formal routine of practices abhorrent to the candid and generous mind? Do we assemble here to look with suspicion and ill-will on the acts and dispositions of our brethren?

Do we congregate weekly to devise schemes and measures to counteract the efforts of those whose conscientious devotion to the objects of the Order perhaps render them conspicuous from zeal in a good cause? Surely not. We come together for good. We are laborers in the vineyard of Charity and Benevolence, and our object is to emulate the highest in the good work of advancing our principles. With such feelings and such objects we need but earnest exertion for success. Already has Odd Fellowship spread its fostering wings far and wide—already has the good feeling and brotherly love of communities centred in the focus of our Order, and given out the condensed light which brightens the condition and prospects of the worthy Odd Fellow.

And is our object only to alleviate the sufferings of our sick or distressed brother, to pour the balm of consolation into the widowed heart or to provide sustenance for the body, and mental food for the mind of the desolate and fatherless? No—we are bound to these purposes; we are obligated to these objects; and they are our regular and necessary dispensations. But not the less are we interested in preserving brotherly love. The aid we derive from our brethren is spiritless and chilling if coming from laws and not from love. We should take pleasure in soothing the wounded feelings and healing the breaches which arise from misconstruction of motives, or misapprehension of acts among our brethren. Our institution is for social purposes utterly worthless, unless we can dwell together in unity and Odd Fellowship is a name of literal translation, if hostilities exist among its votaries.

In the cultivation of Friendship in addition to the individual benefit arising from it, we owe much to the character of our Order and its moral influence in the community. We profess Friendship—and shall this be a mere nominal example of the arrogance of union? Certainly not. We have principles, and we are to practise upon them. Our duty requires that we act up to what we profess, and our bearing and conduct out of the Order should prove to the world the beauty and value of having such moral influence to protect and guide us, and connect us with our fellow-men.

While our necessary objects of union are

to contribute aid in sickness, to smooth the rough pillow of disease, and soften the asperities of mental anguish, it is our incumbent obligation in health to cultivate brotherly love—to become better acquainted, and to give to each other the confidence and reliance worthy of our principles. One of our chief objects collectively and individually should be to bring about the settlement of all differences among brothers, and induce them to cultivate such a spirit of forbearance and kind feelings towards each other, as Odd Fellowship inculcates. Each of us should feel it especially obligatory on him to use his influence to check and prevent difficulties arising among brothers, that the public interests of the Order may be advanced, while the private individuals are benefitted. Animosity and ill-feeling should be entirely banished, and each of us should strive to emulate the good by being zealous in a good cause. We should never forget the golden rule that by consulting a brother's interest we are always adding to our own; and that a good action carries with it its own reward, the consciousness of rectitude.

If an Odd Fellow be unkind or uncharitable, or neglect his obligations to the Order, he contradicts his name, and instead of aiding the institution he becomes an injury to it; and it were better for him to leave the fraternity, if its principles do not influence his conduct.

In becoming Odd Fellows we incur various obligations which we should remember.

First, our duty to the Order is that we contribute all in our power to render it respected in the community, and worthy of notice as an institution deserving public confidence. The objection which many good and estimable citizens have to secret associations creates an additional incentive to exhibit by acts, that our object is truly what we profess, and as our numbers are becoming great, it is due to the Order that we should adhere rigidly to all rules laid down for its governance, that its spirit and practices may never fall into disrepute. Our conduct as individuals affects the character of our union, and we should be particularly careful that by our acts in every respect, we should not throw discredit on our name. The world is censorious, and individual carelessness or looseness of conduct is soon magnified into serious importance, and influences character in all its connections. Let a man of character violate the rules of morality, and the slightest and most venial error or neglect is noticed among his immediate associates, and even his children feel the obloquy of his con-

duct. The behavior of individual members gives influence to our association, and upon us depends a strict injunction to discharge with fidelity and integrity all our obligations. With such an adherence to the rule of right, our conduct and bearing in society will adorn the Order, and enhance Odd Fellowship wherever it becomes located. There are many violations of moral rules not directly punishable by the rules of the Order, which do serious injury to its good name, hence it is becoming that our members should consider themselves, while communicating with their brethren, to be guided in all particulars by the strictest rules of morality, lest the Order be injured.

We owe a duty to Odd Fellowship and its general character throughout the world, that no immoral man or one intemperate should be admitted to our communion. No one who violates decency in any particular in his conduct or associations should ever be allowed to continue amongst us—and we have a right to demand and require from our members a rigid compliance with our rules, which are based on the moral law.

The institution requires of us imperatively to admit no unworthy person to its benefits.

We owe another duty to the Order, of a practical bearing upon its usual weekly claims, which is to make ourselves familiar with its work and ceremonies—to fit ourselves for the discharge of all offices or appointments which the good of the Order requires, and to accept the same as honorable marks of confidence and trust to be attended to with punctuality, faithfulness and our best abilities. It is proper that every good Odd Fellow should not shrink from any part which may be assigned to him, but diligently do what he can with a sincere and laudable feeling, to show that he works not for his own ambition or self-advancement, but for the interests of Odd Fellowship.

He should also never forget how important it is to encourage each other in a strict attention to the requisitions of the bye-laws in the discharge of that obligation which requires him when an officer to be in his place. The ceremonies and forms of the Order are imposing and interesting when properly performed, and the absence of the principal officers is a serious detriment to the effect of such duties. The strong and proper impression upon the mind at the initiation is most valuable, and the proper officer can always do the duty with most confidence and effect. If a brother receive the honorable distinctions of the offices of trust from his brothers, they have a right

to expect from him a steady attendance to the trust, and nothing but an imperative reason should be suffered to prevent his regular attendance in his office. It is painful to the feelings of brothers to condemn the conduct of those whom they honor, but if there be a necessity for rules, it certainly is necessary to apply them, and the Lodge should always be strict in enforcing them, without fear or favor to any officer. It is of vital importance that duties, which have so frequently to be practised, should be attended to with accuracy, as a careless and loose habit will soon be contracted and bring us into disrepute as a working Lodge. Poor Richard, the philosopher of common sense, has truly observed that "what is worth doing at all, is worth doing well."

Our second duty is to each other. We enter into a mutual contract to sympathize with each other in sickness and in trouble, and we ought to claim the obligation at all times. Not only in suffering is this to be observed, but we are all interested in the conduct of our brothers as men in society. We are bound to overlook their behavior, and to favor them with advice or caution on fitting occasions, or encourage them by our influence when we can do so consistently with other obligations—and this will be more likely to be effected, if we practice those friendly communications which the frequency of our meetings is intended to bring about. At the same time that we give our countenance to the good acts of our brothers, we should always be ready to oppose their vicious dispositions, if at any time they are so far forgetful of their duties as Odd Fellows, as to yield to bad impulses. We owe it to them and to the Order as well as to ourselves, to point out to them their failings, and if injury to the Order is at all likely to ensue, to report them to the Lodge. It is a disagreeable and distressing office, but Odd Fellowship must be kept pure, or it will become despicable. So long as brothers remain members of the Order, they must expect to act consistently with its interests. If they violate its requisitions, as they have voluntarily submitted themselves to its rules, they can look for nothing else than that scrutiny of conduct which is a special prerogative of their brothers. It cannot be too emphatically impressed upon all, the obligation they severally owe to the Order and to each other, to act consistently and rigidly in accordance with their sacred promises as Odd Fellows.

A third obligation we owe to the public.



Apart from the interests of the Order and of ourselves as individuals, we say to the public "we are united to effect good in the community;" "we have formed an extensive association for purposes of high and noble ends;" and publishing our objects and intentions, the public has a deep concern that institutions for the good of mankind should exert a beneficial and worthy influence as examples for the encouragement of similar establishments. The public has a right to expect Odd Fellows to act up to their professions from the very fact of their union for purposes of strength. The moral improvement of society is of incalculable value, and the credit of every institution such as ours is a worthy object of public appreciation. Brothers, let us make our principles respected in the community; let us prove that Odd Fellowship is a useful and wise, and friendly union, as well as a society for Charity. Let us claim the broad privilege that the name of Odd Fellow shall be a guarantee for temperance, good feeling and moral worth, and the blessings of all good and virtuous men will be our lot in this state of preparation "for another and better world."

Give your attention to the lectures of the Order—perfect yourselves in the knowledge of Odd Fellowship, rest not with the subordinate degrees, nor until you have advanced to the sublime knowledge of the Patriarchal institution of the Encampment—that higher and more exalted state of Odd Fellowship which deserves that all who are desirous of being good men, ought to strive to attain. The ancient Patriarchs were models for the human family in the olden time; let the Patriarchs of Odd Fellowship lay claim to such an enviable distinction in these modern ages of civilization and refinement and moral power. Thus will we contribute to diffuse with an irresistible effect the principles of our Order, which will ultimately induce "peace and good will on earth amongst men."

Brothers, Odd Fellowship is prosperous—its principles where known are universally acceptable—we call to our communion men of every nation, tongue, profession, trade and calling; we invite all of the most discordant opinions to our fellowship, asking them to bring with them but one feeling, that of Benevolence. May we ever be guided by that philanthropic principle which unites us as brothers, and when our earthly pilgrimage is over, and we are candidates for that celestial Lodge in the heavens, may, we be prepared for that eternal change "in favor with God and man."

Original.

## THE FORGOTTEN.

BY T. E. CARNES.

When thou art hushed in death's long sleep,  
Will any tear above thee flow?  
Oh, say, will any pause to weep,  
When thou art lying cold and low!

Will any heart feel sad and lone,  
And o'er thy urn fond memories weave?  
Or when the dust is on thee thrown,  
Will all alike forget to grieve?

Will any bend with look of love,  
In sadness o'er thy place of rest?  
Will one soft sigh be breathed above  
The turf that lies above thy breast?

Must thoughts like these forever move  
The stern endurance thou hast shown?  
Are these the questionings that prove  
Thy strength of spirit, wanderer lone?

The buoyant breeze shall o'er thee blow,  
The starlight fall upon thy tomb;  
The spring-time flowers shall near thee grow,  
And wait to heaven their sweet perfume.

The busy world shall hurry on,  
Eash passing hour new strife beget;  
But none shall feel that thou art gone,  
Or breathe a word of fond regret.

And many a form shall find a grave,  
In earth's cold bosom near thy side:  
The maiden fair—the warrior brave,  
The man of intellectual pride.

Their funeral trains shall press the sod  
That heaveth gently o'er thy head,  
When none but an o'erwatching God,  
Shall know that thou art with the dead.

The lover lone shall near thee tread,  
His spirit wrung with anguish wild;  
The mother oft shall pass thy head,  
To sorrow o'er her stricken child.

But thou, alas! shalt be forgot,  
Beneath the dark Destroyer's power;  
Thy humble grave shall be unsought,  
Save by the sunlight and the flower.

It matters not; there is a heart  
That beats with boundless love for all.  
When thou art summoned to depart,  
There is an eye will mark thy fall.

Old mother earth will bid thee sleep  
As sweetly on her gentle breast  
As though a gorgeous pile should keep  
Its mocking vigil o'er thy rest!

INDUSTRY.—Excellence is never granted to man but as the reward of labor. It argues indeed, no small strength of mind to persevere in the habits of industry without the pleasure of perceiving those advantages, which, like the hands of a clock, whilst they make hourly approaches to their point, yet proceed so slowly as to escape observation.

## OBJECTIONS TO ODD FELLOWSHIP.

"Your society is bad, because the poor cannot join it."—Such an objection when rendered into plain language will read thus: You do not admit persons gratuitously to your association, and then take upon yourselves the obligation of supporting them, when the occasion may occur; or, in other words, you do not propose to take all the poor in the land, and by your associated charity, make them comfortable by discharging a duty equally binding on the whole community.

If this be a proper objection, where in the world is the association to which it does not apply? When have we ever heard of a stock company which has made a dividend to the poor, of an amount equal to those who had made investments for its success? What bank, manufacturing, or insurance company has ever done this? What mercantile house has invited the whole or a part of any community, from which they have made their profits, to become equal sharers with the proprietors in the avails of their labor, foresight and frugality? We doubt if such a thing was ever thought of only in connection with objections to Odd Fellowship.

It is perfectly well known that the associations which are named above are formed for the sole purpose of making money. Other advantages may incidentally arise out of their existence, but money is the avowed object at their formation and during their existence, and yet such associations are not only considered laudable, but many assert that they, particularly the last, are actually necessary for the safe conduction of business. Now it is also well known that hardly one poor man, in the general acceptance of the term, holds a share in one of these societies, or ever received a dollar of their profits.

It may be that we have assumed a wrong version of this objection, and that by it is meant that the fees of admission and subsequent payments necessary to insure full membership, are such as to put it out of the power of "poor men" to enter our Lodges. Now if this is the proper version of the objection, such objection is not founded in truth. In this country there is hardly any man who cannot devote ten dollars and subsequently five or six dollars per annum for admission and retention of membership in our Order. In confirmation of this we would ask where is the free white man in Kentucky, between the ages of twenty-one and sixty years, who, be-

ing worthy in every other respect of membership in a Lodge of Odd Fellows, cannot spare the above amount for that object? And further, we will ask: where is the member of a Lodge in Kentucky or elsewhere, who knows of a man being rejected because he was poor? So far from this being the case, it is a glorious fact that the great proportion of Odd Fellows are poor men—in the world's acceptance of the term. A majority throughout the United States and Great Britain are, we believe, mechanics, and in the latter country, even day-laborers. It is true the institution is represented among statesmen and professions—aye, every class of community is represented in our halls—still we hazard nothing in saying that the mass of the Order is made up of laboring men.

What then becomes of this assertion: "Your society is bad, because the poor cannot join it." That paupers cannot, we freely admit; but that able-bodied, honest, industrious men cannot, we strenuously deny.

"But," it is importunately questioned, "what if a man cannot procure the means to become a member?" Well, if he cannot, we suppose he has the high privilege of staying out. Perhaps this objector would want us to draw an order on the treasury for a donation of sufficient money to enable a "poor man" to get in. This would be about as reasonable as asking the stockholders in the bank to present one with sufficient money to purchase shares equal to any and each of them, or requesting an insurance company to favor you with a policy gratis, insuring you in a certain amount in case something transpired of no benefit to them or loss to you. No society which makes pledges can redeem those pledges without the means, hence every association has a price, which is to enable it to respond to those calls, which, according to its constitution may be made upon it, and he who has no stock in partnership has no claim upon the appropriation of its avails. He, therefore, who has done nothing for this institution has no claim on it no more than he who never paid a shilling for land has a claim on the possessions of a neighbor; or, he who has no policy, or never had, has a right to look to an insurance company for indemnity for loss by fire.—Louisville Odd Fellow.

Were there no other evidence of a God, it might be found in this fact, that everything in nature turns instinctively to something higher than itself.

## THE SPHERE OF WOMAN.

BY PROF. JOS. R. BUCHANAN.

The following communication was addressed to the Woman's Rights Convention held at Akron, Ohio, on the 28th of May last. It is an able and eloquent paper, and we commend it to the attentive perusal of all. We have so many lady readers that we must occasionally publish an article in their behalf.

"The noble and interesting struggle in which you are engaged for the elevation of women, should command the approbation of every intelligent being.

When you propose to enlarge or elevate the sphere of woman's existence, you are met by the objection that her present sphere is sufficiently enlarged and elevated for the development of the best qualities of her character, and that when we remove existing restrictions so as to give her equality of opportunities with man, we but tempt her to enter a career in which her true womanhood will be sacrificed, her distinctive virtues lost, and all the vices of man assumed. If this were true, no such reform in woman's relations would be desirable, but, believing it untrue, I propose to show, by the evidence of science, what is the proper sphere of woman.

The most important fact in the history of woman is that she is the mother of all future generations of the human race, and that they are blessed or cursed by her influence, in proportion as she has been well or ill-qualified for the duties of maternity.

Upon her it depends, whether the incalculable millions of all coming time shall be a pallid, scrofulous, feeble, and consumptive race, or shall be hardy, healthy and powerful—whether they shall be gluttonous, intemperate, passionate, murderous and knavish, or honorable, philanthropic, temperate and holy—whether they shall move right on through science, to harmony and happiness, or shall still struggle through ignorance and crime—through pauperism, strife and war, inflicting incalculable misery upon each other.

All this depends upon the character which woman transmits to her offspring, and that depends upon the character which she achieves for herself, as it is beyond a doubt that whatever exists in herself, is, in a greater or less degree, reproduced in her offspring.

Hence the great question in determining the proper sphere of woman, is, what is the

sphere of life in which she may best develop her whole nature. What is the sphere of life in which she can obtain and store up for posterity the greatest amount of health and happiness—of intellectual or moral development.

If we ascertain such a sphere, it is our duty to place her in it—and he who would surround her with restraints to prevent her obtaining such a position becomes guilty of all the direful consequences inflicted upon the future millions, as well as upon the present generation.

There is not in the nature of things any reason why the world should not be filled with every human excellence. There is no reason why men should not be invulnerable in health—incorruptible in morals—gigantic in stature, and god-like in intellect, knowledge and virtue. According to the laws of nature, it is not more difficult or mysterious to fill the world with the strength of Hercules, or the beauty of Apollo, than to cover it with scrofulous misery and baboon-like deformity. In accordance with the general laws of human improvement and hereditary descent, one result is just as intelligible and as accessible as the other.

Which of these results shall be attained depends mainly upon the sphere of woman. Whether the future of this world shall be bright or dark—whether it shall be painted with the hues of Heaven or of Hell, depends upon the sphere which woman give to woman. For as the future is ever imbedded in the present, and angelic beings read in present facts all future facts, the future of humanity lies in the present generation, and more especially in woman, who is the connecting link of the past and the future.

If, then, the sphere of woman is a sphere of happiness, the same bright sky which overhangs her head, surrounds the future world of humanity. If her sphere is a sphere of knowledge and intellectual power, then science and wisdom are the future destiny of mankind. If her sphere is that of good and great deeds, then goodness and greatness are the future destiny of the world.

If women are trained like Spartan mothers, their offspring will be warriors—if degraded like the North American squaws, their offspring will be savages—if trained like the females of the present civilized races, in every conceivable variety of subordinate situation, their offspring will present every conceivable variety of deformity and beauty, of

vice and virtue, of disease and health, of intelligence and ignorance ; but we shall vainly look for great and enlightened men, with perfect bodies, powerful minds, and souls filled with justice, with love and with truth. Such men are now rare and astonishing phenomena, and they must continue to be strange and marvelous exceptions to the usual course of nature, until woman is lifted up out of her petty sphere of brainless drudgery, of frivolous idleness, of luxurious indolence, of harassing care, and of physical debility and disease.

We deprive the greater portion of woman-kind of the best influences of life. All women are more or less subjected to some of the following evils :

They are deprived of liberal education, and if, in a few rare instances, such an education is given, they are deprived of all the opportunities of enjoying its benefits by giving their acquired talents and knowledge a proper sphere of operation.

They are either deprived of healthy physical exercise and development to the destruction of their constitutions, or they are overpowered by domestic drudgery, of a fatiguing and harassing character—or, in many cases, they are subject to both of these misfortunes in succession.

They are deprived of all personal pecuniary independence—ENSLAVED by the inadequate wages of their toil—compelled to be dependent upon men, and deprived, by their restricted mode of life, even of the privilege of looking abroad sufficiently to make a judicious choice of the husband to whom they entrust their fate, and vow eternal submission in accordance with law and usage.

All heroic impulse, all large thought and great action are forbidden by tyrannical public opinion, while littleness, helplessness and dependence are honored as virtues.

Thus do we skillfully combine around woman all the influences which may be-little, crush and degrade her nature, and through her, the future billions of mankind. Is it then strange that civilized nations, although able to produce three times the wealth that is needed for the comfort of all, still wallow in a wide-spread pauperism ? Is it strange that the millions of Europe allow themselves to be governed by hereditary robbers and pirates ? Is it strange that a republic is still deemed almost every where impracticable ? Is it strange that even in this republic, the principles of just legislation and social harmony are

not yet understood ? Is it strange that science crawls with tardy steps, and that thousands of gross delusions still pervade all countries ? Is it strange that the very first principles of reason and justice, on this and many other subjects, are generally repudiated ? In short, is it strange that our present comparatively ignorant, diseased, ugly, scrofulous and brutish race cannot see farther than an arm's length before them, and still flounder on in this great quagmire of despotism, pauperism, ignorance, crime, "war, pestilence and famine," without perceiving that on the right hand of their hopeless road lies the high table-land of universal justice, peace, liberty, knowledge and health ?

Is it strange that such blind imbecility rules the councils of the world, when our whole aim is to place woman in the very focus of imbecility, and through her we thus cripple and crush effectually that God-like power of mind which would, in a single century, were it left free, lift man from his present social hell to social heaven.

It is obvious, then, that in doing justice or injustice to all future generations—and as the proper development of woman should be the great question with far-sighted philanthropists, let us inquire whether her present limited and peculiar sphere is the best for her rightful development.

I can hardly conceive that any rational man, should regard woman's present position as the best for her full development. Who will deny that a large portion of the female half of the race are miserably defective in strength, in muscular energy, and in general stamina and health ? Who will deny that the majority of females are deplorably ignorant not only of the wide range of science and literature, but of a large amount of knowledge which is necessary to fit them for the duties of life, and especially for the duties of mother ? Who will deny that women generally are deprived of that industrial education, and those opportunities for a fair reward of their labor, which are necessary to their living a life of comfort, or escaping from poverty, drudgery, and anxiety ? Who will deny that thousands of females, with natural capacities to be leaders or teachers of mankind, are kept at present in a limited sphere of usefulness, unconscious of their own power ? In short, who will deny that our present social institutions cramp and repress all female greatness ? The advocate of the present order can only claim that it develops modesty and

the affections at the expense of all the other excellencies of character.

But even this claim is fallacious, for the love and modesty of a half developed woman are far inferior to the same qualities in a great fully developed being, who would love nobly and wisely—not with sickly, sentimental, hysterical or jealous fondness, but with a strength, intelligence and joyousness, which would diffuse sunshine on all near her winning presence. The modesty of an ignorant, childish or superstitious woman is as far inferior to the modesty of an intellectual and educated woman—accustomed to commune with nature in all her diversity—as the flowers of a milliner are to the flowers of nature.

But it is contended that this high development of woman is impracticable—that when we give her any wider sphere than the present, we destroy all the peculiar charms of her present character, and substitute therefor the coarse masculine vices of the other sex.

This is contrary to the indications of extensive experience. Men deprived of female society are inclined to adopt coarse and vicious habits, and men deprived of male society are not thereby improved. Bring the sexes together and mutual benefit results—man is refined—woman is stimulated and inspired with a higher, nobler ambition. Each sex contributes to elevate and develop the other. In accordance with the universal wisdom of creation, the sexes were ordained to react on each other, not for evil but for good. It is the misfortune of society at present that this influence is too much restrained. The separation of the sexes is unnatural and demoralizing in its tendency. Let the influence and the presence of woman be seen and felt everywhere, and that influence will be altogether benignant. It will improve the tone of our education, of our society, of our business, of our professional life—and even of our politics and government.

There is one view especially which assures us that woman should occupy the largest possible sphere in the affairs of this world. Of the immense reforms which are to be effected in almost all our relations, how small is the amount that can be accomplished by violence or by blood-shed? How little can be done even by indignant denunciation, and how often does simple argument totally fail to reach the convictions or to change the conduct. But on the other hand, how efficient, how irresistible is a kind and loving spirit. The tender hand of woman can parry the bayonet

more effectually than the mailed arm of the soldier—the bosom of the mother will repel the sword more certainly than the shield or cuirass of the warrior. There is nothing like female ministrations to reclaim the drunkard or the criminal. Woman is ever ready to interfere between angry combatants to prevent blood-shed, and if the influence of woman had heretofore been rightly recognized by governments, the savage butchery of war would long since have ended.

The world is still cursed with standing armies—with tyrannies of many forms—with social, ecclesiastic, pecuniary, political and military despotism. Violence cannot relieve us. We may war against old abuses with all the power of the north wind, and we may cause them, like the traveler's cloak, to be held more firmly against us. But the mild influence of persuasion, kindness, love, or sympathy, as displayed by woman, operates like the warm sunshine in relaxing the stubborn attachment to every social incumbrance.

Man may denounce abuses, but the gentle ministry of reconciliation and reform is best in the hands of woman. Let us give her a just position in the world's government as in the government of the family, and we shall have no more war, no more sanguinary punishments, no more military rulers, no more standing armies of hireling soldiers, no more myriads of unwashed, uneducated, suffering, vagabond children, to swell the armies of thieves and felons, to fill our prisons and to pollute the moral atmosphere of the world.

In the infancy of human beings the tender, forgiving love and watchfulness of woman are indispensable; without them there could be but a poor prospect for the morals, the health, or even the life of the little helpless beings who possess the rudiments of all goodness, but need the best influences to develop what is latent in them. In like manner, we may say, that in the infancy of the race, the harsh hand of military power is not the proper influence for its progress and health. In the present condition of the race, full of childish impulse, and passion, waywardness and selfishness—but full also of a glorious promise for its manhood, woman only can guide it happily through the struggles and sufferings of infancy to the splendid realities of its future maturity. Let us, then, introduce as much as possible of female influence into all the affairs of life—in education, industrial pursuits, in society and in government.

Woman has never yet been injured by in-

roducing her respectfully into the presence of man. Man has never failed to be benefited by the association. As the presence of woman converts the vulgarity of a drunken frolic, into the refinement of the ball-room, so will her honorable introduction into the great world of science, literature, industry, education, and government, tend to refine the manners, purify the morals, increase the benevolence, diminish the violence and coarseness, elevate and enlarge the sphere of scientific thought, by directing it to humanitarian ends, and, in a *thousand nameless ways*, promote as no other influence can, the reign of *universal harmony* and the onward progress of mankind toward the kingdom of Heaven on Earth.

Such are a few of the more obvious considerations, which I had thought of illustrating by reference to the unquestionable physiological laws of the human constitution, but the length of this communication already forbids an elaborate scientific analysis of the laws of male and female development, which, at some future period, I shall take pleasure in laying before the philanthropists of our country.

Indeed, I feel but little occasion for writing at present, since I have observed the large amount of clear, strong, benevolently-inspired intellect already enlisted in the good cause, with which I claim the privilege of fraternally uniting, and to which I tender the homage of my profound respect and ardent admiration."

THE TRUTH OF BEAUTY.—There is nothing beautiful that is not true. There is nothing true that is not beautiful. It was in searching for beauty that I discovered truth. Its temple stands in the center of an artificial labyrinth, composed of the most complicated windings, in which many lose themselves; whilst millions are deluded by the specious falsehoods met with on the way and over-written—"This is the truth, and he who doubts is doomed." But he who would reach the temple round which this wildering maze of thorns and briars is planted, must overleap these artificial fences, or hew away right onward, instinct led, having an unwavering confidence in God, and his own soul. God is truth, and every natural instinct of the soul guides us to God. There are as many revelations as there are souls to need them; each is a revelation in itself, for itself, which may be regarded as a great marvel.

Original.

## LINES ADDRESSED TO E\*\*\*\* W\*\*\*\*.

BY REV. BRO. C. HARTLEY.

Why dost thou say that all in vain  
For thee the roses bloom?  
Shall *Flora's* bright and lovely reign,  
Only enhance thy gloom?  
Shall perfum'd flowers fill all the air  
With odors rich and pure,  
And all their tints and beauties rare  
Fall thy poor heart to allure?

Why, Solomon in all his state,  
Was not array'd like these;  
And is not God in goodness great,  
Thus to delight and please?  
And shall the Lord thus deck the flower,  
And pencil all its leaves,  
And yet forget thee in the hour,  
When thy lone spirit grieves?

Nay, brother, learn from every flower  
That scents the morning air,  
Or glows in beauty 'mid the bower,  
Where A\*\*\*\*'s taste and care  
Combin'd to add increasing bliss  
To days already bright,  
That God will not forsake in this,  
The noon of sorrow's night!

I know thy cup of grief runs o'er,  
And tears bedew thy pillow,  
While anguish'd thro'ts blend with the roar  
Of each succeeding billow.  
Yet 'midst the tempest and the spray,  
And mournful funeral dirge,  
Light! light! from heaven's effulgent day,  
Streams o'er the foaming surge!

That light is from that world of bliss,  
Where 'mid unfading flowers,  
The buds of hope destroy'd in this,  
Expand in heavenly bowers.  
There breathe perfumes from the fields,  
And landscapes of the west,  
Ungingled joy and pleasure yields,  
With love's ecstatic zest.

Canal Dover, Ohio.

## GENTLE WORDS—LOVING SMILES.

The sun may warm the grass to life,  
The dew the drooping flower,  
And eyes grow bright and watch the light  
Of Autumn's opening hour—  
But words that breathe of tenderness,  
And smiles we know are true,  
Are warmer than the summer time,  
And brighter than the dew.

It is not much the world can give,  
With all its subtle art,  
And gold and gems are not the things  
To satisfy the heart;  
But oh, if those who cluster round  
The altar and the hearth,  
Have gentle words and loving smiles,  
How beautiful is earth!

## OUR PRINCIPLES.

## THE SOCIAL PRINCIPLE—CHARITY.

BY REV. BRO. E. H. CHAPIN.

Two general principles I will mention at this time; and these are, the social principle, and the principle of charity. I might were I disposed to be rigorous in my classification, resolve the last as a species, into the former, as the genus; but, as separated they form two convenient topics, and as I am *not* disposed to be thus rigorous, we will proceed in the manner which I have pointed out.

1. The *social principle*, then, is adopted and cherished as essential to Odd Fellowship. What is the social principle? It is that deep and natural feeling in the bosom of man which glows with pleasure in the society of his fellow, and sympathizes with the various degrees of his joy and sorrow. It is of all ages. The source of empires and nations, it existed long before rock-built kingdoms were founded; long ere peopled marts had lifted their glittering pinnacles to the sun. Before human skill had reared the mighty pillars of Tadmor, or moulded the brazen gates of Thebes, the social spirit was abroad, linking hearts together, shedding new beauty upon earth's loveliness, and making glad its solitary places. The *Penates* had sat by household hearths long before mythology had placed its gods upon Olympus, and light was kindled upon domestic altars ages back, from the time when first the prayers of the Egyptian priests went up before the shrines of Isis. When earth lay in the freshness of its youthful beauty—when the rocks, the streams and the forests were all new—when the mountains were unscathed by the marks of time, and ocean was young in its wooing of the stars—this principle had bound the children of men into families; the patriarch had pitched his tents, and gathered his kindred around him in the desert, and the shepherd groups, by night, were watching their flocks, and studying “*Mazaroath in his season*,” and “*the Pleiades with their sweet influences*.” And this principle has gone forth in power and in triumph thro’ the universal humanity. The dark forest has passed away before it, and the lair of the wild beast has been converted into a sanctuary for the hearth and the altar. It has built cities in waste places, and filled them with the roar of busy labor, and the tumult of voices, and reared its thousand homes in mountain glens,

and by rushing waters. It has spread glistening harvests upon hill-top and valley, and strewn its white natives across the heaving deep. It has civilized the savage, and checked theft, and rapine, and bloodshed. It has established the excellence of law, and the beauty of order; and has given supremacy to the tribunal of the magistrate, and surrounded it with solemn sanctions. It has knit tribes together, indissoluble, in the bonds of national compact, and has bestowed upon every man the benefits of mutual support, and, at the same time, the freedom of enjoying his own vine and fig-tree. It is all abroad, upon the face of the wide earth—in its remotest corner—among its rudest children. Where the avalanche thunders, and the torrent shouts and is frozen, and where the red Indian sleeps by the hoarse music of Oregon. It kindles in the snow-covered hut of the Esquimaux, and breathes among the palms that cast their shadows over the golden fountains in far islands of the sea. And all round you are the movings of this spirit. Its monuments exist, innumerable, wherever you turn your eyes. Its living evidences are in your own hearts!

But, ancient and universal as this spirit is, still it exists in degrees. Its emotions are graduated. We sympathize more readily and warmly with those to whom we are intimately connected, or with whom we are associated, than with those at a distance, and to whom we bear no peculiar relation. True, the heart of the philanthropist glows with *universal* love—the bared blade of the patriot is lifted for his *whole* country. Yet, it is natural to the human soul to love certain individuals more than others—individuals to whom we are bound by bright and special bonds—whose glances meet our glances more kindly, whose hands grasp our hands closer than those of others.

There is one spot of earth, for instance, which is dearer in our affections than any other—which lives in memory among the last of earthly things, and which is ever ready to the mind's vision. That sunny spot of earth! where the woodland, forest and the hill-side are more pleasant than woodland, forest and hill-side elsewhere—where the leaves twine so greenly around the porch, and the stream flows by, haunted with old, familiar memories. Where we gathered the ripe fruit, and laughed among the flowers, when the heart was young, and never a care had come to darken our brows, or to stir, save

for a moment, the deep and bitter fountain of tears—

"Home, sweet home!"

It rises before us among all the distant lands, and glows the brightest object in our dreams. The pilgrim of earth, whose heart has been scarred with sorrow, and whose eyes ache and are heavy with weeping, looks back, amid all his wanderings, to this as the green oasis upon the waste of life, and sighs—"home, sweet home!"

And what is it that makes home thus the centre of our earthly affection? What gives it its charm and its beauty? It is the *social principle*, operating deeply there. There heart communes with heart, and we meet in sweet association with others, in the kindred circle, around the threshold, the altar and the hearth. There the ties which bind to man are the strongest and the holiest, and are strongest and the holiest, and are strengthened by intercourse; and to that, therefore, of all the places upon earth is it natural that our fondest thoughts should turn. We may meet other friends with joy, we may love the stranger whom we greet, but it is natural that, *in proportion to the pleasant association which we have had with others*, should our affection for, and our interest in them be.

The social principle needs to be cherished and developed, and seizing upon the idea, Odd Fellowship erects its Lodges and establishes its fraternity. It, cannot, perhaps, make the Lodge-room in all respects like that home, of which we have spoken as being the sphere for the strongest operations of human sympathy, because an innate feeling of kindred, also operates there; but it can do much, much towards causing men to meet

— "As children meet,  
Around a loved hearth-stone."

It can do much, by frequent communion and by an extensive organization, in forming *special ties*, and much towards mutual aid by a fund created from mutual contributions. Odd Fellowship feels the force of the truth, that man has naturally within him, social capacities; and from the degrees in which these are manifested, she learns that they are capable of cultivation and development. She believes that association is the power which is capable of performing this cultivation—of effecting this development. She believes by frequent communion, strangers will be made friends; they will come to know each other, and, out in the world, will feel a relationship

which has been engendered by action in concert upon one set of principles, and which is cherished and respected by the consciousness of peculiar ties. Thus, in the midst of this great world, amid its busy interests and selfish cares, the lonely and friendless may ever have a *second home* within the walls of a Lodge room, and a brother, ready to greet and succor him, in the person of a *true Odd Fellow*. Odd Fellowship acts upon the admitted doctrine that mutual force and mutual aid are far more efficient for the benefit of all, than the means which contribute to that force, and that aid would be *singly* in the hands of the individuals who thus act in unison. Mutual relief is the main pillar of Odd Fellowship, and it is based upon the *social principle*. We profess to alleviate (no human power can wholly remove) the distresses of all in our fraternity. To this end we meet periodically in our several Lodges, and by communion and interchange of sympathies we contract a relationship with one another—we hail one another as *brothers*, and can recognize and be recognized as such, "by certain well-known signs and tokens," in any portion of the world. A contribution, consisting of a small sum from each of us, is formed in our several Lodges, into a general fund, which, deducting the expenses of our establishment, is reserved for the purpose of relieving sick and distressed brethren. We show no respect to persons in the distribution of these benefits. The rich man when sick has the allowed sum tendered him as well as the poor—the poor man is as promptly regarded as the rich. There is, therefore, no delicate feeling wounded—there is excited no keen consciousness that we are living upon Charity—but, sick and poor and sorrowing, we feel that we are but partaking of those benefits to which we have lent our aid, and that around us are no cold and heart-wrung performances of duty, but the warm sympathies of brethren, and those services which belong to us and our right. But money to the sick and distressed brother, is not the only tribute which Odd Fellowship requires us to render. We are called upon to succor him in peril—to watch over his lawful interests—to keep the night-vigil at his sick-bed to follow him in mourning to his last resting-place; to cast the evergreen into his grave; to cherish by a suitable token his memory, and to remember and to relieve his widow and his orphan. The social principle, then, cultivated and manifested in fraternal forms—unity in the bonds of love, and the perform-



ance of mutual good, are tendencies of Odd Fellowship.

2. I present Charity, as the other general principle of Odd Fellowship. What is Charity? I would define it as that principle which prompts us to give when suffering humanity requires. This comprehends its operation not only in bestowing the pittance and the loaf upon beggary and hunger, but in granting the boon of pity to the erring, and casting the glance of mercy upon the faults of our fellows. It is a lovely principle! It stands among the desolate homes of men, and by the poor and neglected, an angel, whose wings, untarnished by its passage through scenes of misery and pollution, are all bright with hues of heaven. It is a principle which may not shine as prominently, which may not sparkle like some. But it is not of earth. Its trophies are immortal. They will live when the weapons of victorious battle have been broken, and the sound of the poet's lyre has died for ever, when green wreaths have faded, and glorious monuments of human skill have perished; nay, when ancient earth itself shall have toppled into primeval chaos, and when stars cease to burn, they will be numbered among the jewels worn in heaven

“— Beside the chrysal waters.”

For oh! grievously have the children of men suffered at the hands of their own brethren. Wo and war and wasting have sprung from the dark deeps of human crime—from the innermost recesses of the human heart—and have gone forth upon this green and beautiful earth to blight and to destroy. Cities have been buried in bloody and smouldering ashes, and by the cheerless hearth and the blackening roof-tree, weeping women and destitute children have been around the dying and the slain. Fraud has triumphed with its innumerable arts—unholy passions have shed abroad pollution, and avarice with its cold hand, has crushed bright flowers of hope and happiness in its grasp. But, as on Horeb, when the tempest, the flame and the earthquake had passed by, there came a still small voice; so when the whirlwind of passion and desolating crime have swept on, kind-hearted and sympathising beings, all secretly and silently, have followed in their track—have stooped to caress the orphan, have dried the tears of the widow, sundered the chains of the captive, restored peace to the erring, healed the broken heart, by the exhibition of the pure principle of charity, have caused us to

behold gleams of virtue—of heaven—amid the darkness and the iniquity of earth.

But there are evils which are often above human agency and human control and which amid our fair bright world, with all its music and its sunshine, come to darken and distress. Oh! there is, at this very moment, beneath many a roof, wasting sickness with its palsy-ing influences, and the sufferer lies upon his bed of pain with hot and fevered brow, or with white and quivering lip, or

“Anxious friends are softly keeping  
Vigils by the sleeper's bed,”

and hearts are bursting with keen stifling agony.

In yonder hut is poverty, with its cheerless aspect and its stern and bitter deprivations—the last scanty crust has been taken from the board, the last faggot is upon the hearth, and clad in garments that poorly defend from the storm and the cold, shuddering and crouching together, in the midst of all the fullness and the bounty of this universe, human creatures are there, perishing with neglect and hunger.

And all around us is misfortune, with its train of various ills. The midnight flame has enwrapped the peaceful dwelling—the flood has swept the green fields—blight has fallen on the golden harvest, and mildew upon the ripening fruit!

But in all these evils and sorrows, what principle is abroad, alleviating and giving peace? What is it that raises up the drooping head of sickness, and gives to the parched lips the healing moisture? What is it that pours balm into the bleeding heart, and lights up the tears of the sorrowing? What bright form is it that moves in the hut of poverty, reviving the perishing flame, clothing the destitute, kindling the cheerful fire upon the cold hearth, and placing the savory nourishment upon the empty board? What is it that is speaking in kindness to the calamity-smitten, until he smiles amid his desolation—that replenishes his scanty garner, and gives him wherewith to replace his lost treasures? Oh! amid all life's ills—wherever broods human woe, wherever human tears are shed, or human groans uttered—there is charity, radiant, heaven-born CHARITY.”

When the good and the lovely die, the memory of their deeds, like the moonbeams on the stormy sea, light up our darkened hearts, and lend to the surrounding gloom a beauty so sad, so sweet, that we would not, if we could, dispel the darkness that surrounds it.

DESTINY.

BY ROBERT DALE OWEN.

If any one denies to imagination a high rank among the influences that rule human destiny, he knows little of human nature, and little indeed of man's history. He knows not, that imagination can govern the mind, and master the body; can cause the strong to pine away, and the sick to recover; can prophecy, and ensure the fulfilment of its predictions; can doom to misfortune, and enforce the unreal decree; can borrow, not the form only, but the powers and the attributes of reality.

Ten years ago, Carl H—— was a school-fellow of mine. You might scarcely meet in a life-time, a more open-hearted, high-minded, generous youth. In person, he was of middling size, with black hair, jet-black eyes, and dark complexion; strong and active beyond all his companions, and daring almost to a fault.

Carl was a native of Holland. When I first knew him, he was a fine, spirited lively boy, with a dash of romance about him; but withal as gay and light-hearted as his companions. In the latter years of our school acquaintance, his spirits became less buoyant, and his temper graver. Once or twice I heard him speak of gloomy presentiments, though he struggled with the impression, and seemed to forget it in the athletic sports of which he was extravagantly fond, and in which he and I were constant companions.

I left school and lost sight of Carl, until a year or two afterwards, when I visited Holland, and we met again. I found him the idol of the circle in which he moved. The winter before we met, he had distinguished himself in a manner which attracted public attention, and won for him many hearts. He and a companion had been proceeding one fine frosty day, with their skates, to a small lake at some distance from his residence to enjoy the exercise of which the Dutch are so fond. They were still half a mile from the spot, when a loud cry of distress struck their ear. Carl instantly threw his cloak from him and darted forward towards the lake. He soon outstripped his companion—for he was the fleetest runner I ever knew—and found a crowd assembled on the bank, some ringing their hands, and others wildly running to and fro without an apparent object. He hastily demanded the cause, and they pointed to a large opening in the ice, in which at that

moment the body of a young woman rose to the surface. 'It is the the third time she has risen,' said one of the spectators, 'and it will be the last. Heaven help her!'

Carl was the child of impulse, and his passions were roused at the sight. 'Cowards, dastards!' he cried, 'will ye stand here, and leave her to perish?'—and he tore off his outer garments, and was rushing on the ice.

'Stop, stop!' cried the first speaker, as he held him back by main force; 'the ice cannot bear you. You will lose your own life, and cannot save her's.'

Carl shook himself from the man's grasp in an instant. 'Curse on your chicken-heartedness!' he cried, as he shot down the bank, and along the yielding surface, to the open spot. While he was yet at twelve or fifteen feet distance, the ice gave way beneath him. But for this was prepared. Extending his arms as he fell, he prevented his sinking; and by dint of main strength, at last broke his way to the opening. By this time, the young woman had again disappeared below the water and Carl was obliged to pause for breath, ere he attempted to dive. He was by no means an expert swimmer, and nothing but his generous spirit could have induced him to volunteer such a rescue as this. At last, he dived in about fifteen feet water, caught the girl's dress, and raised her to the surface. He held her there for some seconds, but his strength was so much exhausted that the body eluded his grasp, and sank a second time. The spectators called to him to save himself. He replied by bidding them push a ladder, which they had at last obtained, towards him; and immediately dived a second time brought up the apparently inanimate body to the edge of the ice. Here he held himself for some moments, and at last making a desperate effort, raised the body on the ladder, so that it could be drawn on shore by the assistants.

By this time, he discovered that the first object of his care was not the only sufferer. A lad, her younger brother, had fallen in along with her and, unable to swim, he too, had sunk and risen several times. Carl watched him there till the ladder could again be extended; and, he like his sister, was brought safely on shore.

But nature was now exhausted; and Carl, after saving the lives of two of his fellow creatures, seemed in imminent danger of forfeiting his own. Several efforts to raise himself on the ice were ineffectual, and it was apparent that he could not hold out much lon-

ger. In this extremity, those on shore contrived to break an opening to him, through the ice, and he reached the land at last benumbed and almost insensible.

The fame of this exploit spread throughout the country: the municipal government presented to Carl a medal, bearing a flattering inscription, and accompanied with a public vote of thanks; every house was open to him, and all vied with each other in testifying their admiration of his noble disinterestedness. The young woman whose life he had saved, was the daughter of a substantial farmer; one of those small landed proprietors who form, in Holland, the most numerous class in society, and who, every where, perhaps, form the most useful and most happy class; being equally removed from dependance and from extravagance, from luxury and from want. He and all his neighbors welcomed the preserver of his children as their own son; and Carl had difficulty in escaping from the importunities of their honest hospitality, without a total sacrifice of his own time and pursuits.

One would have thought an incident so honorable as this, was well calculated to dispel, in the mind of a high-spirited youth any thing like gloomy forebodings. And truly I marvelled to find him, as I did, desponding and occupied only, by dark anticipations of the future. I visited, with him, the scene of his exploit, and accompanied him to the house of her whose life he had saved. He received more than a son's welcome from the father, and more than a brother's from the pretty, interesting daughter. Had I been ever so given to melancholy, it seemed to me, I must have forgotten it in the honest joy and overflowing gratitude of these good people. And so for the moment, it appeared with Carl. His expressive countenance lighted up, and and he looked pleased and almost happy, but the impression was evanescent, and he soon relapsed into his former sombre thoughtfulness.

He communicated to me more of his private history than I had before known. Almost every member of his family had had their share of misfortunes.

His father had been absent for several years on an expedition to foreign countries, which promised to build up the sinking fortunes of their house; but ill fortune had pursued him throughout. He had been shipwrecked at sea, and plundered on land, and returned to his native country at last almost destitute. His mother, to whom Carl had been enthusi-

astically attached, sunk into low spirits during her husband's protracted absence, and her son was instantly summoned from school, soon after I left in consequence of the increasing illness of the parent. The summons came too late; he did not arrive in time to close her eyes. His elder brother had distinguished himself in the Dutch navy and obtained the command of a frigate; but some petty political intrigue blotted out the memory of his services, and he lost his situation. His sister was married to a worthy citizen, and a young and beautiful family promised them as much happiness as fall to the lot of mortals; but mercantile reverses brought care and difficulty into their household and the chill of poverty threatened to blight their future prospects.

'You are surprised at my despondency,' said Carl to me one day, when in reply to some encouraging observation of mine, he had given me the details of the reverses which I have sketched above. 'You are surprised that I cannot rally my spirits and hope for better times. I know better times will not come. Misfortune is the lot of our family, and misfortune will follow us to the last.'

'Come, come, Carl,' said I, 'this is a mere fancy of yours, and a dangerous one. The swimmer that loses his heart will be drowned, not because the fates decree his death, but because his own apprehensions hasten it. Cheer up, and grapple with fortune. The weak mind submits to its destiny, the strong one controls it.'

'Your advice is kind,' said Carl, 'and I know it is wise. Nay, I will follow it—tho' I feel,' he added after a pause, 'that it will be in vain. When they called me to attend the sick-bed of my poor mother, I knew I should never see her again. I travelled day and night, but when I arrived and saw the windows closed and met my sister in deep mourning, 'twas nothing new to me. It has always been so with us. It will always be so.'

I have never found that the spirit of despondency could be charmed away by abstract reasoning. So I ceased to reason with my friend: but I accompanied him on a journey to Amsterdam, and from thence we visited together the interesting colonies of Fredericksoord and Omerschans, and admired the simplicity of the arrangements by which the destitute poor of Holland are there enabled to create for themselves a comfortable subsistence. We spoke of former days: we recalled our school-boy recollections: and the som-

bre color of Carl's thoughts seemed to yield to a change of scene and to the influence of cheerful conversation. On our return to Amsterdam, we found that an application made to government had been successful. His father was appointed Consul General to ———, and he himself obtained the situation of Vice Consul.

'Now Carl,' said I, 'never rail at fortune. You and your father have an honorable independence and all will go well.'

'In truth, it surprises me,' he replied, 'that any thing we have undertaken should have even the appearance of success. I had not the slightest hope of the appointment, and even now, I feel convinced that it has come to us for no good. But we are not the less called upon for exertion on that account.' He busied himself in preparations for departure, and an indifferent looker on would have supposed he had shaken off all morbid forebodings, and was entering with hope and zeal into his new career. But I, who knew him intimately, saw, that the disease was still uncured. He found time to accompany me on my return home, as far as Rotterdam. I shall never forget his look and words, when we took leave of each other on pier.

'We shall meet again soon,' said I. 'Business will probably call me to ———, and you can obtain leave of absence for a few weeks.'

Carl assented to the arrangement, but with an air of listlessness and melancholy which convinced me he doubted whether it would ever be carried into effect.

I was determined to make one effort to arouse him to a more healthful state of feeling.

'Carl,' said I, 'you have health, youth, talents. You are just starting in life. You have before you a fairer prospect than hundreds of your companions. But all will avail you nothing, if you persist in conjuring up misfortune in your path. Look around you.' The quiet waters of the Rhine, here almost enlarged to an arm of the sea, lay before us, glittering under the rays of a bright July sun, and the harbor was alive with all the cheerful bustle of a seaport in a fine day—'look around you, and tell me if there were common sense in dreaming of storm and shipwreck, amid such a scene as this. Time enough to taste of evil when the cup is at our lips. We poison the very springs of life and happiness, if we are continually anticipating the draught. For the sake of your father, of your family, for your own sake, Carl fling from you this enervating hopelessness. It will, indeed, be

your evil genius, if you suffer it to rule. But why thus submit to be the victim of an idle dream?'

'I know you of old,' said Carl, with a faint smile; 'you never see but the fair side of things. I remember at school, when we copied busts together, that I cast my pencil aside, despairing ever to catch the spirit of the original, while you might fail again and again, yet always recommenced with the same hope of success. And that very hope brings you success.'

'I cannot hope. No,' he continued, as I was about to oppose reason to imagination—'no, we shall not meet again. You will prosper; it is your fate. It is not mine.' He wrung my hand, and we parted.

He had spoken truth. Four months afterwards, I received from his brother a letter with a black seal. The vessel which conveyed Carl and his father to their destination was compelled by untoward circumstances, to touch in the insalubrious season, at one of the ——— islands to refit. A few days after their arrival, Carl's father was seized with the fever of the country. His son watched by his bed side for four days, and on the fifth, the parent was a corpse. The day after, he was himself attacked by the epidemic—and the same grave received father and son.

It us upon such incidents as those I have now related—not from fancy, but strictly and faithfully from memory—it is upon such incidents as these that superstitious dreams have been built. Men have thence argued the power of destiny, and the inevitable force of fate; and thence the phantasmagora of predictions and forebodings, and second sight and presentiments, and all the *etcetera* of nursery fancyings, derive their chief support.

And yet—if men would but look at facts distinct from theory, and would calmly trace natural effects to their natural causes, nothing is susceptible of easier and simpler explanation than the fulfilment of the dreams of mental despondency.

If there be a good genius that leads man through the world usefully, happily, successively, it is the sustaining spirit of hope, the elastic feeling of habitual, confident cheerfulness. And if there be a blighting evil that comes over the wisest counsels, and blasts even in the bud, the fairest promises of life, that evil is the sinking of the heart, and the drooping of the spirits, the self-fulfilling prophecy of listless despair. It predisposes the mind to inactivity, and the body to disease.

The poverty and the misfortunes of the desponding, are traced to some fatal, inevitable reverse, and their death to some malignant fever or wasting consumption. The evil lies deeper than the buffetings of fortune; the disease is of the mind. I have had my share of evil and mischance — have been deceived by those I have trusted, have seen the small independence I possess in the very grasp of rogues, have lain for weeks under the acclimating fever; but misplaced confidence only taught me prudence for the future; a little exertion rescued my property, and a cheerful temperament saved my life. Had I been in my poor friend's place, I should never have expected death, and should probably have escaped it. He anticipated evil; I always look for good. The happiest prospects were tinged in his eyes, with the dull coloring of disappointment; the darkest hours have ever been enlivened in mine, by the redeeming hope that darkness cannot last forever, and that light and sunshine succeeds the wintriest storm. When such hopes forsake me, may I soon follow to the grave the friend who suffered and died — because he knew them not!

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**THE RICH HEART.**—Everything that is called fashion and courtesy, humbles itself before the cause and fountain of honor, creator of titles and dignities, namely, the heart of love. This is the royal blood, this the fire, which, in all countries and contingencies, will work after its kind, and conquer and expand all that approaches it. This gives new meanings to every fact. This impoverishes the rich, suffering no grandeur but its own. What is rich? Are you rich enough to hold any body? rich enough to make the Canadian, in his wagon; the itinerant, with his consul's paper, which commends him "to the charitable;" the swarthy Italian, with his few broken words of English; the lame pauper hunted by overseers from town to town, even the poor insane or besotted wreck of man or woman, feel the noble exceptions of your presence and your house, from the general bleakness and stoneiness; to make such feel that they were greeted with a voice which made them both remember and hope? What is vulgar, but to refuse the claim on acute and conclusive reasons? What is gentle, but to allow it, and give their hearts and yours one holiday from the national caution? Without the rich heart, wealth is an ugly beggar.

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 Be shy of jesting with your friends.

## ODD FELLOWS' ORPHAN ASYLUM.

The subject of establishing Asylums for the Widows and Orphans of deceased Odd Fellows is occupying much attention of the Order in New York and Pennsylvania; and measures are on foot to establish such institutions. It is a noble and praiseworthy object, creditable to our institution. May such efforts never fail! We find an address on this subject, by Rev. Bro. NELSON BROWN, delivered before Camillus Lodge, New York, which we copy entire, as follows:

**BRETHREN**—My heart moves me to address you on a theme worthy of a Howard or an Oberlin; a theme which should come home and find a cordial response in the heart of every true Odd Fellow. The subject is that of practical benevolence in a new phase with us thus far, to be developed and perfected in the establishment of an Odd Fellows' Orphan Asylum of our own in the Empire State. It is a theme, brethren, worthy of a more gifted pen and tongue than mine; worthy of the interest of angels and the benevolent and good throughout the world. As it has, however received but little attention of late from those better qualified for the agitation of the subject, I have, after some hesitation, accepted your flattering request to address the brethren of this Lodge, and in my humble way, to offer a few thoughts on the interesting topic before us. I trust that others more capable than myself throughout the Order will follow, and thus keep the ball in motion until "the good time coming" with our fraternity may dawn upon us in full orb'd splendor. Our Order cannot stop short of this glorious consummation. It must come to this at last, and the sooner the better.

I regard the enterprise as deserving of more attention than it has heretofore received. I have often wondered at the supineness and want of action by the brethren of our Order on a subject so rife with vital goodness and beauty, and so well calculated above all other movements to elevate our fraternity to the highest point of glory. My sentiments are emphatically those of Bro. Kingsley's. I regard the establishment of an Orphan Asylum of our own as constituting the excellent glory of our Order. Why can it not be done? What serious obstacles are there in the way? For one, I see none, I can think of none. We profess to have hearts large enough for

the work; our principles are broad enough and point with constant, unerring exactness, like a faithful moral compass toward this great and benevolent desideratum. Can we, brethren, stop short of this, and truthfully say that the leading principles of Odd Fellowship have been fully developed and have coursed through every practical and legitimate channel of Friendship, Love and Truth? We cannot. Love must lead the way, and Love seeks always to do the most good and in the most rational and systematic manner. The mission of our beloved Order, as I understand it, is to benefit those among us and the dearest to us, who are the most dependant and the most helpless. Who can be more so, than the poor, helpless orphans; children of our deceased brethren who are so often thrown upon the cold charities of the world? It is true the brethren of the Order are constitutionally and morally bound not to see these helpless ones actually starve, be trodden down by oppression, or degraded by vice if in their power to prevent. But I have lived long enough within the pale of Odd Fellowship to learn with sadness and regret, that there has been, in several instances a great remissness on the part of our brethren to watch over and to make the most judicious disposal of these helpless ones. Not for want of disposition or heart to assist, protect and direct, but on account of various causes and embarrassments which seem to environ as with a hedge of fate this often delicate and peculiar subject. Our noble principles, our benevolent impulses have frequently been checked or misdirected by want of system. What we want is a well-matured system of benevolence and love: one that will furnish an easy, available channel through which our great principles may efficiently flow, and accomplish without embarrassment and imperfection, all that our hearts feel we ought to do for the "widows and the fatherless."

If our Lodges generally were as watchful, as untiring, and as well "broke-in" the practical details of "out-door work" as the Lodges of Baltimore—which, without an Asylum proper, support some four hundred orphan children—perhaps we could dispense with the institution proposed. But there are but few such model Lodges in the Order. There every thing works by beautiful system, and every brother personally considers himself morally bound to learn and know almost from day to day, the amount of suffering, and the pecuniary assistance needed, within the pale

of the respective Lodges. Every brother in some sense is a kind of Howard in seeking out the needy and the distressed. But we cannot for several reasons hope that our Lodges generally throughout the Order can or will become in all respects like these Baltimore Lodges. At the South, charitable relief, in some respects, is more of a grand, every day feature of our fraternity than at the North. It is probably because there is more destitution and suffering there than with us.

I again repeat, that it is often very inconvenient and even impossible to bring to bear efficiently and practically all the benign principles of our Order for the want of system and concert of action. Odd Fellows themselves cannot properly watch over, guide and protect these orphan children thrown upon their hands, unless they actually receive them into their families. This is often inconvenient, especially if the children are quite young. They may already have large families of their own, or some other grave obstacle is in the way. Will the reply be, find good homes for them in families out of the Order among families intelligent, virtuous and good? Not so easily done, brethren. And then again, we are liable to be deceived. These guardians may prove to be good and well-meaning in their way, and yet be sadly incompetent to bring up these orphan ones in the "way they should go," and perform toward them all the duties of parents, counselors and friends. They may have children of their own to mingle and associate with these children of charity. Now it requires the nicest balanced judgment, and no little self-sacrifice of feeling and christian goodness on the part of the guardian to become "void of partiality," and to treat them on equal terms of kindness, forbearance and watchfulness as children of their own flesh and blood. We, my brethren, those of us who have precious ones of our own, dearer to us than our hearts' blood, would shudder with horror at the idea that they may yet become, under the professed care of appointed guardians, mere servants, and "hewers of wood and drawers of water;" neglected in intellect, polluted in heart; regarded as inferiors.

Many children originally of bright minds and virtuous tendencies have been spoilt by this very spirit of partiality. Their worst passions have been aroused and exasperated; they have become desperate by neglect and cold or harsh treatment. They have felt abandoned and friendless, with no "sweet

home" upon the face of the whole earth. The finer sympathies and feelings of their natures have become blunted or blasted, and the sad consequences have often been heart sickening to contemplate. They have indeed grown up, if not outright misanthropes, yet something quite akin to the term.

But I have neither time nor space to dwell longer here. Most of us, my brethren, know what it is to have kind and judicious parents, and pleasant, attractive homes. We have felt the deep fountains of our gratitude and love gush up from our hearts by the tender endearments of a mother's affection, and the watchful regard of a judicious and venerated father. We have felt and known the endearments of house and home associations. This was our "golden age" of happiness and peace. We look back—we call up the pleasant reminiscences of that bright era of our lives, and almost wish that our boyhood-days had never ripened into those of manhood. Ah, how much of joy and gladness, and innocent trust, and cloudless hope, was identified with the peaceful, loving scenes of happy childhood at the domestic hearth. The kind and watchful care over us, which so blessed and hallowed our childhood days: the deep affection lavished upon us; the rich lessons of virtue, of religion and wisdom so deeply impressed upon our tender minds, softened our hearts, awakened their sensibilities, checked and controlled our passions, inspired us with gratitude and noble resolves to become worthy of our parents' love, and to go forth in due time from the sanctuary of home with high purposes to become all that is virtuous, benevolent and true. Yes, my brethren, home scenes, and home instructions, home affections and memories have done more for us to mould us in the image of the true man than all things else beside. They have made us strong to resist the evil and to follow the good; they now point us to duty, to religion and to God.

It is a grand point, no doubt, to place the helpless orphans beyond the pale of actual starvation and physical destitution, but it is infinitely more noble and worthy of Odd Fellowship to place them above moral and intellectual want, where the budding happiness may be properly pruned; where the intellect may be directed and drawn out to act in legitimate and noble spheres; where the heart may be elevated in its innate sympathies and yearnings, and the soul be nourished by the principles of religion and virtue. It is indeed the mind that makes the man. It is virtue that renders us happy.

And there is no place like an attractive peaceful *home*—"sweet home"—where all this training of the passions, mind and heart can be carried out to beautiful and satisfactory results; and when all that is noble and true in the soul may be directed to noble objects and ends. Many of the wisest and best of men have dated the commencement of their yearnings after the noble, the virtuous and true from some kind word or words of affectionate counsel spoken by a tender mother or an affectionate father.

Perhaps, brothers, you are prompted here to ask, towards what do such remarks tend? Can these orphan children really be provided with actual homes? Is it not as much as need be looked for if we barely find substitutes for homes? Can we expect to find more than even apologies for tender mothers and judicious, counseling fathers? Can an asylum indeed be made an attraction, a peaceful retreat where all the means of intellectual and moral instruction may be found and accomplish effectually their labors of love? Most certainly; and there is no other place that can be worthy of the beautiful and benevolent mission of Odd Fellowship. What we want is a *home* for the friendless orphan. Not a splendid palace of aristocratic pride; not a gloomy monastery, where all within is cold and formal, and unapproachable; where guardians and matrons walk upon stilts, and are regarded as beings of another world; as masters or tyrants, rather than kind guardians, friends, mothers and protectors. No, we want nothing of this. Such an institution would be worse than the poor, or the work house. There are some such institutions in the world however. God keep us from copying after them.

We can scarcely find a better model for our Asylum, though on a moderate scale, than the one in Syracuse. I well remember the time when the first incipient struggle commenced to get up a sufficient interest among the people there to establish an orphan asylum in that city. The battle was a hard fought one. Comparatively few at first seemed to feel any particular interest in the enterprise. Others predicted a failure, and declared its impracticability. All, however, admitted the need of such an institution if it could be established on a proper basis, and find a hearty support by the community generally. A few untiring philanthropists, like second Howards in benevolence and unflinching hope, in view of all this coldness and want of co-operation from

the public, determined to persevere in their mission of love. They faithfully persevered in the noble enterprise, and in less than three years I think, from the first incipient efforts, they succeeded in purchasing and paying for a fine building, commodious and large, with pleasant and capacious grounds, and ever since, this institution has gone quietly, yet prosperously on, a blessing and an honor to Syracuse; the pride of all the virtuous and good throughout Western New York. Thousands consider it a privilege and an honor to contribute from year to year liberally to its support. And what is more beautiful and heart-touching than all, is the fact that it is emphatically a *home* for these poor orphan ones. They feel it so, and are so cheerful, contented and happy. They are taught to be grateful and good; to be virtuous, that they may be happy; to be intelligent and industrious, that they may be useful.

It would do the most cynical heart good to visit this institution and witness the cheerful faces there of the nearly two hundred little ones, who there, among kind and generous matrons, nurses, and guardians, find a peaceful retreat, and attractive home, free from vicious associates, the snares of temptation and vice; instructed in all the principles of morality and goodness; taught to love each other and be loved; guarded and watched over with constant faithfulness, yet consciously as free as the mountain air; no restraint that they feel as such; no surveillance that they regard as arbitrary or irksome. Ah, their glad sweet songs seem ringing in my ears as I write. Happy children, blest retreat!

Matrons and nurses have been judiciously selected, not merely in reference to intelligence and business tact, but also in view of their social developments of heart and character; persons who really love children, and take a commendable, beautiful delight and pride in training up the tender mind for virtue and usefulness. They are bound to the children, and the children are bound to them by the strong ties of love, and a more happy family cannot be found in the whole earth. The surviving relatives, and in some cases the surviving and bereaved mothers and widows, whose husbands have been cut down by the shafts of death, leaving them desolate and destitute, know and feel that their dear ones are in kind hands; that all things needful for their physical, mental and moral wants are abundantly supplied; in short, that they have a happy home. Oh, what a burden of anxiety and dread is thus

removed from the heart of the bereaved and desolate widow. Well she may rise up and call such institutions thrice blessed.

But I must not dwell longer here, though the one half has not been told. I again repeat the question, shall not our beloved Order in this great State have a similar asylum of their own for the helpless orphans of our own brotherhood? I confess I can see no insuperable obstacles in the way. We have means enough at easy command, and we ought to possess benevolence enough. A tax on, or a voluntary contribution from each brother of only two dollars, perhaps even one, would be sufficient to purchase the grounds, and build a good institution. Rich brethren of our Order would undoubtedly contribute liberally and voluntarily, sufficient to make up a permanent fund of from ten to twenty thousand dollars, the interest of which, together with the constantly accumulating widows and orphans fund, would handsomely endow and sustain the institution. My design however in this address is not to suggest plans or estimate expenses, but rather to lead the way in getting the subject of the asylum before the brethren of the Order. That it is a feasible enterprise, and comes within the pale of our benevolent principles, and our ability to consummate, scarcely one can doubt. On the score of economy it is for our interest to erect such a home for the homeless. Once let the institution go into successful operation, and what a burden of anxiety and individual responsibility would be removed. We should then know what to do with these helpless ones which so frequently come upon our hands, and which we are sometimes perplexed and tired to the very heart to know how to dispose of, or where to find suitable or welcome asylums for them; and at the best, subjecting our Lodges frequently to great expense in supporting the subjects of our charge even in different homes.

And then again, on the score of moral elevation! Above all things else that have raised our beloved Order in the estimation of the good, such an institution would as it were place the cap stone of perfection upon the temple of our fraternity, and be truthfully denominated the most excellent glory of Odd Fellowship. May I not here repeat the burden of the "plea for the orphan?"

"Then shall the measure of our Order's glory,

Be full and running o'er:

Then shall our Order's praise go forth in song and story  
Throughout the land for evermore."

Yes, the "measure of our Order's glory"



would be full indeed. A glory from on high would encircle us, and methinks even angels would deign to visit so consecrate a place as a home for the orphan, and there, with smiles and hymns of heavenly sweetness sing of the "good time coming"—yea that it has already come with our beloved Order, and that our millennial glory has dawned in full orb'd splendor.

We shall, brethren, need harmony and concert of action in this great and noble enterprise. We must have no unworthy opposition, no jealousies nor heart burnings among us. This would be incompatible with our principles. We should all, as one man, come to a harmonious agreement in regard to our plan of procedure; the character, expenses, and the most suitable place of location in regard to this desirable institution. Whether each Grand Lodge in the State should have an independent asylum of its own, or whether they should join in founding an *union* institution to begin with, I leave to the wisdom of the Order to decide. One good asylum might answer for both divisions for awhile, if located a little East of the center of the State, say at Utica, or perhaps Syracuse might answer. But I will not, at this time attempt to advise. In the mean time let the subject be agitated throughout the Order; the more the better. Let the ball be kept in motion until the enterprise has been fairly tested in all our Lodges. Let it come up in our Lodges from time to time for discussion or interchange of thought, as has already come up in this Lodge, whose praise is in the hearts of all who know of its existence and zeal. In the next place let it come before our Grand Lodges at their next sessions for final decision. In this way we shall mature the subject, and be ready to act in due time promptly and understandingly. Who will speak next? Who are ready of our "well to do" brethren to contribute liberally for this noble institution? Who of us all, rich or poor, will refuse to make some sacrifices of effort, time and money, or at least to cast in their humble mite to forward the noble work?

Brethren, I will tell you what I will volunteer to do, though heaven knows not by the way of boasting. I have made up my mind to dedicate at least *one half* of my income for three years to come for the purpose of forming a nucleus fund for the contemplated asylum. My health is poor, and I am also poor in this world's goods. I intend to travel most of my time for a year or two throughout the

State, preach the gospel by the way, as my health will allow, and selling books, medicines, &c. One half the profits thereon, derived from brethren of the Order, shall be set apart to help form the benevolent fund mentioned. Can I depend on the sympathy and aid of the brethren to a moderate extent only from each? I am willing to bind myself in any reasonable way, that the money thus obtained shall be faithfully appropriated for the benevolent object mentioned. My honor I already pledge. I am gratified to know that I shall act with the confidence and approval of the brethren, good and true, of my own beloved Lodge. Should the asylum fail to be established within five years, then the funds thus obtained will go into a general widow and orphan fund, to be at the disposal of the Grand Lodges of the State. In conclusion, brethren, let us feel as well as talk; let us act as well as feel, each and all of us, and the grand and noble enterprise shall be in due time gloriously consummated.

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WHO ARE YOUR ARISTOCRATS?—Twenty years ago this one butchered, that one made candles; another sold cheese and butter; a fourth carried on a distillery; another was a contractor on canals; others were merchants and mechanics. They are acquainted with both ends of society—as their children will be after them, though it will not do to say so out loud. For often you shall find that those toiling worms hatch butterflies, and they live about a year. Death brings division of property; and it brings new financiers; the old gent is discharged; the young gentleman takes his revenues, and begins to travel—towards poverty, which he reaches before death—or his children do, if he do not. So that in fact, though there is a sort of moneyed rank, it is not hereditary; it is accessible to all; three good seasons of cotton will send a generation of men up; a score of years will bring them all down, and send their children again to labor. The father grubs and grows rich; his children strut, and use the money; their children inherit the pride, and go to shiftless poverty; their children, reinvigorated by fresh plebeian blood, and by the smell of the clod, come up again. Thus society, like a tree, draws its sap from the earth, changes in into leaves and blossoms, spreads them abroad in great glory, sheds them off to fall back to the earth, again to mingle with the soul, and at length, to re-appear in new trees and fresh garniture.

## INFLUENCE OF THE PRESS.

The following article on the influence of the press upon the prosperity of Odd Fellowship, is from the pen of Rev. Bro. ISAAC D. WILLIAMSON, and first appeared in the Louisville Odd Fellow. Nothing is more true than that the increase and circulation of publications devoted to Odd Fellowship was tended more to extend the Order than any thing else.

That Odd Fellowship has prospered, within the last few years, beyond the most sanguine expectations of its early advocates, and that it is now enjoying a wide and healthful prosperity, are facts, which cannot escape the notice of any one who is acquainted with the history and the present condition of our Order. From a mere handful of obscure and humble individuals, it has grown to a constituency of some two hundred thousand strong. Its annual income approximates close upon a million and a half. Its expenditures, in works of benevolence, are not far from half a million. While twenty-five thousand men, two thousand widows, and five thousand orphans partake of its benefactions in the day of their weakness and sorrow. It is observable, also, that the greater part of this gratifying success has been achieved within a period of ten or twelve years past. Previous to that time comparatively little was known of Odd Fellowship in this country. It had existed here, indeed, for some twenty years, but its members were mostly men in the humbler walks of life, and even the name of the Order was scarcely known beyond the limits of a few of our principal cities. But a change came, and as if by magic, at once the name of Odd Fellowship became familiar as "household words;" the portals of our Lodges were thronged with eager crowds, who knocked for admittance, and names, illustrious in the state and the church, were placed upon the catalogue of our most zealous members. The work went on with astonishing rapidity, and the result thus far is seen in the present position of the Order, to which we have alluded above.

Doubtless, there are many causes which have contributed their share to these gratifying results; but there is one significant fact, which seems worthy of a more particular notice than it has yet received from the members of our fraternity. We allude to the circumstance that the commencement of this career of unexampled prosperity was simulta-

neous with the period when the public press began to advocate the claims of our Order, to the public confidence. Up to that time a single monthly periodical, with a meagre list of subscribers, was all that the American press issued in behalf of the Order; and even that was devoted mainly to the records of Grand and Subordinate Lodges, and designed for *members* rather than the public at large. Such a thing as the "literature" of Odd Fellowship had not even an existence. But, mark the change, and take New York as an example: In 1840, "The New World," a literary paper having a circulation of some forty thousand weekly, published an address delivered in the city of New York, and called public attention to the Order. Most of the city papers spoke favorably of the institution, and readily admitted to their columns notices and articles in its favor. The "Golden Rule," which we believe had been published for a short time, with small support, rallied, and became a widely circulated journal, and thus the public press gave its influence in our favor. If we look at the statistics we shall find that our Order doubled its numbers, and more than quadrupled its means and influence in that State during the year. We do not say that this success was all due to the press, but from the facts above noted we cannot resist the conviction that it contributed largely to the end attained. From that time onward the influence of the press has been ours; numerous periodicals have sprung up and labored in the good cause, and have received a fair avenger of patronage; and the literature of Odd Fellowship is by no means contemptible. Our papers, in point of literary merit, are generally not behind the times; and our "Offering," in the form of a splendid annual, is equal to the best publications of the kind. Powerful pens and gifted minds are engaged in the advocacy of the principles of "Friendship, Love and Truth;" and thus an influence is exerted in our favor that cannot well be dispensed with. "It keeps the subject before the people," and holds up to their view truths that need but be seen to be embraced and loved; and thus contributes largely not only to that prosperity which consists in the augmentation of means and numbers, but, also, to that better and more permanent success which is seen in the increasing intelligence and moral worth of our constituency. With these views of the influence of the press upon the destinies of our Order, we hail with satisfaction a proposal for the publication of an Odd Fellows'

Journal in the commercial metropolis of our own Kentucky; and we cannot doubt that the three to four thousand members of the Order in this noble State will give to this new coadjutor in the work a cordial welcome and generous support. All the means are in their power to make it a mighty advocate of the principles of the Order. Many of the most gifted minds of our State are with us heart and hand, and there is no question that the proposed publication may easily be made an honor to our Order and our State. The members have but to will it and it is done.

**SOCIAL FEATURE OF ODD FELLOWSHIP.**—Such is the nature of our institution, that it brings together men of every sect and party; and as they mingle, from week to week, the rough corners of prejudice are sure to be battered off—and the sharp features of hard-faced bigotry to be smoothed and softened. Men thus learn that there is virtue in every sect and in every party, and begin to indulge more far-reaching and expanded feelings of kindness and charity. The golden chain of friendship is lengthened and brightened, the social faculties are improved, there sphere of operation enlarged, and the partition walls that divide sect from sect, and party from party, are broken down. The reason is obvious. There grows up naturally between men who commune frequently with each other, in free and familiar, but yet in dignified association, a feeling of brotherhood—a firmer friendship than can exist between men who merely jostle each other in the crowd, or in the confusion of business. If charity of feeling, and broad principles of good will to man, are worth possessing, it should always be remembered that they will not grow up spontaneously in the cloister of the monk, or the cell of the recluse. They must proceed from, or rather be drawn out by, the social principle of human nature, in a wide sense. Furious and vindictive party feeling exists alone in the man who associates with kindred spirits of his own party. Narrow-minded and dark-browed religious bigotry scowls most furiously in the face of the man who associates only with those of his own creed. Let the one and the other come out from the enclosure, and mingle with the votaries of other parties, and they will soon learn, that virtue is not confined to names; and their bigotry and acrimony will wear away. They will be better men, and better christians; for they will imbibe more of that first and greatest of all graces, Charity, that “thinketh no evil.”

## GOOD ADVICE TO ODD FELLOWS.

BY F.G. JOHN T. MAYO.

In whatever light, my brethren, the world around us may choose to regard our enterprise, we at least can entertain no misgivings as to its real character and tendency. If that be a praiseworthy purpose which seeks to subdue the cold selfishness of our nature, and draw mankind together in the bands of fraternal affection, then is Odd Fellowship entitled to the highest commendation. We know our detractors do not dare to condemn the principles which we profess to advocate, but content themselves by charging us with sheer hypocrisy. They allege that all this canting, as they term it, about charity and benevolence is mere empty pretence, and designed to divert the public mind from the real character of our proceedings. The falsehood of this assertion is equalled only by its malignity. It cannot proceed from ignorance, for the streams of our benevolence have diffused themselves far and wide in every direction wherever the Order is known. There is not an intelligent observer of passing events in this community, but has had the fact palpably demonstrated before his eyes, that we not only inculcate, but actually practice the duties of benevolence. It is entirely too late in the day to accuse us of failure in carrying out our laudable professions. No, I repeat it, as the mature conviction of my own judgment, that, whenever this slander is hurled against us, it is with a full knowledge of its utter untruth, and is, therefore, dictated only by a spirit of base and detestable malignity.

But it would be out of place, on this occasion, to enter upon a vindication of the Order. I am now addressing those whose warmest impulses are enlisted in our favor, and who are ardently engaged in promoting its advancement and prosperity. For this reason it is my design to be plain and practical in my remarks; and I trust that, even should I bring to view only familiar and common-place topics, you will not condemn them, as unworthy of a few moments' reflection.

When I have been asked, why adopt so singular a name as that of Odd Fellows? I have sometimes answered, because we try to love one another, and to do each other all the good we can in passing through the world. It is, indeed, humiliating to think that such a course should render us *odd* from the great mass of our fellow men; but thus it is. And while

we are endeavoring to perform these duties, and to enforce them by precept and by example upon mankind at large, we must calculate upon encountering reproach and opposition. From this consideration, I wish to insist upon the great and indispensable necessity of harmony and concert of action throughout the Order. Union, I allow, is an essential requisite in all societies; but I contend that, with us, it is the grand principle of vitality. We are surrounded with enemies from without, and if we once permit jealousy and disunion to gain the ascendancy within, our existence is endangered, and if we cannot grapple the monster Discord by the horns and hurl him from the walls of our citadel, our doom is sealed, and we must utterly and ingloriously perish.

Nature herself, reads us an instructive lesson upon the importance of union. Take the human body, for example. If one member suffers, no matter how insignificant, all the rest suffer with it. If I simply striko my toe, for instance, every part of my system instantly sympathizes with the injured member. In the complicated machinery of the human frame what order and harmony is necessary to its well-being! One cord severed, one ligament unbound, one bone fractured, one muscle paralyzed, and the whole man is disordered, and his very existence oftentimes rendered a painful burden. Thus the misconduct of one individual is calculated to bring sorrow and pain upon all with whom he is connected. We may remark too, that the mind sympathises in the derangement of the animal structure. It cannot, as before, expatiate, on free and tireless wing, through the boundless empire of thought. True, its inherent power is not destroyed; but it is checked and depressed, and at every effort to disengage itself it is irresistibly called back, and its attention directed to the point of suffering. It is thus in society. It is so, brethren, in your Lodge. One refractory member, may, for the time being, destroy the peace of the whole fraternity, and while your attention is directed to him, it must necessarily be diverted, to a greater or lesser extent, from the grand principles and objects of the institution.

Let it, then, be your constant aim to keep down every thing that may tend to interrupt your perfect harmony. Let all your proceedings be characterized, as far as possible, by unity of action. Cultivate the spirit of brotherly love. In the transaction of business, avoid every thing like unkindness or recrim-

ination. Be ready at all times to make a reasonable sacrifice of private preferences for the sake of the general peace. Keep party spirit out of your ranks. Union is so infallibly conducive to prosperity that where we find a society in a languid and declining state, we may very safely conclude, that one, and perhaps the only important cause of it is disunion among its members.

Suppose that, standing on the beach, you discover a boat heading toward the land, but apparently making no progress. It may be that wind and tide are adverse, but you perceive that the oars are manned by strong and able bodied men, and you cannot resist the conviction that a "long pull, and a strong pull, and a pull altogether," would send the boat onward in spite of wind and waves; but you soon detect the difficulty: part of the crew are rowing in one direction and part in another; and you at once cease to marvel that they make no headway. Bear it in mind, brethren, if you want to see our course go triumphantly forward, you must not only man the oars, but what is of indispensable importance, you must all pull together.

I have just now alluded to the necessity of avoiding harshness of debate in the transaction of business. Suffer me to add a word upon that point, and this the more because I have in my visits to different Lodges, on some occasions, witnessed exhibitions of temper which no Odd Fellow should ever indulge. It is our duty to treat the opinions of brethren with respect, and not be too confident or tenacious of our own. It is proper to advance our views freely, but at the same time, with mildness, and in such a way as not to give offence to others. All cannot see through the same medium. An old lady once said to me, "Is it possible you can't see thro' them specs! why I can see with them perfectly plain." No doubt the good lady spoke the truth; but that did not alter the fact that I could not see through them at all. If this person had seen fit to get into a passion about the matter we should only have laughed at her absurdity, as we smiled at her simplicity. Is it not, then, ridiculous to suffer our temper to be ruffled simply because our brethren cannot see as we do. Remember that if you wish to bring others to your opinion you will accomplish your purpose far more readily and effectually by a plain, modest, subdued course of remark than by loud tones, positive assertions, and ungenerous imputations.

Again: If you would preserve peace and

union among yourselves, be very guarded how you talk about one another out of the Lodge. I make no apology for calling your attention pointedly to this subject. The vice of evil speaking is so heinous and detestable, and so full of deadly evil in its consequences, that no occasion can be inappropriate, no language too severe in which to expose its atrocious character, and impress every conscience, not steeled against the influence of virtuous principle, with a revolting sense of its baseness and enormity. The tongue of the slanderer is set on fire of hell. Before his pestiferous breath every social affection is blighted and withered. Wherever he treads desolation marks his footsteps. He is a heartless demon, ruthlessly dashing, with the poison of death, every cup of delight, and trampling beneath his unhallowed feet every fair flower that springs up to beautify and bless the heritage of man. I would that the admonition could be traced in characters of living flame over the very vestibule of our sanctuary, "Beware of the slanderer!" Breathes there the slanderous wretch who dares to invest his deformed and loathsome carcass in the sacred habiliments of our Order? Is there a man—pardon the profanation—is there a fiend among us who, kneeling at our hallowed shrine, breathes a vow before high Heaven to guard a brother's interests as his own, and, then rises to clutch the murderous weapon with which to stab that brother's reputation to the heart? I will not, I cannot, for a moment, entertain the revolting suspicion.

No, brethren, "I am persuaded better things of you, though I thus speak." But you will, I trust, appreciate the caution which I would earnestly seek to engrave, as with a diamond's point, on every heart—never, *never*, under any circumstances whatsoever speak ought concerning a brother but good. No matter what may be the supposed or real provocation you have received; if a brother has offended you, let not a word of unkindness drop from your lips. Go, seek out that brother, and remonstrate with him in the spirit of Love. If you thus approach him, there can scarcely exist a doubt that all differences will be easily reconciled, all misunderstandings readily removed, and thus, in the sweet and emphatic language of that holy book, "thou hast gained thy brother!" Should this course prove ineffectual, then, and not till then, will it become your duty to submit your grievances to the action of the Lodge.

I sat out with the resolution not to take up

your time with a lengthened discourse, and I mean to adhere to it. I must, therefore, pass by some topics upon which I should like to dwell: such as the importance of regular attendance, if other duties will permit, at the stated meetings of the Lodge; the necessity of adhering strictly to our obligations of secrecy in every particular; the duty of the brethren generally, to visit those who are reported as sick; the impropriety of the practice of members leaving the Lodge room in groups, and going into houses of refreshment. In passing, however, permit, me to drop a hint on the last point. I am not aware that the practice prevails here, but I know that I have seen it elsewhere, and I know, too, that it is eagerly seized hold of by our enemies and employed to our disadvantage. I would, therefore, ask the brethren to think of this matter. Whether they resort to such places for the purpose of drinking or not, or whether intoxicating liquids are sold there or not; it has a bad appearance, and I cannot allude to it without stamping it with the seal of reprobation.

But there is one point to which I cannot omit to invite your serious attention. I refer to the caution necessary to be exercised in the proposition of candidates for membership. This is a subject, the importance of which is generally admitted, while, in practice, it is often too much disregarded. Our welfare and permanency depend, far more, upon the character of our members than upon their numbers. It is not the quantity of the materials employed in the construction of an edifice that imparts to it either its symmetry or durability, but the care with which they are selected, and the skill with which they are fitted and arranged. The first idea that I would suggest is that no one should ever be urged to present himself as a candidate. Let the declaration never be heard among us, which some have heretofore made, "I joined the Order to get rid of importunity." We want no pressed soldiers in our ranks. We wish none but volunteers—none but those who are satisfied of the value of our institution, and who are prepared to estimate, in their true light, the privileges of membership with it. The nature and design of our institution have been so distinctly and widely put forth to the view of the world, that there is no man of ordinary intelligence that can be ignorant of them, and surely we do not consider it very desirable to be associated with those of a different character. Solicitation is, therefore, wholly un-

necessary. It is all very well to make any general explanation of our views, when the inquirer appears really anxious and desirous of information, but that is all that is necessary or proper.

In the next place, we should know something more of the person we undertake to propose than merely his name and place of abode. We ought to be satisfied from personal acquaintance with him, or from diligent inquiry, that he is worthy of being admitted to the privileges of the Order. A neglect of this duty frequently entails trouble upon committees and upon the Lodge, which might have been avoided, and in many instances subjects the candidate to the mortification of being rejected. Allow me, then, to suggest a maxim which, I trust, every brother will be careful strictly to adhere to in future, and which may be fully expressed in three words—*Know your man!*

And, lastly, there is great need of faithfulness and vigilance on the part of committees entrusted with the investigation of character. Brethren, it is much better not to accept an appointment of this important nature, than to neglect to perform, fully and thoroughly, the duties which it imposes. Let me urge you, individually, not to act upon the supposition that the other members of the committee will attend to the business, and if they are satisfied, you are too. Perhaps the others may reason in the same loose and careless way with yourself, and the consequence will be that there will be no inquiry at all in the matter. You have nothing to do with the opinions of the rest of the committee; your business is to pursue precisely the same course as if the responsibility rested upon your shoulders alone. I trust and believe that these plain suggestions will be received in the same spirit by which they are dictated, and that all who hear them may realize their great importance and act accordingly.

In conclusion, permit me to observe that, in the prosperity of our beloved Order, we have not only abundant reason to rejoice, but animating encouragement to persevere. As we cast our eyes over the broad extent of this land of freedom, we behold our gallant fellow countrymen, from every quarter, coming up with exulting hearts to join the holy and bloodless crusade against the despotic reign of bigotry, selfishness and inhumanity. The success which has already attended it, is as gratifying as it is unprecedented in the history of benevolent enterprise. Nobly have the pio-

neers of the cause breasted the storm of fierce and desperate opposition. Firm and undimayed they met the fight; securely encased in the armor of integrity, with the two-edged sword of truth, they have won their way thro' the combined hosts of their assailants, and planted our peaceful standard on hill and plain from the time-honored heights of Charlestown to the lovely everglades of our southern promontory—from where the broad Atlantic's surges lash the shore to the trackless prairies of our western wilds. As we listen we seem to catch the exulting shout of victory, sounding from rampart to rampart, echoing along the vales and ringing back from the mountain battlements. But it peals no note of warlike defiance, nor invades the ear with the revolting, soul-sickenening tidings of fierce and savage encounter—it mingles not with the agonizing cry that bursts from the widowed breast, or the heart-rending wail of helpless orphanage. It rolls not in thunder tones along, shaking the solid earth, and thrilling the stoutest heart with dread. Oh, no! its voice is not that of terror; it comes over the soul with a cadence of heavenly melody—sweet as the music of the spheres—soft as the breathings of an angel's lyre—it speaks of human woe assuaged, of want disarmed, of pain and sickness soothed by the kind and gentle ministrations of Friendship, Love, and Truth.

Yet, my brethren, while we contemplate, with sincere pleasure the triumph of our principles, let us not cease to remember that prejudice and bigotry are yet lurking in their dark and secret hidden places, gnashing their teeth in furious, but, at present, impotent rage, at our prosperity. The deeply settled enmity which the depraved mind must ever indulge towards that which is essentially dignified and virtuous, may be, indeed, kept in check, while it retains all its former virulence and malignity. We have gained the vantage ground: it now rests with us to determine whether we shall retain it. Brethren be firm—be united—be vigilant. Guard well the avenues to our temple. In a word, live as Odd Fellows: conduct towards each other as Odd Fellows. Bear with the weak—encourage the timid—admonish the unruly—expel the incorrigible. So shall the flame of Charity continue to burn upon our altars, rising higher and higher, and, instead of growing dim with years, it will be fanned into an intenser blaze by the wings of time, until it shall throw its bright and blessed radiance over all the wide extended family of mankind.

# The Ark.

ALEX. E. GLENN, Editor.

## THE BOOK OF LAWS.

We admitted into our last No. a communication from "P.G." in reference to a notice from Franklin Lodge, No. 4, to its members, to attend a meeting of said Lodge to consider the code of Laws adopted at the last session of our Grand Lodge, and animadverting thereon. In this number will be found a reply, signed "Franklin."

We have no objection to the discussion of this subject, and our pages will be open for articles on either side, so long as they are in the right spirit, and confined to the question. We think "Franklin" is in a little haste when he alludes to "slurs" on the Cincinnati members of the Grand Lodge. We have not discovered any thing of that kind; and indeed, had we supposed even any thing in "P.G.'s." article could have been so construed, we would not have admitted it. But, then, whenever Cincinnati is named in *The Ark*, there are those who seize upon something connected with it, and transform it into slurs, inuendoes, slanders, &c., &c. In the eyes of a certain class *The Ark* is a very *naughty* publication!

—But of the Book of Laws. We have a few words of our own in regard to it. We understand it is believed and asserted by very many at Cincinnati, that we supported its adoption, and voted for it. Of course, when the assertion is made it will be believed and repeated, and no one will take the trouble to inform himself in regard to it—especially those who lose no opportunity to make assertions which they may think will work injury to the Editor of *The Ark* either in his private or official capacity. There are a number of such persons—and we think it high time for them to cease such conduct. — All they have effected has been to increase the number and strength of our friends.

We voted against the Book of Laws, and done so conscientiously. On page 92 of the

Grand Lodge proceedings, the vote is given. The vote stood 40 ayes to 17 noes. Although in a woful minority, we are proud of our vote, and would vote so again. We respect the majority, and believe they voted just as we did—conscientiously, but we believe they entertain mistaken notions of the true *policy* of the Grand Lodge, if not of its *powers*. We had *too much law before*, and this book increases it. One of the greatest evils, and indeed the only one, has been too much legislation. It has been a crying evil, especially in Ohio—and we have had an illustrious example in the Grand Lodge of the United States, for that body has legislated too much, and meets too often. Our opinion has been that a short and simple code of Laws, or general rules for subordinates was sufficient, and trust to them to regulate their own affairs as their judgment may dictate. We have an abiding confidence in the integrity and good faith of our Brotherhood, and in their ability to regulate their own internal matters to suit themselves. We believe they are the better judges of what is best for them—much more so than the Grand Lodge; and besides, it is impossible that the same rules and regulations will answer in every Lodge. In different parts of the State it is necessary there should be different regulations. The *general laws* may be the same.

This code of Laws goes into very minute detail, even to regulating the hour at which the Lodge shall meet. They provide, also, for many things in opposition to former decisions of our Grand Lodge.

But the code of Laws was adopted in good faith. It is not for us to say that they were unconstitutionally adopted, and disregard them. It is not for us to decide that they infringe upon the rights of subordinate Lodges. However this may be, (and we have our opinion about it,) no subordinate Lodge has the right to sit in judgment upon it, and repudiate it, and reject it. When this is done, it is insubordination. As well may inferior courts reject the mandates of the higher ones. As well may a State reject and repudiate the acts of Congress—and then comes an end of all law, and all government! We, therefore,

give in our adhesion at once to the laws, much as we dislike many of the provisions, and shall not cease to maintain and abide by them, until they are declared unconstitutional, or illegally enacted, by the power which can alone make such decision; or until the obnoxious provisions are repealed or amended. This is what we understand to be the duty of all good Odd Fellows—not to nullify and repudiate, but to seek a redress of grievances in a peaceable and legal manner. If we find any thing wrong in our rules and regulations, we are not to be hasty in condemning them, but to deliberate calmly, and with an eye to the best interests of the Order.

"Times change, and circumstances alter cases," is an old and very true saying. We are reminded of it from the fact that a few years ago a uniform Constitution was adopted for the subordinates by the Grand Lodge, and sent out to them. Many of the very men who now condemn the code of Laws, were active in getting up the uniform Constitution, and claimed that the Grand Lodge had the power to enact it, and require submission to its provisions. True, it was sent out to the subordinates, for their approval or rejection; but the result was a mere *sham*. The majority never did approve it. Still, it went into force, only to be changed at every succeeding session of the Grand Lodge.

When shall we see stability in our legislation? The multiplicity of our laws, and the many changes, are truly disheartening. It requires more than ordinary application to keep informed on the subject; and we do hope we may ere long see some approach to an end of this continual change—this infinity of legislation, and have some stability in our laws. That such a consummation would tend to promote harmony and the prosperity of the Order, no sane brother will doubt. Will not the great Brotherhood then, turn their attention to securing this most desirable result?

MASSACHUSETTS.—There are in this State one hundred and thirty subordinate Lodges and twenty-eight Encampments. Fourteen of the Lodges are in the city of Boston.

## THE BOOK OF LAWS.

BRO. GLENN—Excuse me for taking up a space in your valuable journal; but I could not read the remarks under the above caption by "P.G." in your last Ark, and pass them by without comment.

P.G. has accidentally discovered a notice of a meeting of Franklin Lodge, No. 4, I.O. O.F., called for the purpose of accepting or rejecting the new code of Laws, furnished *I suppose*, for convenience, to the subordinate Lodges in Ohio; for no Grand Lodge, I suppose, would for a moment think of violating the contract they have entered into with their subordinates for the purpose of forwarding the interests of the Order; for to force a code of Laws upon subordinates, taking the place of their by-laws, would be such a violation no one will deny, after reading the charter under which the subordinates work. It would be equally as just and right for the Grand Lodge of the State of Ohio to initiate persons into the Order, and confer the five Degrees of our Order, receiving the fees for the same, as to make by-laws for the government of the subordinates. Yet what Lodge or Lodges would submit to such encroachments? Very few, I think.

The slurs thrown out by P.G. towards the members of the Grand Lodge residing in the city, and under whose auspices the Order flourished so well, I deem unworthy of notice, it being done in an entire different spirit, than I have been taught in Odd Fellowship.

I will only add that Franklin Lodge is not the only Lodge having acted on the reception or rejection of such Laws. Nearly every Lodge in the city has acted, and most of them, if I am not wrongly informed, have thrown the new code of Laws aside as if they were only intended for the *convenience* of those wishing them.

FRANKLIN.

LADIES' DEGREE.—The Grand Lodge of Michigan has instructed its Representatives to support and vote for the adoption of a Degree for the wives and daughters of Odd Fellows, by the Grand Lodge of the United States. That is right.



## AIES LODGE, NO 16, TEXAS.

We do not believe a Lodge can be found in our wide-spread jurisdiction, containing a more energetic set of members than the one above named. We do not enjoy a personal acquaintance with any one of them; but we know them well as Odd Fellows. In the first place, they take FIFTY copies of *The Ark*, being four more than they had members of the Lodge at the time of subscribing. They have provided themselves with elegant regalia and jewels, and are thinking seriously of applying for an Encampment charter. They have all the elements in and among them to ensure prosperity, and that success they so well deserve.

We were led to the foregoing remarks from finding in *The Token* the following article:

**SPLENDID BANNER.**—We perceive by the Baltimore papers that our friend Mr. Thomas Sprigg, corner of North and Baltimore streets, has recently finished at his establishment, a magnificent banner for the members of Aies Lodge, No. 16, Independent Order of Odd Fellows, of San Augustine, Texas. The front is composed of handsome and very heavy banner silk,  $4\frac{1}{2}$  by  $5\frac{1}{2}$  feet in size, of one piece; on the front is a female figure standing on a rock and leaning upon an anchor, representing *Hope*, a motto of the Order, surrounded with the emblems and devices appertaining to the Order; the whole encompassed by a rich and magnificent gold scroll. The reverse side is of blue banner silk, also in one piece, with the name of Aies Lodge, No. 16, I. O. O. F., of San Augustine, Texas, instituted July 9, 1850, with the charter members names attached, Henry L. Rankin, John A. Hall, A. T. L. Bobbett, Wm. Fisher, and James Sharp. The whole banner is embellished with rich scarlet silk drapery, and handsomely trimmed with bullion fringe six inches in depth, with very large and handsome bullion tassels, &c. The staff is surmounted with a beautiful carved and gilded dove. J. R. Jeffry, Esq., done the painting in his best style. It is a beautiful piece of work, and reflects great credit on the artist and manufacturer.

**NORTH CAROLINA.**—The annual meeting of the Grand Lodge of North Carolina, was held at Raleigh on the 14th of April last. The session was well attended, and the reports

from the subordinates gave evidence of prosperity. The Grand Lodge is hereafter to meet at Wilmington. T. H. Hardenburgh was elected Grand Master; W. J. McElroy, Deputy Grand Master; A. P. Repiton, Grand Secretary; T. M. Gardner, Grand Treasurer; John Winslow, Grand Representative. The following statement shows the operations of the Order during the past year:

It appears from the report of the Grand Secretary that there are 1266 contributing members within the jurisdiction of the Grand Lodge; that during the period between January 1st, and December 31st, 1850, there have been 329 initiated, 47 rejections, 38 admitted by card, 13 reinstated, 193 suspended, 18 expelled, and 14 deceased. The whole amount of revenue has been \$13,575 90. The widow and orphan's fund amounts to \$2,052 55, and the amount due the Grand Lodge \$1,141 14. There has been expended for the relief of brothers, \$813 65; for burying the dead, \$415; for the education of orphans, \$67 85; and for the relief of widowed families, \$391 46—making the sum of \$1,798 05 paid out for relief.

**GEORGIA.**—The Grand Lodge of this State held its annual session at Macon, on the 4th day of June last. The Grand officers are G. W. Adams, of Savannah, Grand Master; L. F. W. Andrews, of Macon, Deputy Grand Master; John D. Butt, of Augusta, Grand Warden; George Patton, of Macon, Grand Secretary; James Rives, of Macon, Grand Treasurer; B. Conley, of Augusta, Grand Representative.

**WESTERN HORTICULTURAL REVIEW.**—The July number of this most valuable periodical come to hand on the first of the month, and received its usual cordial welcome. This number fully endorses all we have heretofore said of it, and indeed more. To the lover of horticulture, and the individual who desires to inform himself on horticultural matters, this Review is most valuable; and being especially adapted to this meridian, it is the best work now published for Ohioans, and the adjoining States. Price \$3.00 per annum. Address Dr. John A. Warder, Cincinnati, Ohio.

**HANDSOME PRESENT.**—The following paragraph is from the Cincinnati Daily Times, but we cannot give the date. The transaction is a recent one. The Bible is a magnificent one, worth \$20.00, and was procured by the ladies themselves. The fair donors could not have selected a more deserving Lodge.

A magnificent Bible was presented to William Penn Lodge of Odd Fellows, on Friday evening, by the ladies who are friends to the members. It was presented by Miss King, with a beautiful address, which was replied to by Mr. Gaines, N.G. in a very impressive and able manner, and appropriate to the occasion. Subsequently Rev. H. Jewell, a member of the Order, delivered an excellent address, eulogizing the Scriptures, which was listened to with polite and marked attention. The Lodge room was nearly filled with ladies, curious, no doubt, to obtain a peep at a place which attracts so much of the attention and sympathies of their odd lords. All seemed pleased with the exercises of the evening.

**NOVA SCOTIA.**—A writer in the Golden Rule says a Lodge was instituted at Halifax in January last. It is called Acadia Lodge, No. 26, and is under the jurisdiction of the Grand Lodge of British North America. At the time of writing (April 26) the Lodge numbered fifty members, "all young men of the highest respectability; all are delighted with the working of the Order, and every thing was moving on with that peace and harmony so characteristic of Odd Fellows." The writer says—"This will show you that the smoke of our altars, dedicated to science and refinement, is rising in the extreme East as well as in the extreme West; and the day is not far distant when it will find an abiding place in every village and hamlet in our land."

✂ The Dedication Ode, published in our last number, was written by Rev. Bro. A. B. Grosh, and sung at the Dedication of a Hall at Norristown, Penn., last May. We found it astray in some newspaper, and did not know where it came from. Looking over a file of the Banner of the Union, a few days after, we found it originally published in that paper.

# THORNVILLE LODGE, NO. 184.

THORNVILLE, OHIO, July 12, 1851.

**BRO. GLENN**—Our Lodge was instituted on the 12th of May, by P.G. King of Newark. Our hall was filled by Brothers from neighboring Lodges, and we had a fine time of it. We had seven charter members, admitted two on card, and have had initiations every evening since, except three. So I think we are doing very well. We admit none but the best men in our country; live square up to the laws, and no mistake. We have now 16 members, and expect to number 50 at the end of the year. Visiting brothers tell us we have as good and handsome a hall as any Lodge in the country.

Our officers are Joshua Taylor, NG; John R. Vanhorn, VG; James Culbertson, Sec'y; Jacob Dunwoody, P. Sec'y; David Zartman, Treasurer. We meet on Tuesday evenings.

Yours in F., L. & T.,

JOSHUA TAYLOR.

# MARSEILLES LODGE, NO. 188,

Was instituted at Marseilles, Wyandot county, on the 8th of July, by G.M. Craighead, assisted by D.D.G.M. Lee of Mansfield, and a number of P.G's. from Upper Sandusky and Kenton. The officers are James P. Gray, NG; John W. Kennedy, VG; Lewis Merri-man, Sec'y; W. M. Chesney, Treasurer. Meets on Tuesday evenings. The Grand Master thinks this Lodge will do well. We wish it all prosperity.

In the cities of New York and Brooklyn, and in Williamsburgh, there are one hundred and eleven subordinate Lodges, six Degree Lodges, and seventeen Encampments under the jurisdiction of Southern New York. In the cities of New York and Brooklyn, there are six subordinate Lodges and two Encampments under the jurisdiction of Northern New York. Eleven Lodges work in German, and two in French.

George S. Morris Lodge, No. 431, at Pittsburg, recently presented to GEORGE S. MORRIS, the M.W. Grand Master of Pennsylvania, a gold-headed hickory cane, a very elegant present. Bro. Morris is worthy of such a mark of respect.

GRAND ENCAMPMENT OF OHIO.—This body held its annual session at Cincinnati on the 19th of July. The only business of importance transacted was the election of officers, which are as follows :

Wm. Chidsey, Cincinnati, Grand Patriarch.  
J. S. Harrison, Springfield, Gr. High Priest.  
Paxson Coats, Cincinnati, G. Senior Warden.  
S. R. Reed, Cincinnati, Gr. Junior Warden.  
Andrew R. Foote, Cincinnati, Grand Scribe.  
D. T. Snellbaker, Cincinnati, Grand Treas'r.  
Wm. G. Williams, Cincinnati, Grand Representative to the G.L.U.S.

INDIANA.—The Grand bodies of this State held their annual sessions at Indianapolis last month. We have no particulars farther than the election of officers, which we find in the papers. The following are the officers of the Grand Lodge :

Oliver Dufour, of New Albany, M.W.G.M.  
W. W. Edwards, of Terre Haute, R.W.D. Grand Master.  
John Dixon, of Jeffersonville, R.W. Grand Warden.  
Willis W. Wright, of Indianapolis, R.W. Grand Secretary.  
J. B. McChesney, of Indianapolis, R.W. Grand Treasurer.  
P. A. Hackleman, of Rushville, Grand Representative to the G.L.U.S.  
W. M. Munroe, of Madison, alternate Grand Representative.

The following are the officers of the Grand Encampment :

Levi S. Dale, of Delphi, M.W.G. Patriarch.  
Caspar Markle, of Cambridge City, M.E. Gr. High Priest.  
Taylor W. Webster, of Ladoga, R.W. Gr. Senior Warden.  
R. D. Logan, of Rushville, R.W.G.J.W.  
Willis W. Wright, of Indianapolis, R.W. Grand Scribe.  
Geo. G. Holman, of Indianapolis, R.W. Gr. Treasurer.  
George Brown, of Pendleton, W.G. Sentinel.  
John F. Yourse, of Cambridge, Dep. G. Sen.  
Schuyler Colfax, of South Bend, Grand Representative to the G.L.U.S.  
John Dixon, of Jeffersonville, alternate Gr. Representative.

## ABSENCE FROM THE LODGE.

Too many Brothers absent themselves from their Lodges without any good reason therefor. It is often the result of negligence and indifference. We know many who for a long time were faithful and punctual in their attendance who now are never seen in the Lodge. It is not right to be absent so much, when Brothers can attend as well as not. A continual absence manifests a coldness towards the Order that is discouraging to the faithful Brother, and to those who are always at the post of duty. Bro. Wallace, of the Mirror of the Times, speaks truthfully on the subject in this wise :

‘If there be any one circumstance more calculated to discourage and enervate the efforts and check the growth of Lodges than another, it is the lukewarmness and indifference evinced by some brethren in attending the stated meetings of their Lodges. In some cases we know some are absent on account of their business, or from circumstances of personal or domestic affliction. These are excusable, for among other valuable lessons inculcated in our Lodges, giving personal attention to the duties we owe our families and business stands prominent. The absence of such members, though regretted, are well understood and appreciated. Not so, however, in reference to other absentees, whose neglect is attributable to their having lost an interest in the benevolent and social duties of their Lodges. Where are they found when absent from the Lodge room? And why do they not assemble as they once were wont to do? Every brother should answer this query to his own mind, his family and the Order. When they first united with the Order, they took a personal pleasure in attending regularly its meetings—they spoke to their families and friends of its excellencies and adaptation to meet certain exigencies of the race, and as affording fit opportunities for doing good. Why are they not as zealously affected now as then? The institution is the same, its principles, objects, and tendencies unaltered. This they cannot, will not deny. What then induces them to neglect their duty in this respect? May we not tenderly and fraternally ask why they are inattentive to their Lodges without giving cause for offence? Will brethren think upon these things?’

THE COVENANT.—The Token says “it is stated that the Covenant, recently published in Philadelphia, by Black and Shaw, has again come into the possession of Bro. Paschal Donaldson, of New York, who is about to revive it, and publish it on entirely different plan. Almost any plan will do, provided it will be permanent.” That’s what we would say. But we have no faith in *any plan* on which the Covenant may be revived. Better not use that name. The Order will not have confidence, and won’t subscribe. Visions of other years—of money paid in advance, and no magazine or paper forthcoming—will rise up before many of the Brothers. Recollections of the Iris, Talisman, etc., etc.—and the names of Donaldson, Fisk, Arnold, Magers, and others, are too fresh in the memories of swindled Odd Fellows, to induce them to subscribe.

RISEING SUN, IND.—The Order prospers in this young city. On the 4th of July, Eldridge Encampment, No. 27, was instituted there by G.P. Taylor, of Madison. He has not given us particulars.

The officers of Friendship Lodge, No. 4, at Rising Sun, for the present term, are Daniel Moss, NG; G. H. Craft, VG; Wm. Clore, Sec’y; Joseph Zeiler, Treasurer. The Lodge numbers 44 contributing members—15 P.G.’s., 20 Fifth degree members, and has \$275 in the orphan’s fund.

PENNSYLVANIA.—On the first of April last, there were four hundred and thirty-one subordinate Lodges and one hundred and six Encampments in the State of Pennsylvania. Bro. WM. CURTIS, of Philadelphia, is Grand Secretary and Grand Scribe of the Grand bodies of that State. From him we obtained the above item.

GREENVILLE, ILL.—Our Lodge, Clark No. 3, is in quite a prosperous condition at present. We elected our officers last Saturday night, as follows: John Hopton, NG; A. D. Stearns, VG; S. H. Crocker, Sec’y; E. Gaskins, Treas; Jno. M. Smith, Per. Sec’y.

DEATH OF P.G. FRANCIS SHINN.—We are exceedingly pained to hear of the death of Bro. FRANCIS SHINN, P.G. of DeKalb Lodge, No. 138, West Union, Ohio. It occurred at West Union, on the 27th of June, of cholera. Bro. Shinn was initiated in DeKalb Lodge, No. 12, Maysville, Ky., and was one of the petitioners for the Lodge at West Union, and was the first N.G. He was a most devoted Odd Fellow, and a christian, highly esteemed by his fellow citizens, and will be much missed, especially by his Lodge, of which he was an exemplary pillar.

TEMPLAR’S MAGAZINE.—We have received the July No. of this work, and find it very interesting. It is devoted exclusively to the Temple branch of the Temperance organization. It is in form similar to The Ark, the same number of pages, and is very neatly printed. It is well worth the subscription—one dollar a year—and we hope the Templar’s patronize it liberally. Dr. J. Wadsworth, editor and publisher, Cincinnati, O.

Cincinnati, Ohio, now has seventeen Lodges, and the one in Fulton being about the same as the city, making eighteen. There are seven other Lodges in Hamilton county. In the city of Cincinnati there are seven subordinate Encampments. Two Lodges and one Encampment work in the German language. Cincinnati has one Degree Lodge.

NEW LODGES.—During the past month Lodges have been instituted at Dalton, Wayne county, and Franklin Mills, Portage county. We expect to give particulars in our next number.

Pittsburgh and Allegheny City have eighteen subordinate Lodges, three Degree Lodges, and three Encampments, and the number of members increases rapidly.

#### EXPULSION.

Wells B. Fox been expelled from Western Reserve Lodge, No. 59, Ashtabula, Ohio, for lying and dishonesty. Said Wells has in his possession a traveling card, granted March 20, 1851, for six months, which card has been revoked.

## CELEBRATION AT CARROLLTON, KY.

CARROLLTON, June 27th, 1851.

BRO. GLENN—Indeed I am very strongly tempted to do that which I am incapable to perform; but the matter is such that I will risk all the consequences, and let you know, in my feeble way, something of the celebration that come off in this place on the 24th inst., by Browinski Lodge, No. 64, I.O.O.F. and the Masonic fraternity of Carroll Lodge, No. 134. Those two fraternities agreed to join in procession together, which they performed like honorable and high-minded men.

But this is not the thing that I want to get at. Those two fraternities had chosen one speaker for the occasion; and who do you think that noble orator was? It was the whole-souled Rev. Bro. S. L. ADAMS, the defender and expounder of our beloved Order. I know that no speaker has done so much as he did, especially on the present occasion. In the first place, he delivered both the addresses, one after the other, with an intermission of about ten minutes; and I do assure you, that the hearers in and out of the Orders, never left the place of speaking better satisfied. A small grove in the public square was selected for the occasion, where we had from 1,100 to 1,300 persons to intoxicate, in the flow of eloquence and sublimity of thought, that ran from heart to heart of the fair and more sterner sex. Even to-day, I heard persons dwell with delight upon the 24th inst., and I know that the Odd Fellow's and Free and Accepted Masonic celebration will be remembered with pleasing emotions for a long time to come.

The best order was kept during the speaking, and also after it, when the audience went to dinner which was prepared for those who wished to partake of the good things, that Bro. Thos. Dugan of the Eagle Hotel, furnished. Really the day passed off very pleasantly, considering what a large concourse of people were congregated together.

We had some distinguished members of both Orders in procession, such as Maj. Gen. Wm. O. Butler, Col. H. Marshall, and others of the Masonic Order; the past and present Grand Secretaries of the Grand Lodge of Kentucky, and other members of the I.O.O.F.—also very many out of the Orders.

I hope Rev. Bro. S. L. Adams will consent to publish both of his addresses, and then you will see that I had sufficient cause for attempting to give some glimpse upon the subject;

but as I remarked on the outset, that I could not do justice to the subject, therefore you will excuse me for the intrusion upon you, and do with it as you think proper.

Yours fraternally,

M. W. BROWINSKI.

## CELEBRATION AT FAYETTEVILLE.

BRO. GLENN—Hamer Lodge, No. 154, at Fayetteville, Brown county, Ohio, held a celebration on Monday, the 30th of June. A goodly number of the members of the Order were in attendance from the neighboring Lodges. Lynchburgh Lodge, Clermont at Milford, and Lafayette at Hillsboro', were strongly represented, with a quite a number from other Lodges. Notwithstanding it was in the midst of wheat harvest, there was a large attendance of those who were not members, especially of ladies. Good order and the best feeling prevailed throughout the day. P.G. Alex. P. Lewis of Lamartine Lodge, Ripley, was appointed Marshal of the day, and Bro. Caniff assistant Marshal.

The procession was formed at about 11 o'clock, and after marching through the main street of the town, proceeded to the grove, where seats were prepared. Those in attendance being seated, there was music from the band; then the Rev. Wm. S. Morrow, of Milford, the chaplain of the day, delivered a solemn and impressive prayer, which was followed by an eloquent and instructive address by the Rev. Bro. Samuel L. Adams, with which all present were well pleased, and highly entertained, which they manifested by the most respectful and earnest attention for nearly two hours, the time occupied in delivering the address.

The members of the Order present felt encouraged to persevere in carrying out the grand and heaven-born principles of the fraternity, whilst many who had hitherto been opposers of the Order, felt their prejudices give way before the light and power of truth and reason.

We think much good has been done for the Order in this place and vicinity; and we trust like the bread thrown upon the waters, its good effects will be seen and felt many days hence.

Our beloved brother D.D.G. Master Geo. K. Snider, was with us on the occasion.

Truly yours in F. L. &amp; T.,

S. B. CREW.

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## ODD FELLOWSHIP:

### ITS MORALS AND MEASURES.

An address delivered at Flemingsburgh, Ky., June, 1851.

BY REV. BRO. W. M'DOWELL ABBETT.

It is now, ladies and gentlemen, a little upwards of three years since, by the desire of Fleming Lodge, I delivered a short address upon the subject of Odd Fellowship. To-day, again, in obedience to an authority I honor, and love to obey, I stand before you to present the claims, and advocate the principles and doings of our great and growing institution. And however far I may fall short of meeting the expectation of my Brothers, or of doing justice to the mighty subject I present, I shall not conceal the fact that I feel gratified and honored by this distinguished mark of confidence.

Our attention can scarcely be more profitably, or more properly employed, than in the contemplation of human nature and human life. The study of man in his physical, mental and moral attributes; or in his connection with men, in all the various relations and circumstances of life, is calculated to yield both pleasure and profit.

Our object, on this occasion, however, is barely to glance at one or two facts in the unbounded range of this subject, as introductory to the advocacy and presentation of the claims of our most excellent and benevolent Order.

That man in the present state, is subject to sadness and sorrow, to pain and suffering, to destitution and wretchedness, is proven by every page of his history, from the fall to the present time. The wail of woe, for nearly six thousand years, has rolled around the earth! The tear of the widow has fallen in loneliness and sorrow! The cry of the orphan has gone up to heaven, by man unheeded and unheard! The poor, the sick, the unfortunate, have lived and languished, and suffered and sunk away

from earth, without the voice of sympathy to soothe their sorrow, or the hand of relief to supply their wants!

That suffering man not only needs relief, but that he also needs the affectionate, soothing sympathy of his fellows, is a fact too plain to admit a doubt, or bear an argument. And that his fellows are social beings, made and qualified by the wisdom and goodness of the Almighty, to afford the relief and comfort demanded in the case, is clear and evident. But selfishness! cruel, heartless selfishness, to a most deplorable extent, has dried up the milk of human kindness in his breast, until, like the priest in the parable, when distress meets his eye, he passes by on the other side. For the relief of the distressed and suffering, and for the cultivation and exercise of the higher and nobler attributes of our mental and moral nature, Odd Fellowship was instituted and organized.

I propose, therefore, at once, to enter upon an examination of the institution, and inquire if it has in any measure accomplished the purposes of its organization.

Odd Fellowship is an association of good men and true, of all sects and parties, united together by principles and laws of equality and purity. Laws and principles suited alike to man's nature and relations—drawn from and based upon the immutable law of heaven. Laws that encourage and require the exercise of all the benignant principles of fraternal relationship to man. Laws that enjoin the exercise of humanity, that cultivate the spirit of philanthropy, that awaken the dormant principles of benevolence, in all their wide range of kindness and love.

Friendship, Love and Truth, are the great and imperishable foundations of our Temple, while fraternal beneficence, in a wide-reaching and noble philanthropy, carries up the superstructure to its loftiest height of moral beauty.

Let us enter this temple, examine its foundations, and analyze its materials.

What is Friendship? It is something more

than philanthropy; it is something more than humanity; for these elements of our nature in their out-goings embrace the whole human family; and therefore can neither be so strong, nor so stirring as the pure gush of unadulterated friendship. And, further still; it is something more than patriotism, for this reaches to the extreme of our country, and embraces all of our countrymen.

But Friendship, retreating from the wide sweep of the world, and the more circumscribed range of our country, exercises its beauties and its strength, and gives and receives its happiest and its holiest pleasures, among those with whom we are most frequently and most intimately associated.

Friendship is a feeling of pleasure in the society of its object; it is an earnest, honest desire for the good of its object. True and tried, it is one of the rarest, as well as one of the noblest traits of an honorable and exalted character; and has led to the performance of the most gallant deeds of heroism recorded on the page of history.

A striking instance of devoted friendship, worthy the imitation of every noble heart, is recorded in the Scriptures of divine truth, in the case of David and Jonathan, the son of a shepherd and the son of a king! Yet, notwithstanding they occupied the extremes of society, the heroism that warmed the heart of David, found a responsive throb in the bosom of Jonathan. "And Jonathan loved him as his own soul." But the valor and gallantry of David in meeting and destroying the giant, together with his subsequent success in the slaughter of many of the Philistines, gave him such unbounded popularity with the people, that the heart of Saul was filled with jealousy and hate, and he resolved to destroy the noble youth. But Jonathan, the son of the king, and the heir apparent of the throne, in the exercise of a pure and disinterested friendship, watches all the movements of his father, and determines, at all hazards, to save the life of David. He devises means, and executes a plan of escape; by a sign agreed upon between them, he informs David of his danger; they meet alone in the field, and at the stone Ezel they pledge to each other their honor, on the altar of friendship; and Jonathan sends him away in safety.

And although the unfortunate Prince that saved the life of David, was shortly afterward slain in a battle with the Philistines on Mount Gilboa, this act of friendship was never forgotten by David, but most amply repaid in the

multitude of benefactions bestowed upon the only remaining son of Jonathan.

Allow me to give you another instance of friendship, worthy your admiration. In a prison of Syracuse, and in a dungeon of that prison, languished a daring and a noble patriot, condemned by an usurper and a tyrant to suffer death. He had a loving wife, and an only son, at some distance from Syracuse. These he desired once more to see, and with his own lips inform them of his fate, and the circumstances that led to it, and bid them a sad and last adieu. Pythias, his friend, hearing of his imprisonment and condemnation; hastens from Agrigentum to Syracuse, finds access to his dungeon, throws himself into his arms, and in all the devotion of a friend, offers him all the sympathy and condolence in his power, and pleads to die in his stead. To this Damon would not consent; but so great was his anxiety to see his wife and child before his execution, that he consented for Pythias to remain as a hostage to Dyonisius for his return. By the friendship of Pythias, Damon is permitted to see once more his Hermion and his boy, and give them his last charge, and last adieu; the relation of which would be very touching and pleasant; but as we have only alluded to this affair to show the strength and beauty of true friendship, we forbear.

A willingness to suffer imprisonment, and to risk the chances of detention, that a friend may bid a last adieu to wife and child; yea, a willingness to die for a friend, is an exhibition of human greatness that fills the heart with a delighted and wondering admiration.

———"Time draweth wrinkles in a fair  
Face, but addeth fresh colors to a fast  
Friend, which neither heat, nor cold, nor mis'ry,  
Nor place, nor destiny can alter or  
Diminish. O friendship! of all things the  
Most rare, and therefore most rare, because most  
Excellent, whose comforts in misery  
Are always sweet, and whose counsels in  
Prosperity are ever fortunate."

But while we are thus led to admire the beauty of one of the bases of our noble fabric, let us not overlook others of equal beauty and equal durability.

Love is an ingredient of our affiliation, and a corner-stone of our Temple.

Love, strictly speaking, is more impassioned and more impulsive than friendship; yet love is the most exalted and ennobling attribute of our being, and is that from which the principle we have been considering derives its force and fruition. Indeed, love is the broad

and mighty fountain from which gushes forth the pure and glowing streams of parental, filial, and fraternal affection; those sweet and endearing currents that flow from the heart of the domestic circle; diffusing joy and comfort, concord and peace throughout the blessed family band. 'Tis a sacred chain, whose golden links thrown round our homes, binds, blesses and enriches us at once. Love is the great basis of all our benevolent feelings.

Philanthropy is love—the love of humanity, the love of our fellow men. Philanthropy is that which creates our interest in, and our anxiety for the common welfare of, the human race. It is that which in its richest and best exercise, destroys the pitiable and narrow feeling of self-love, the greatest of all obstacles to the operation of an extended benevolence.

It is philanthropy in its untutored and uncultivated exercise, that leads the savage tribes of earth to share their rough and scanty fare with the helpless and forlorn stranger. Philanthropy glowed warmly in the bosom of the early settlers of our own "bloody ground," and led them to the exercise of that liberal and whole-hearted hospitality which commands and receives our warmest admiration.

Philanthropy is seen again in the liberal donations of more liberal hearts, for building houses of refuge for the poor widow, the fatherless child, and the homeless sufferer of every grade and condition. And in a word, it is presented to us in all the charitable institutions that beautify with such frequent recurrence this great republic. This is "Love," enlarged and extended to the boundary of human nature.

Patriotism is another stream from the same glorious fountain. This is love limited by our land, and clinging to our countrymen. A love of our own national institutions and government. A virtue, sung by the minstrelsy of ancient and of modern times! A theme for the pen of the poet in all ages of the world! A picture for the pencil of the artist! A topic for the eloquence of the statesman! It is the watchword of the warrior in the strife of the battle-field, and the winding sheet of the soldier that falls for his country! It is this that gathers the American heart around the stars and stripes of our own blessed land! It is this that proudly floats with the "star spangled banner" from the centre to the circumference of this matchless Republic! On this our nation's Eagle flies abroad, and dips his wing in

every sea! On this he soars around these UNITED States, while with his own flaming eye, he watches alike over the interests of all! 'Tis this that binds together the conflicting elements and interests of our wide-spread country!

Upon this principle alone we must rely for the preservation and perpetuity of our free and favored institutions. In the bosom of every true and sincere Odd Fellow, the fire of patriotism must glow. No traitor to his country can affiliate with us. The archway of our temple is barred to every heart unwarmed by patriotism; it is a cardinal ingredient of our fellowship. Our country's cause is ours; we love our country, our whole country, and "sink or swim, live or die," we are for our country.

And still, there are other ramifications of this mighty principle, that deserve a passing notice.

Pity is one of the elements of love, that leads us to the performance of kind offices to our fellow men; it is pity for the sufferer that melts the benevolent heart, and opens the liberal hand. It is pity, with her arms of affection, that kindly embraces the orphan, while she drops the tear of sympathy with the grief-stricken widow.

Gratitude is another phase of love—another stream from the same illustrious fountain; one of the most amiable endowments of human nature. It is an emotion of the kindest thankfulness to those who befriend us. It is the heart's truest tribute for favors received. The value of which may best be estimated by the scorn and contempt universally felt and expressed for the ingrate.

But let us proceed still further in the examination of our temple.

Truth is yet another of the unwasting and indestructible elements of our affiliation.

All that is valuable in society or in science, is founded in truth. For this the minister, the moralist, the philosopher, the statesman, the jurist, all labor; and a righteous labor in all it is. For without truth no system can stand, whether of theology, morals, government, or law. It is truth that binds together the conflicting elements of society, and unites the interests of mankind. It is the great element of confidence in all the relations of life; it is a bill of credit to the merchant, a passport to the farmer, an assurance to all. It is punctuality in business; it is the redemption of promises; it is the fulfilment of bargains; it is honesty, integrity, uprightness in all the



transactions of life. It is in the possession and exercise of truth alone that we are enabled to administer justice, either to men or things. All that is noble in character, all that is sound in morals, all that is useful in science, all that is stable in government, and all that is excellent in life, is based and established in truth.

Truth is the opposite of falsehood, and is lovely both in principle and in practice. Hence the universal esteem bestowed upon the man of truth; and on the contrary the general abhorrence felt for the liar. Society holds not a richer gem than the man of unswerving and uniform truthfulness.

"One who is an adorer of chaste truth,  
And speaks religiously of ev'ry man;  
He will not trust obscure traditions,  
Or faith implicit, but concludes of things  
Within his own clear knowledge; what he says  
You may believe, and trust your life upon 't."

These are the foundations—these, Friendship, Love and Truth, in all their diversified ramifications, and amiable influences, are the principles upon which the noble Order before you to-day, have based their institution. And by the active operation of these principles throughout the extended ranks of our fraternity it is, that the noble and beauteous proportions of our benevolent temple is carried up to its present majestic altitude of moral grandeur.

In an opening remark we said, "for the relief of the distressed and suffering, and for the cultivation and exercise of the higher and nobler attributes of our mental and moral nature, Odd Fellowship was instituted." And now we reiterate the truth, that for the cultivation and improvement of these best elements of our nature, to which your attention has just been directed, we are associated together. Every law of our Order enjoins it; every rite and ceremony of our Lodge represents it, and every act of our institution illustrates it. But we are not only required to cherish these amiable virtues, for their intrinsic worth, and the elevation of our own moral nature; but we are also required to practice them in our intercourse with one another.

Odd Fellowship contemplates man's elevation in the scale of being, by liberalizing his heart and mind with the benignant spirit of charity, so that party spirit may not freeze up the nobler affections of his soul. In a word, Odd Fellowship teaches the purest morality, such as reverence for the Almighty; love of country and its institutions; love and protection of family; honesty in business; truth in

all things; and uprightness of character and conduct, &c., &c.

While, on the other hand, it forbids all vice, particularly profanity, intemperance, gambling, falsehood, neglect of family, &c.; and it not only forbids these vices, but in the last year has expelled men from the Order for the perpetration of each of the above crimes.

Thus we have given you a brief history of the morals of the Order; now, for its measures.

To give efficiency to our operations, and enable us to meet the demands of our organization, it is necessary to create a fund; this is done by requiring a certain sum of every individual admitted into the Lodge as an initiation fee. To this we add tencents a week, paid by every member, as his weekly dues; which, together, makes up the Lodge fund. This fund is placed in the hands of the treasurer, and is under the control of the Lodge for the benevolent operations of the Order.

As Odd Fellows we are bound to "visit the sick." No meeting of a Lodge is ever had without asking the question, "Does any one know of a sick brother, or brother in distress?" If such are known of by any one in the Lodge room, it is reported, and the particulars of the case are explained, and if needful, the presiding officer of the Lodge appoints two brothers to sit up with the sick as long as necessary. This service of sitting up with, and administering to the wants of, the sick, has been rendered according to the best calculation I can make, to about 20,000 brothers in the last year.

As Odd Fellows we are bound to "relieve the distressed." A standing law of the Order allows a certain weekly sum to every brother who, by sickness or misfortune, is prevented from attending to his usual business. And who, I ask, can estimate the consolation and comfort bestowed by this feature of our noble institution, especially in large towns and cities, where all depends upon the uninterrupted labor of the mechanic or artisan; and where sickness, if serious, or long continued, introduces poverty and want, and often extreme wretchedness?

But the Odd Fellow, in these trying moments, reaps richly the blessings of the institution, in the attentions and watchings of those who are bound to him by the chain of Friendship, Love, and Truth; while the wants of his family are supplied from the very fund that his own contributions helped to create.

Think of the work we are doing, when I

tell you that according to the last annual report, ending the 30th of June, 1850, twenty-four thousand brothers of the Order have been relieved by a contribution of \$347,450 59, while two thousand three hundred and thirty-five widowed families have drawn relief from the institution in the sum of \$42,410 33.

Execrate and villify Odd Fellowship who may! denounce and abuse us who will! while the daily blessings of the widow, bedewed with the priceless tear of gratitude, rests upon us; and while the fervent prayer of the same lone and sorrowful one ascends daily to the throne of the Almighty in our behalf, we shall fearlessly encounter the prejudices and opposition of our enemies, and go forward in the great duties of our affiliation.

As Odd Fellows we are bound to "bury our dead." This we do with the most respectful and becoming solemnity. Our burial service is serious and impressive, and well calculated to awaken the mind to a profound consideration of death and eternity; while our rites and ceremonies are all befitting the sad office of the mournful duty. Death has been among us in the last year, and seventeen hundred and ninety-six members of the Order have received the last testimony of our regard in the sad rites of burial; while the Lodges have met and discharged the funeral expenses in the sum of \$68,056 71.

As Odd Fellows we are bound to "educate the orphans" of poor deceased brothers, and thereby fit them for respectability and usefulness in coming life. The father's friend must befriend that father's orphan child. Seven thousand three hundred and forty-eight dollars and forty-four cents have been appropriated by the Order, to this purpose, in the last year. Thus, in the United States alone, nearly half a million of dollars have been appropriated and expended in these most righteous and benevolent purposes by the Independent Order of Odd Fellows. Is there no beauty—is there no loveliness in a work like this? If aught in human life is lovely; if aught is touchingly beautiful, it is the active operation of the principles of benevolence and charity, as exhibited in the substantial relief just now portrayed. Let, then, the pure heart of philanthropy rejoice in such expenditure, and let the money of the miser still mingle with his miserable misanthropy.

Odd Fellowship delights in doing good, and is not circumscribed in its operations to our own land, but on its golden wing of beneficence is flying over the earth and rejoicing

the hearts of thousands in Europe and the Isles of the sea. With its own progressive philanthropy it has scaled the Rocky mountains, crossed the Isthmus, and coasted the Pacific, until its impulses and benefactions have gladdened the living, and soothed the dying in far off, far-famed California. California! where sickness and suffering and death in their most pitiless and withering forms, have wasted alike the high and the low, the young and the old. No regular Lodge as yet has been organized in California; but Odd Fellows are there; and although their number is small, and they strangers to each other, (having emigrated from all parts of the land,) yet they have not forgotten the lessons of humanity learned in their Lodges at home. Uniting, therefore, with the Free Masons, another noble band of philanthropists, they resolved, each of them, to do something for their suffering brothers. Together they went to work in the same blessed cause of humanity; they raised the sum of thirty thousand dollars; bought a part of Sutter's Fort, and fitted it up as an asylum for the sick, the poor and needy, preparing every comfort the country afforded, employing two physicians to attend upon the sick, and engaging the services of a minister to preach every Sabbath, and administer the consolations of the gospel to the sick and dying. Up to the 26th of last July, six hundred patients had been received and administered to in that far-off Asylum. Many of them died, it is true, far from their families and their homes. But, is it no consolation to their families and friends to know that all that humanity and benevolence, together with the consolations and instructions of the gospel ministry could do for them was done? To know that the warm heart and kind hand of a brother was there, both to sympathize in their sufferings, and administer to their wants; to watch through long weary nights; to bathe the burning brow; to moisten the parched lips; and finally to wipe off the cold death sweat, and give them decent burial. Again, we ask, is it no consolation to know this? Methinks it is such an alleviation of grief, such a solace to the wounded spirit, as should fill the heart with gratitude, and secure upon the institution the perpetual blessings of the bereft.

Such, ladies and gentlemen, is Odd Fellowship. Such its principles and its practice; such its laws, and such its labors. Allow us, then, to enquire if it has accomplished the purposes for which it was instituted?

For our own part, we believe that in a large measure it has. Already it has done much, and is destined yet to do much more. For, progressive as the age is, with its thousand improvements and mighty mechanism; its thundering steam cars, rushing and rumbling along and athwart the land; and its lightning lines of intelligence, uniting the far-off circumference with the matchless centre in a momentary knowledge of the various interests and various dangers of our great country; Odd Fellowship keeps pace with the age. Our progress and prosperity are almost unparalleled in the history of humane institutions.

Thirty years ago, with here and there a feeble Lodge, it was struggling in its infancy, against a popular current of public opposition; an organized and embittered opposition to all secret societies. Now two thousand three hundred and fifty-four Lodges muster under the banner of Friendship, Love and Truth, scattered abroad through every State of the Union; while our buildings in beauty and stateliness embellish every city and every principal town of the land.

Thirty years ago, I suppose the house in which we are to-day assembled, would have held every Odd Fellow in the United States. Now, under the blessing of a benignant Providence, nearly two hundred thousand men start up at the sound of the gavel, to succor the suffering, to exercise humanity, and to cultivate the principles of benevolence and charity, according to the laws and usages of Odd Fellowship. Men, too, from every rank and condition and pursuit in society; the farmer, the mechanic, the merchant, the lawyer, the doctor, the preacher—all have been attracted by the purity of our principles, and the symmetry and beauty of our institution, to bow at its altars, and engage in its humane and beneficent labors. Some of the most enlightened statesmen, some of the most profound scholars, and some of the best gifted ministers of the gospel, together with thousands of the more humble, but virtuous poor, of every sect and party, have entered within our temple, and have found both pleasure and profit in the doctrines and duties of the association. And still they come! The institution is growing, widening, extending! Upwards of thirty-one thousand were initiated in the last year. And the work is progressing still; the more it is known in its laws and labors, the more it will be admired. For its principles of purity and its labors of love cannot fail to commend it to the affectionate at-

tention and consideration of all good men; and good women, too.

But like every other good and benevolent institution—like every other great and noble effort to alleviate the sufferings of man, and promote his interests, Odd Fellowship has its enemies and its opposers, who urge against it a multitude of objections; some, it may be, arising from pure and honest hearts, but mostly, we fear, the off-spring of suspicion, envy, or downright maliciousness.

Some have objected that the institution has a tendency to encourage infidelity. Some that it is anti-republican, and therefore, dangerous to the government. Some have objected to the institution because of its secrecy. Some because our benefactions were principally conferred upon Odd Fellows and their families. Some because bad and immoral men have found their way into our Lodges. Some object to our regalia, and some object to our emblems, and some because we don't admit the ladies. These, together with many others of a coarser and more vulgar nature, have been urged against us a thousand times, and so often met and answered that we will not now condescend further to notice them. Yet to these, and all other objections we enter our solemn protest; and call upon friends and enemies, here and elsewhere, to judge us by our works. "A good tree cannot bring forth evil fruit, nor a corrupt tree good fruit."

Ours is an institution gotten up by fallible beings, and therefore for it we lay no claim to perfection; one thing, however, in regard to it is certain; it has worked well and most admirably answered the object of its organization, in the relief and comfort afforded the suffering and needy, and the protection it has given its membership, when there was no other human eye to pity, no other human aid to succor.

I rejoice to-day in the belief and declaration, that no human institution has ever been organized, better adapted to meet the exigencies, and mitigate the sufferings of poor afflicted humanity, than Odd Fellowship. I rejoice in the unparalleled success and advancement of the Order, and pray for its further and greater prosperity.

And now, in conclusion, fellow-citizens, ladies and gentlemen, allow me, in pure sincerity, to commend it to you all, as every way worthy your entire confidence and admiration.

I have yet before we separate, a few thoughts to offer for the good of the Order. To you

then, brothers, I now commit the honors and fortunes of Odd Fellowship, as the natural protectors and legal guardians of the institution.

Carefully study the pure principles of the Order—Friendship, Love, Truth, Honor, Benevolence. These virtues must be most assiduously and constantly cherished in your own hearts, in all their varied and exalted influences. Let the light of these guild your path from day to day. Let them guide and govern you, in the Lodge and out of it. Emulate one another in the cultivation of a pure and blameless morality, and never disgrace yourselves, nor the noble Order of which you are the privileged members, by a departure from the line of moral uprightness. Believe me, when I tell you, that with laws and principles like yours an immoral Lodge cannot prosper. Guard well the ballot box; secure carefully the door; admit no man of immoral character to the privileges of your association; honor cannot dwell with immorality.

Do your duty to your Lodge, by being always at your post, encouraging others in the great and good work of the Order by your presence and your counsels. Nothing will sooner reduce and cripple the energies of a Lodge, than a neglect of its members to attend its meetings. You who are in the habitual neglect of attending the Lodge may have the name but not the heart of true Odd Fellows. Enforce a due observance of all your laws, upon all your members; your laws are good and wholesome; never, therefore, as you value the health and prosperity of your Lodge, allow any man to trample upon them. He who is not a law-abiding man, will never, never, make a good Odd Fellow.

Brothers, these thoughts have emanated from a heart that loves you, and are now offered for the good of an Order, which stands out in bold relief and fair proportions, on the sea of time, as an honor and an ornament of the nineteenth century. Rising on the stormy Atlantic, it has swept in triumph o'er the land, and rides proudly on the wide waters of the calm Pacific—its altar fires are blazing in every hamlet—its watchword is echoed from the misty hill-tops—its regalia gleams gorgeously from North to South—its emblems are honored from the East to the West—its memorials are embalmed in the forlorn widow's heart—its glories are written in gratitude on the youthful spirit of the orphan, and its requiem shall only be sung, when humanity shall cease to need the offices of Friendship, Love and Truth.

## Original.

## I DREAMED OF THEE.

BY HENRY T. STANTON.

I dreamed of thee, when merrily  
The laughing brooklet sped,  
With silver sheen of sparkling light  
Along its rocky bed.  
So gay and happy was its song,  
So beautiful its gleams,  
That I thought thee like the brooklet,  
Then in my fairest dreams.

I dreamed of thee when silently,  
Thro' forest dell and glade,  
The evening breath stole softly on  
To some sweet cottage shade.  
So still and soothing then its balm,  
So angel like it seemed,  
I thought thee like the evening air,  
When silently I dreamed.

I dreamed of thee, when mournfully,  
The star shed out its light,  
When Heaven's gems of purity  
Locked dimly down at night.  
So beautiful, and yet so sad,  
The gentle twilight beams,  
I could but think thee like that star  
Then in my mournful dreams.

I dreamed of thee, and bitterly,  
Each tear in sadness fell,  
I knew how vain the silent drop  
Sprung from its troubled well.  
Yet oh! I would not blight one thought,  
Or crush one hope of thine;  
I would not wish to see thee weep  
A tear for tear of mine.

Maysville, Ky.

**CHERISH YOUR FRIEND.**—He who will in any way take advantage of one who has confided in him, is not worthy the name of man. No crime is more base. You have secured the affections of another—you have sworn to be his friend in the hour of trial: when distress comes upon him, will you turn your heart away? When misfortune clouds his brow, will you make that cloud ten times more dark? This is not true friendship; it is not humanity. It is brutal. If you have a friend, stick by him. Let him feel that he has one heart that beats in unison with his own, and he never can be utterly cast down. Long may the storm beat upon him; the blackness of darkness may gather about his heart; but in your love he sees a ray of hope—a gleam of sunshine—a spark of real warmth—and hope illumines his heart, and gradually the storm and the cloud will disappear. Never forsake a friend who loves you. Cherish him tenderly, and to the close of life you will have a consolation to which the ungrateful heart is a stranger.

## THE TEMPTATION.

William Carter arose from a fitful and uneasy slumber. The night had been cold and windy, such as December usually brings among the hills of New Hampshire. William's bed was hard, and the cold wind found its way through many a crack and crevice in his ruinous cottage, but he might have slept if his mind had been at ease. His wife was a delicate woman; toil and exposure had bro't on a lingering illness, and she lay all night moaning with pain and shivering with cold.

William arose, I said, and, having kindled a fire, went forth into the open air. The clouds were black and heavy, and the wind swept in gusts through the naked trees. Away in the distance, the tops of the mountains were already white with snow. He had engaged a day's work on a neighboring farm, but it was useless to go—the farmer would not work that day; so he turned with a heavy step, and entered his cheerless dwelling. The children were soon stirring, and the pale, suffering mother rose from her restless couch to prepare the morning meal. A few potatoes were boiled for the father and children, and a cup of gruel prepared for herself.

William Carter and his wife had seen better days; but sickness and misfortune, the fraud of some, and the cruelty of others, had driven them forth from their pleasant homes, where he had spent the strength of his early manhood to purchase, and forced them to take shelter in their present miserable abode. They were Christians, and had hitherto borne up under the crushing weight of their afflictions with a meek and quiet spirit. Looking forward to that bright hereafter, they had suffered patiently, knowing that these afflictions are but for a moment, and the glory that shall be revealed eternal.

It had been William Carter's practice to assemble his family in the morning to hear the blessed truths of inspiration, and to bow before the mercy-seat of Heaven. That morning the children seated themselves as usual, and Mrs. Carter brought forth the Bible and laid it before her husband. Moving it away, he said, 'I cannot read or pray. I have no faith, and what is not faith is sin;' and rising, seated himself at the table. The children looked up with astonishment.

'What is the matter, father?' said little Alice, pressing closely to his chair. 'Why don't you ask God for our daily bread?'

A tear stole silently down the mother's cheek, as she took her place with her family around the table.

'Why can't we have some bread and butter?' said little James, a child six years old, pushing away a potato which was offered him. 'We used to have bread and pies, and I don't want potatoes all the time.'

An expression of agony passed over the father's face. A torrent of bitter feelings was rushing through his heart—murmurings against Providence—repinings against his lot—unbelief in God.

'Why should my children want for bread, while others have enough and to spare?' he exclaimed. 'Have I not labored honestly? but where is the blessing which God has promised to them that trust in him? The man who, by extortion and violence, has taken away our right, lives in plenty and ease, while I must pine with hunger and cold.'

'Do not arraign the justice and the wisdom of God,' said Mrs. Carter, wiping away her tears and looking tenderly upon her husband. 'Our heavenly Father will not suffer us to be tempted beyond what we are able to bear.'

'Bear! I would bear everything but this. I can bear toil, humiliation and want myself; but I cannot see my children pine for bread, and you shivering in this miserable hovel! Your sufferings will drive me mad.'

The wife arose from her place, and approaching her husband, she threw her arms around his neck, and pressed her lips to his burning brow.

'William,' she said, 'turn not away from the promises of God—seal not up the only fountain of consolation which remains to us. While we have a home and a meal as good as this, let us not be unthankful. Our Master had not where to lay his head.'

'It is the memory of my wrongs—of your wrongs, rather—for myself I do not care—which is cankering my heart and maddening my brain. If there is a God, why does he suffer the rich to oppress the poor, and the strong to crush the weak? I sometimes feel like taking justice into my own hands, and with my own arm avenging my cause.'

'Let me not see you thus, my husband. Throw not away faith with its memory of past blessings, and its hopes of the future. We have received good at the hands of the Lord; many times has he made our cup to overflow; and shall we murmur and blindly accuse his justice, if he suffer the tempest to beat upon our heads? Oh! beware that evil thoughts

spring not up in your heart. Sin will bring sorrows less bearable than those of poverty. Think not so bitterly of our wrongs. Vengeance is the Lord's, and he will repay. Let us, like our Divine Teacher, who suffered wrongs infinitely greater than ours, forgive and pity our enemies.'

'I have tried hard to learn that lesson before, and I thought, when no trials were upon me that I had succeeded. I know it must be wrong—this angry and revengeful spirit—and I have tried at times to stifle it in my heart, but it will not die. It lingers there, poisoning and polluting all within me. I have tried to pray, but it has risen up like a black cloud, hiding the face of my heavenly Father, and I have felt as if deserted by God and man.'

'God sometimes hides his face and suffers us to walk in our own strength, that we may know how weak we are, and feel the corruptions of our hearts. But he is touched with a feeling of our infirmities; therefore let us seek earnestly for his presence and for his grace to help in the time of need.'

William burst into tears. His poverty and his wrongs were all forgotten, in the memory of his sinful anger and murmurings. The spirit of other days was returning—the divine was triumphing over the human; and they bowed down before God, with the loving confidence of his little children, casting all their cares on his mighty arm, and committing the future to his wise direction. That humble cottage was a holy place, sanctified by the presence of the King of kings; and they rose up with peace and resignation in their hearts.

A storm was evidently coming on. Already the snow began to fall, and there was not wood enough at the door to last two days, and William must go to his neighbor and get permission to cut a few trees, or at least pick up the limbs that were lying about. He buttoned up his coat and went out. He could not forget the home of other days, and the shed full of wood, all dry and ready for the fire, which he had been forced to leave; and he brushed away a tear that dimmed his sight, and pressed on through the storm, which every minute increased in violence. Already, a thin, white drapery—purer and whiter than a maiden's bridal robes—lay over the rough frozen bosom of the earth, twisted in graceful knots and wreaths. He stepped on something that moved beneath his foot, and looking down, he saw a large pocket-book, half covered with the snow. A sudden flash of joy started through his heart. Seizing it, he

turned his face from the wind to examine its contents. There was a roll of bank-bills, and he carefully unrolled and counted them—tens—twenties—fifties—in all, five hundred dollars. His first impulse was to secure the money and throw the pocket-book away. He saw nothing clearly but the money before him; he thought of nothing but the blessings which it would bring to his poor family. Was it not his own? He had found it; had not heaven sent it in answer to his prayers? How much good this money would do! Bread and shelter for his wife, and for his little ones, whose cheeks were growing pale with want—whose merry smile was changed to anxious looks of care. Thus he reasoned, but conscience whispered, Beware! suffer not the love of gold to make a plague-spot on thy heart! This money is not thine, and Satan may have permitted it as a trial of thy faith.

But perhaps, he thought, if I cannot find the owner, then it will be mine—honestly mine; and with the hope that it might contain no evidence of ownership, he commenced examining the pocket-book again. Mortal, condemn him not harshly for this wish—sit not in hasty judgment on the heart of thy erring brother. Thus tempted, perhaps thine own would have been no better. But the examination left no room for doubt. There was the owner's name, fully inscribed—the name of a rich merchant, with whom in days past William had been acquainted. What a death blow was this to his wild hopes! The vision of comforts, which had blessed him for a moment, as if in mockery, was snatched away, and he saw again the miserable hut, the pale wife and hungry children. Dashing the pocket-book upon the ground, he stood for a moment gazing on it.

'Tempter! deceiver!' he exclaimed, 'why am I thus mocked and tantalized?' And then, as if a sudden thought had struck him, he picked it up and stepped into a thicket, which afforded a partial shelter from the storm, and seated himself on a fallen tree. The elements were in commotion, but there was fiercer conflict in his bosom, that it might bring to him and his, was contending with established principles of justice and rectitude.

'This man is rich,' the tempter whispered; 'he will never miss this sum or know the want of it; and oh! the good it would do thy shivering wife and babes! Is it not a God-send, and wilt thou put away the proffered cup of blessings?'

'It is not thine! it is not thine?' said con-

science. 'Stain not thy hand with dishonest gains. Bring not upon thy soul the curse of an offended God. Better thy children perish before thy eyes, than that their father be a robber.'

He sat there for more than an hour, the rushing wind and the falling snow all unheeded; but when he rose up the conflict was passed, and the expression of his face, though sad, was peaceful and resigned.

Remembering the purpose for which he started, he turned his face to a neighbor's house, where he obtained a small load of wood and a team to haul it home.

That night, after the children were in bed, William produced the pocket-book, unrolled the bank bills before his astonished wife, and told her how he had found it, half hid beneath the snow.

'What shall you do with it,' she said.

'What shall I do with it,' was the reply.

'Return it to the owner. We can bear toil and poverty, but not the reproaches of a guilty conscience.'

'I knew it would be thus. When the dark temptation was on me, and the evil in my heart seemed ready to triumph, I knew that you would not fail to see clearly, and approve the right.'

'But William, how will you get it to him, you have no horse, you have no money, and it will not do to risk it in a letter.'

'I have thought of that,' said William, rising and going to the window. 'The storm is over, and to-morrow I must go on foot, and carry this money to Mr. Carlton. It is but fifteen miles; I will start early, and perhaps he will give me enough to pay my passage back in the stage.'

The next morning the Carters were stirring early, and long before sunrise William was on his way. It was hard walking through the new fallen snow, and the wind was cold and piercing; but he pressed resolutely on, and before noon reached the house of Mr. Carlton. He ascended the marble steps and rang the bell. A servant appeared, and in answer to his enquiry, if Mr. Carlton was at home, informed him that the gentleman was out, and that he would not be back till dinner, which would be at two.

William cast a glance at his threadbare and rusty garments. He did not wish to enter that house, where the splendor and luxury would form a striking contrast to his own comfortless home, but he was cold and weary, and would be glad of a seat anywhere near a

fire; so he said to the servant, 'I have important business with Mr. Carlton, and if you please, I will come in and wait till he returns.'

The man eyed him from head to foot, and with a sneer on his face, which William did not fail to mark, conducted him into the kitchen. Preparations for dinner had commenced. There was baking, boiling, and roasting—such a dinner as would have tempted the appetite of the epicure. It was torture for a man so faint with hunger to sit there, with the smell of the different dishes falling on the olfactory nerve, and stimulating the demands of the stomach, almost beyond endurance.

The two hours passed slowly away, but Mr. Carlton at length came in, and his visitor was summoned to the parlor. The poor man cast a bewildered and timid look around the magnificent apartment. He scarcely dared to step on the soft carpet, which gave no sound beneath his feet, and he shrunk as he caught a full view of himself in a mirror, which extended almost from the ceiling to the floor. Mr. Carlton motioned him to a chair, and he seated himself on the edge, fearful lest he should soil the velvet cushion.

'Have you business with me, sir?' said the gentleman in an impatient tone.

'Yes, sir,' said William, producing the pocket-book and handing it to him. 'I found this yesterday, and, as it bears your name, I have brought it to you.'

'Ah! then you found my pocket-book! I am glad to see it again—which I never expected to do.' He carefully examined it. 'All right,' he said, 'and I am obliged to you for returning it, for it contains valuable papers,' and carelessly placed it in his pocket.

William had no more to say. He arose, and with no further evidence of gratitude or obligation, he was suffered to depart.

'I am sorry that you did not give the poor man something, father,' said a fair girl as she seated herself on an ottoman at his feet. 'Did you notice how pale he looked, and he almost staggered as he rose to go away?'

'Did he? No, I did not notice it. I would have given him a fifty dollar bill if I had thought of it. But he is gone now.'

'But, father, you might send it to him. You know him, do you not? I fear that he is very poor.'

'Yes. I had some dealings with him years ago. When I built the Charlotte he had something to do with supplying the timber, and now I remember that I heard he had lost his farm.'

'How far did he come this cold morning to bring you that pocket-book !'

'He lives in B——; he must have come fifteen or twenty miles. I ought to have paid him well for it, and I will not fail to do so yet.'

Here the dinner bell interrupted the conversation, and the father and daughter proceeded to the dining-room.

Mr. Carlton was not a selfish or cold-hearted man, but he was not observant of the wants and woes of others, and his good deeds must have been few, but for the gentle promptings of his daughter Mary. She, good girl, had a quick eye as well as a warm heart. Misery never passed her unnoticed, and many were the blessings which fell on her head—many were the generous deeds performed by her father, of which he never would have thought, but for her suggestions.

But while the rich man was enjoying his plentiful repast, William Carter, with a sinking heart and weary frame, turned his steps towards home. He had not tasted food since early dawn, and now fifteen miles lay before him. He felt disappointed, indignant, grieved at the cold and indifferent manner in which his services had been received. He did not ask a reward for restoring what was not his own, but he might with justice have demanded recompense for his time and trouble. But even that was not offered him. He remembered the wastefulness of wealth, the extravagance of luxury, which he had witnessed, and something whispered, 'You were a fool. That man scarcely thanks you for returning what he never would have missed. It would have made you happy for months and years.'

Resolutely putting down the evil thoughts, he raised a silent prayer for help and resignation, and passed on his way. He grew weaker and fainter at every step, and little more than half the distance was gained, when he sat down by the way utterly exhausted. He covered his face with his hands and wept, and but for the thought of his wife and children at home, would have crept aside, and laid down upon the snow to die. Fortunately a man came along with a sleigh, and he rose and asked for a ride. The stranger took him and brought him within a mile of his own door.

It was late when he reached home, and he had scarcely strength to cross the threshold, and throw himself upon his bed. His overtaxed physical system had given way, and before morning he was raving in the delirium

of violent fever. Then did the poor wife feel the hand of the Lord heavy upon her, but her faith failed not. As earthly hopes faded away, brighter and brighter grew the hope of eternity; as she watched, day after day by the sufferer's couch, bathing his burning brow and soothing his wild frenzy with her loving voice, she was able to say, 'though he slay me, yet will I trust in him.' Oh blessed, sustaining power of faith and hope! Faith not in man, but God—hope not in earth, but heaven. Cling to thy faith, poor woman! Make thy heart strong in confidence, for God will not forsake thee! Even now, he is preparing the reward. He will not break the bruised reed, or crush the humbled heart.

Did the rich man rest sweetly as he lay down on his downy pillow! Were there no remorseful thoughts when he remembered the careless act of injustice of which he had been guilty? Like Ahasuerus, he could not sleep, for God troubled him, and he resolved to make ample recompense for the wrong he had done. He concluded at first to send him a letter, and a handsome present, but the thought did not satisfy him, and he resolved to go himself and see what he could do for his poor friend that would most benefit him, and quiet his own conscience.

It was the fifth day of William Carter's sickness, and the physician said that night would be the crisis; if he lived through it he might recover. He had fallen into a lethargic sleep. His pale wife sat holding his hand and gazing anxiously on his sunken features and half shut eyes. The children, with sad faces and noiseless step, crept round the room. There was a rap at the door; it was opened; a gentleman entered. Mrs. Carter looked with surprise on her unexpected visitor. His dress and bearing, so different from those of their humble neighbors, at another time might have awed her, but that was no place to feel the paltry distinction of human society. In the presence of that power before which the rich and the poor, the mighty and the weak alike bow, men feel that they are equals—that they are brothers. She arose and offered him a chair. He did not seem to notice her, but advancing to the bed, he gazed long and earnestly on the ashy features of the sufferer, while the tears chased one another down his cheeks; then turning away, he threw himself into a chair, and wept with uncontrolled emotion. This, as the reader may have guessed, was Mr. Carlton. He came into the neighborhood and inquired for William Carter, and



had been told of his sickness and its probable cause. The good woman where he had stopped had a good heart and a voluble tongue, and little suspecting who her auditor was, she had given full scope to her eloquence in denouncing the man who suffered her poor neighbor to walk fifteen miles, and to return without a dinner.

Mrs. Carter stood gazing in silent astonishment on her visitor, when he arose, and placing a heavy purse in her hand, said, 'Take this, and let no expense be spared for your husband's recovery. I will call again;' and before she had time to express her gratitude or surprise, he was gone.

The next morning William was better. The crisis had passed—the fever was gone, but he lay weak and helpless as a babe, and but for the many comforts which that purse procured, he might have died.

He grew stronger day by day, and at the end of the week he was sitting supported by pillows, in a large arm chair. Mrs. Carter approached the window and exclaimed: 'There comes the stranger who gave me the purse.'

A minute more and the stranger entered the room. Approaching William he grasped his hands and said earnestly:

'Thank heaven that you are alive—that you will live. If you had died I never could have forgiven myself. I have come to make you some atonement for the injustice of which I was guilty,' and he placed a folded paper in his hand. 'There,' he continued, 'when you are able, read that. Do not thank me. It is no more than justice. The pocket-book was of great importance to me, and it has cost you dear.'

When the gentleman was gone, William opened the paper, and found it a deed made out to himself of his old house and farm. There was dancing and shouting among the children; and in the hearts of the father and mother a deep and holy joy, mingled with thankfulness and trust in God.

I need not pursue my story farther, nor tell of the happy reinstating in their former home, nor how, in after days William Carter often gathered his children around his knee, and told them of his bitter trial and temptations, and taught them that those who put their trust in God are never forsaken.

It is one of the characteristics of a good man to dispense liberally, and enjoy abstemiously, the goods he knows he may lose, and must leave.

Original.

## NATURE'S NOBLEMAN.

BY MISS M. E. WILSON.

Is't he with haughty mien and brow,  
With eyes of sparkling light—  
With crouching slaves around him now,  
Gall'd by his chains of might?  
Or robes of ermine deck'd with gold,  
That like the sunlight beams,  
As jewels 'mid each wavy fold,  
In glorious beauty gleams?  
No! clad in common stuff is he,  
With MIND for his nobility!

His crest high Thought enthroned in light  
Upon his lofty brow;  
No monarch's crowns or jewels bright,  
Could e'er eclipse it now:  
His arms, pure Honor, Truth and Love—  
Are they not bright and fair?  
Gifts from his native Heaven above,  
No trace of blight is there!  
Ah, no! but Heralds pure they be,  
And class him, first nobility.

He cringes not to men of might,  
He spurns such minions' part;  
Their costly robes and trappings bright,  
Never can win such heart!  
He tramples not on the meanest slave,  
Nor scoffs at their many cares;  
But with independent heart and brave,  
Speaks kind words, and ever shares  
His little store of wealth with them,  
Not asking its return again.

He envies not the child of fame,  
Nor the laurels they may wear:  
His is a pure, untarnished name,  
For this is his only care.  
In early youth he was taught such creed,  
Exalted high and pure;  
For his is the nobler heart indeed,  
That ever can endure  
Oppression's galling chains the while,  
Yet rise amid them all and smile.

Like the eagle above the storm,  
Perches on some mountain high,  
He smiles and dares the winds to harm  
Him in their furious might!  
Nor envy, malice, bitter hate,  
Can shadow o'er his earth;  
His heart they cannot desecrate,  
Or damp his smiles of mirth!  
Ah, no! above such petty strivings now,  
He rises with unscathed and cloudless brow.

Mayesville, Ky.

As surely as a perfect mirror gives back the faithful image, so surely does the contemplation of evil or good beget its like in the mind. No man ever became a lover of the pure and simple order of liberty, from studying the ornate architecture of the governments of the old world. No man ever became enamored of virtue, by dwelling upon the linements of vice.

## MISSION OF ODD FELLOWSHIP.

Odd Fellowship treads free the flowery fields of morality, but never trespasses on more holy ground. It takes its votary amid the touching beauties of nature, displaying the hand of a common parent, and bids him drink deep the lessons of charity and brotherly love. It teaches him to recognize in all things the presence of Deity and his angels. From the awful mountain, with the storm upon its bosom, but its head bathed in light, rush forth ministering angels of resignation and contentment. Sweet angels of Love—of Mercy—of Hope, hold their court in every flower cup—sport upon every ripple of the streamlet in its little song, and ride upon the waves of the ocean in 'its thunder music.' Shining faces of seraphim greet us from every smiling meadow; and cherubim are enthroned upon every cloud decked in golden fringe, or black with the imprisoned storm. The guardian angel of Odd Fellowship! She conducts her votary thro' the paths of virtue, points out the crystal spring, the sweet-scented bower, the cooling grotto; and, with an eye ever fixed on the spiritual and unseen, leads him to the temples of religion—but arrived at the entrance, she folds her wings—kneels upon the threshold—and points him up the glittering aisle.

How beautiful is union! Man alone is weaker before the ills of life than the tender reed before the tempest; but bound up with his fellows by the bonds of interest and love, he becomes stronger than the oak of the forest. In our Order the bands of union are tied with many knots. But it is a union for purposes of charity; not that alone which is displayed in cold alms-giving, but which 'suffereth long and is kind—thinketh no evil—rejoiceth not in iniquity, but rejoiceth in truth.' A veil of secrecy surrounds, that 'the left may not know what the right hand doeth,' nor our deeds lose the virtue of disinterestedness. Our mission is 'to relieve the distressed, visit the sick, bury the dead, protect the widow, and educate the orphan.'

Man in his best estate is dependant and helpless. Surrounded by wealth, he is not shielded against the miseries of life. The impartial hand of disease reveals to him many wants which wealth can never satisfy. He wants a friend to smooth his thorny pillow, and breathe the accents of sympathy and consolation—he wants an eye to drop a tear upon his fevered cheek—he wants the gentle voice of love to soothe and cheer his sinking

heart. But when the poor man is called from his daily toil to languish upon the bed of disease—when day by day he detects in the anxious eye of the partner of his sorrow, as she hushes the half-uttered cry of her babes, that their scanty store is nearly exhausted; and as she treads softly around his bedside, he sees her brush stealthily away the unruly tear lest he see it, and be pained—when grim-visaged want takes a seat upon his hearth, and all the future is dark, dare—Oh! then, how happy is our mission! We relieve our distressed, we visit our sick! If he die, we consign him with honor to the tomb, and embalm the memory of him and his in our hearts. We feel that he has left us a precious charge, which it is our pride to cherish for his sake. We protect the widow and educate the orphan.

But these are not the only objects of our affiliation. We seek to make man happier in all the concerns of life—to elevate his character, by imbuing his heart with the principles of LOVE and TRUTH—by giving him a proper conception of the dignity he may attain in the scale of existence, and urging him to a cultivation of 'the true fraternal relation designed by the Author of his being.' We seek to advise, to counsel, to correct, to improve each other, that we may speak light in silent harmony as 'star speaks light to star.' The object of Odd Fellowship is the melioration of the condition of man, by making him better and happier here; and its incidental effect is to make him look to the rest that comes after.

Similar in its constitution to the American government, it has been scarcely less successful in its practical operation, and we believe, is immutable and enduring. But recognizing 'neither nation, tongue nor creed,' it is not shut up within the confines of this Republic. The icy hut of Canada is warmed by its gentle influence, and the Sandwich Islander meets his fair-skinned brother in a Lodge upon the fruitful shores of his own sunny Isles. May its home be the heart of its members, and the end of time the measure of its existence!

Do all in your power to teach your children self-government. If a child is passionate, teach him by gentle and patient means, to curb his temper. If he is greedy, cultivate liberality in him. If he is selfish, promote generosity. If he is sulky, charm him out of it, by encouraging frank, good humor. In short, give your children the habit of overcoming their besetting sins.

## CHARITY.

What is charity? How is it to be understood in our Order?

The word charity, in a general sense, means love, benevolence, good will; that disposition of heart which inclines men to think favorably of their fellow-men, and do them good. Accompany this disposition with an active desire to promote their happiness, and you have benevolence; add to both the affections of your heart, and you possess brotherly love.

Of all the virtues that humanity and the spirit of our institution demand of an Odd Fellow, none is more easy in its practice, and hence none more generally noticed by the community at large, than charity. What is easier for a man than to divide, here and there, a small portion of his substance with the poor and needy—a portion which otherwise would, perhaps, be spent to less useful purposes?

But is this, by itself, virtue? We might be charitable to rid ourselves of an importunate intruder—give, as a kind of ransom, for the momentary good feeling awakened in our bosom, by the sight of misery and distress; we throw our wite to them more for our than their sakes. This is not true charity. Often, too, men are charitable because they are rich; and it leads them to think mightily well of themselves—how happy they are, compared with this or that poor man—how little a few dollars will affect their easy circumstances. Now this class of benefactors care little whom they benefit with their charity; worthy or unworthy subject is all one to them. This is not true charity. Again, many give because, in these days of progress and civilization, a man dare not be hard-hearted toward the poor, without exposing himself to censure and disrepute in community. It is fear that stimulates them to be charitable, not love; it is to public opinion that they make a sacrifice, rather than to the poor. The giving of a shilling is so little, but to refuse the shilling might injure them; hence almost every body is more or less inclined to charity. But such is not true charity.

Be not deceived, brethren, with many that act charitably. It is more a matter of good breeding than a virtue. Their standing and relation in society is the main mover of their deeds; the spirit of true charity never entered their bosoms. Be not deceived, brethren. It is too true that our actions, as a body, are often better than ourselves; that at times we are charitable and generous, without possess-

ing the true spirit of those virtues; hence Christ prized the poor widow's penny higher than all the gold of the Pharisees.

Charity becomes a virtue only when our willingness to give springs from an inward participation in the misfortunes of the needy and the afflicted; and at the same time it be applied to a worthy subject, with the intention to relieve, or at least alleviate his sufferings as much as it is in our power so to do.

But our good will and charitable deeds require one more caution. In order to be truly charitable we must spare no pains to learn how our gifts may be applied to the best advantage, and to do the most good, i. e., in the distribution of our gifts we must be prudent and wise, for there is danger that any virtue practiced without prudence and wisdom may do more harm than good.

True charity, my brethren, has her seat within the heart; she is planted there by our Creator, as one of those nobler sentiments, the exercise of which elevates man to his proper sphere, and not only makes him social and humane, but yields him peace and happiness. She is one of the main sources from which spring all the nobler sentiments of the human race.

A selfish man may be inoffensive, but he will never be truly charitable as long as he is selfish. He may quiet his conscience, that in paying his poor tax he has done all that is necessary for the support of the poor; while perhaps he knows that in the next house an honest, yet timid family are in want of bread, and he heeds them not. Let us compare such a man with the truly benevolent philanthropist at the close of their respective daily avocations; the one making an idol of his own dear self, the other, humble and lowly, thanking his creator that on that very day, perhaps, he was enabled to do good to his fellow man without ostentation and outward show. Will not the angel of peace watch over his couch, lest some malignant spirit poison his holy pursuit at the next rising sun?

Without true charity no other virtue is possible. Its practice and meaning, while they are laudable and necessary, should be distinctly understood by all, but more especially by an Odd Fellow.

Now there is no government in the world without some law or other to protect the poor. There is no man, whether rich or poor, who does not desire, nay, feel proud of the name to be called charitable and benevolent. But it is evident, and generally admitted that all

the laws a government can make in relation to the poor, are inadequate and insufficient to the purpose. The difficulty is mainly this: that no civil law can ever find the point where to establish the line between the worthy and the unworthy sufferer — between the timid and the bold. He who, by misfortune or disease, is thrown on the public charity, is likely to meet in the poor-house a companion whom he would have shunned in society, as a man void of principle, enslaved to his passions and appetite, which reduced him to want. There is something degrading in this, to which a good man, though poor, will not submit; and rather than share the society of the wicked, he will not ask the county for support, but stay at home, if he has a home, and suffer; and where is the civil law to relieve him, over and above ten dollars? This picture needs no argument to establish its reality. Look around you, brethren, and you may find similar cases, perhaps in your immediate neighborhood.

But if civil law is inadequate to the wants of the poor, the needy and the afflicted, then must the philanthropist step in and supply the deficiency. This maxim was true centuries ago, and hence we find at the remotest state of civilization, benevolent societies of divers casts and names, but all resting on one and the same basis, which is, "that my fellow man shall not suffer if I can prevent it." As the race increased, so did the institutions of benevolence, and among them stands conspicuous the Order of Odd Fellowship, almost generally acknowledged as an institution elevating in its principles, moral in its tendency, prominent in its efficiency, and tried in its expediency. A true Odd Fellow must be charitable and benevolent; and this leads me to the second question prefacing these remarks:

"How is it to be understood in our Order?"

Ours is a happy lot, my brethren. The good we intend is not based on selfish motives or narrow abstractions. We do not discuss or practice charity on utilitarian principles. We don't ask where a man is born before we assist him in distress; our motto is, "first our brother, next the whole world."

Be it ever far from us, that false charity that only gives to be noticed. Never shall the truly needy be sent away from an Odd Fellow's door without help; and while it is our duty to assist a brother in distress, we are morally bound to extend our munificence and bounty to our fellow men to the best of our

abilities; and the reward will for ever dwell in our own conscience.

The wise and good of former ages have gained the admiration of the world by their noble deeds; but none were ever truly great, if charity and benevolence were not the primary movers of their actions. A retrospective view of the history of the past gives us the most striking proofs, that without the practice of charity no nation ever prospered, no man was ever truly happy. If a man be not charitable, he must be selfish — if he be not benevolent, and cares nothing for the welfare of his fellow men, he must be proud. There is no medium between the two. I have said that without the practice of charity no nation ever prospered, no man was ever truly happy. Can any one read the writings of our immortal Washington without being convinced of this fact; without being filled with esteem and veneration for the father of his country? Every word, every sentence, breathes the spirit of love and charity. To free his beloved country, his oppressed fellow citizens, from the absolutism, of a foreign king, to render them free, happy and prosperous, with the least possible sacrifice of human life — this was his aim, and after he so gloriously attained it, he retires from the scene, ever continuing his charitable deeds in humble retirement.

It is not my place to expound the life of a Washington, but I would merely point at him as the greatest model of a virtuous man known in history since the time of Christ. And let me tell you, that for the observer of the human character, one fact remains incontrovertible, and to clear to admit of dispute; that his spirit still lives within the heart of this people — and may it never die, that spirit of charity so successfully engrafted in the bosoms, and in a great measure is due, by the grace of Almighty God, the unparalleled prosperity of this infant nation.

But while we profess before the world that charity is one of the main attributes of our Order, is it not our duty to make it manifest by our deeds? should we not, must we not act accordingly, or fall? What can be tho't of a man who professes one thing and doeth another — who blows hot and blows cold, in one breath — who receives you in his arms with the fashionable phrase, "*O, my dear friend, how happy am I to see you!*" while to himself, he says, "*I wish you were in China!*" Should you ever meet with such a character, would it not strike you at once that he had

never entered an Odd Fellow's hall? and if he did, he is an unworthy member.

Within these walls we are told that charity is one of the main features of our Order. So it is; but it is not all, and the mere practice of it, without the true moving cause, is not sufficient, and, apt to degenerate, our Order demands that we should understand the moving cause, the why and wherefore, and what is it. Let us reason, for a moment. It is a self-evident truth, believed by all, that man was created to be happy, and to render others happy — created to do good. No one ever denies this. We, collectively, like any other religious and benevolent institution, are summoned to do our share in the great work of ameliorating mankind; we have all voluntarily assumed this responsibility, hence we must be charitable and humane, not because the cause demands it, not because others are, not because of an expected reward, but because it has become our imperative duty, because we are initiated in the purity of its motives, because we cannot be worthy Odd Fellows without being charitable men; and thus, my brethren, I understand charity, as connected with our Order.

A certain man once went down from Jerusalem to Jericho, and fell among thieves, who stripped him of his raiment, and wounded him, and departed, leaving him half dead; and by chance, first a certain Priest, and then a Levite, came also down that way. Both saw the helpless sufferer, covered with blood, but they passed on the other side of the road, and went their way and left him.

Now let us pause for a moment, and ask who were the Priests and Levites of those days? They were the officers of the Jewish Church; they considered themselves the very perfection of human society; in their conceit, none were holy and good but they. From the high position which many of them so unworthily occupied, they looked down on their fellow men, as being their inferiors, treated them with contempt, and called them corrupt and wicked.

Vice, like virtue, is contagious; and while the spirit of a Washington has descended to us, in the full rays of its splendor, so the spirit of the Levite is, spider-like, creeping its way to, alas! too many little souls. They are those that style themselves the exclusives; and, comparatively few as they are in numbers, they never have been the friends of Odd Fellows.

But the whole story is not told yet. We

left the poor man half dead, by the wayside. Soon after this Priest and Levite had passed by, without tendering him their sympathy and aid, not even a word of consolation, behold, there came a Samaritan, a stranger, one of the sect of the city of Samaria; and when he saw the wounded, he had compassion on the man. He went and bound up his wounds, pouring in oil and wine, and set him on his own beast, and brought him to an inn, and took care of him; and on the morrow, before he parted, he left money with the host, and said, "Take care of him, and whatsoever thou spendest more, when I return I will repay thee."

Need I tell you which of the three travelers was the Odd Fellow, if not in name yet in the spirit? Our Savior tells us, "Go thou and do likewise."

THE POWER OF LOVE.—The sentiment of love is too frequently made light of; that which is the most potent agency of this our earth; that which has been the central fire of many of those revolutions, is mockingly referred to as if it were a subject for trifling. But love in woman has a true meaning. Love in man is an ennobling passion; it is as dew upon the flower, as purple dawn upon the sky, as the quiet streamlet in the valley, as an orchard resplendent with early blossoms; it is as a morning prayer; it is as an evening hymn; it is as a child asleep and dreaming of heaven. It may be as a deluge that spreads around a viewless waste, without a dove, olive branch or rainbow; it may be as a fruitful field withered with a poisoned wind; it may be as a delectable mountain thrown asunder by the inward fire; it may be as the home sickness of the exile; it may be despair; it may be insanity that laughs aloud and then expires. Love while its object lives in purity makes a poet of him with whom it dwells; the ploughboy in the field; the sailor in the shrouds, has his dreams and his glories; he has in his own way the most passionate imaginings; it kindles up the dormant faculties; it rouses fancy in the stupid; it loosens the tongue of the stammerer; it lends to the most illiterate speech and eloquence; represses sensuality and tames even the savage; it gives joy and fear and happiness; it renders even the mean heroic, and fills them with self-respect. Out of the visions of youth may have come the flames that have illumined the path to greatness.

Never make money at the expense of your reputation.

# FRIENDSHIP.

There is not a word in the English vocabulary that is used more flippantly, or one that may be found oftener in the mouths of men, than the word friendship, and yet it is one the least understood, and the least practised of all others that can be named or thought of.

True friendship as it should exist between members of the same great family, that true principle of love which is ever accompanied by charity and fidelity; charity for the faults, and faithful to the best interest of society and the world, is seldom met with in the relations and intercourse between man and man. If we were allowed to judge from their practice, we should not hesitate in saying, that with the major portion of mankind, friendship consists in words only, bare speeches, empty professions and unmeaning promises, that it goes no farther than this; has no hold on the affections, and has no deep root in principle, or regard for the welfare of others. This is erroneous. True friendship, such as is felt by the philanthropist and the warm hearted lover of humanity, does not consist in bare words and promises, insumptuous dinners, and bland, unmeaning smiles. Within the breast of him whose honeyed words win the credulous ear, whose smiles play upon a brow as fair as marble, whose courtesy and affability are in the mouths of all, often there lodges a soul as cold as icebergs from the regions of the frozen North, a heart that would betray the dearest friend on earth, and give him over to the enemy for a less sum than thirty pieces of silver. Judas, who was the loudest in his protestations of never changing love and fidelity, whose promises were the fairest and seemingly the most sincere, in the hour of severe trial, of adversity and sorrow, betrayed his master, his best, his truest friend, the noble Savior of the world.

The man who talks of dying for his friend, never had the scaffold in full view, nor does he consider that the days of romance and chivalry are forever gone. He is the last man that will thrust his hands into his pockets to befriend the man in distress; he is not the person that will divide the last loaf though starvation stare the applicant full in the face; he is the man that deals in oily words and considers not that friendship consists in acts as well as words. He is a hypocrite, one that makes long speeches in public on alms giving; preaches at the corners of the street on charity, and lauds benevolence to the skies: yet

he will kick the poor beggar, who supplicated for a morsel of bread or a cup of water, from his presence as a vile reptile; thrust him out as though his proximity was contaminating and poisonous. You might as well think of obtaining hot rolls from the unyielding adamant, as to draw a copper from his closely tied purse. He may bestow large sums to endow seats of learning with professorships, where the rich and lazy congregate, graduate and take their degree in superficial smatterings; he may give large sums to some foreign missionary society, where his name may figure as a "life member," and a very benevolent man; and this he does while scores around him are suffering for the necessities of life, and begging for the crumbs that fall from his sumptuously laden table.

Such a person is no friend to the human race. On the contrary, the man who will share with you his purse in the days of misfortune, and, like the good Samaritan, be surety for your support to the landlord, you may admit to your confidence, incorporate into the very core of your heart and call him friend. Misfortune cannot shake him from you, the cold scoffs of the world cannot estrange you from his heart; disasters will not effect him, for he is a friend for friendship's sake, and is never weary of doing you good. It is his nature to befriend; there is on him that nobleness of soul that draws after it the affections of all who know him. He is loved, for there is no one who does not admire the free-hearted, open-fisted, generous man—who does not love the soul, endowed with charitable impulses and benevolent feelings. You may be sure that such a man will stick by you in the days of adversity, as well as in those of prosperity, for he possesses a heart differing from that of the hypocritical pretender to everlasting and unchanging friendship, which pretensions are as empty as air.

A REFLECTION.—It should be remembered that every loathsome inmate of penitentiaries and prisons was once a gentle, inoffensive and prattling child; and that every criminal who has "expatiated his crimes upon the gallows," was once pressed to his mother's heart, and drew his life-giving nourishment from her bosom. Bad moral training, wrong influence, and debasing examples, do their work, and transform endearing offspring into ferocious men, who shock humanity by the foulness of their guilt, and the monstrous audacity of their crimes.

Original.

AN OBJECTION TO ODD FELLOWSHIP  
ANSWERED.

One among the objections urged against Odd Fellowship, and the one that its enemies harp upon more particularly than any other, is that bad men are sometimes found connected with our Order—men whose lives have been one continued course of crime and iniquity, and who daily practice sin in almost every conceivable form—that such men are, by the protection thrown around them under the garb of our Order, enabled to carry their wicked purposes to an alarming extent, sowing broadcast every quality, and every species of sin, contaminating the whole moral atmosphere around them, and by all the seductive and enebanting ways of vice, ensnaring the youthful and the otherwise guileless.

Upon a mere glance at this argument, there appears to be some weight; and being content with but a mere glance, has caused many to settle down in the confirmed opinion, that this indeed is a serious objection, in consequence of which Odd Fellowship should in no wise be tolerated. But when we look abroad and see the mixture of bad men with the good in society, that in almost every family, every grade of society, every organized body, yea, even in the church of Christ, bad men are to be found, who have smuggled themselves in with the good; and when we consider our inability to judge the interests and purposes of other men's hearts; that human ingenuity and skill falls far short of devising plans or inventing schemes by which wicked and depraved men can be detected and plucked out from among the good ones, Odd Fellowship appears in this respect no worse, nor in fact near as bad as many other institutions, whose pretensions to virtue and purity are equally great. It is the intention of the Order that none shall be admitted to her mystic rites who are unworthy; and he who knocks at the door for admission must suffer his reputation to pass through the ordeal of a close examination ere he can enter her portals. To effect this more certainly, every plan is resorted to, every scheme devised, not one stone is left unturned, yet the cunning, the deception and the subtlety of man is so great, and his assumed goodness so excellent a counterfeit, that all our efforts are frustrated; he passes through undiscovered, and is led into her sanctuary. That men have eluded all our vigilance to detect, and received unworthily the rites of Odd Fel-

lowship, and there learnt lessons of such great import; and there saw in so impressive a manner the follies of man's wicked ways, as to completely revolutionize their lives, to convert them from evil ways to paths of peace and virtue; but that there are others depraved to the very heart, who continue there after becoming Odd Fellows, is indeed too true; but so soon as their deformities are discerned amidst their glittering tinsel, which sooner or later is sure to be done, they are no longer recognized as Odd Fellows, nor subject to their aid and protection as such.

Thus we perceive every possible effort is made to preserve pure and uncontaminate our beloved institution.

Although the principles taught by Odd Fellowship are made instrumental to the wicked purposes of designing men, they are none the more objectionable; nor because diverted from their natural channel, the more odious. Surely the divine precepts of Christianity will not lose its purity because wicked and depraved men cast its sacred mantle over their shoulders, feign to believe its teachings and walk in its paths, yet under its shadow and through the varied aid it may render him, perpetrate the basest and vilest of deeds; through his professions of it, be enabled to carry his vices deeper and more safely through; to conceive and carry into effect more direful plots. Surely it has not by this abuse of its blessings lost its divinity; it is still the teachings of Christ; the great moral code of mankind. Who will contend against society because men congregate together for malicious purposes? Who will denounce the use of fire because the incendiary has, through its aid, accomplished his hellish purpose? Who will decry genius because exercised in the invention of infernal machines and implements of destruction? Such a course would most assuredly be regarded as the most consummate folly, and questioned would be the sanity of him who thus contended. And this is precisely the character of the argument brought against Odd Fellowship. It is opposed, reviled, abused, because man's treachery has plucked it from its intended course, and made it subservient to his will. But again; such men cleave to and seem content with but one idea. They appear satisfied to range within the contracted limits of their own minds; they see all on one side, and without even glancing at the other, pronounce judgment. Such contemplate the misconduct of a few, and entirely overlook the virtues of the multitude. They ferret out and

expose to view every little error, whilst every good act they struggle to conceal. Let those who urge this objection, ask themselves if this is a fair criterion to judge by. Let them cast old and long established prejudices aside, and ask if there are no virtues, no great benefits that overshadow this objection. If there are bad men within our precincts, are there not good ones also? Let such determine from this kind of an investigation whether as large a balance cannot be found in its favor. Five grains of common sense must lead them to this conclusion. They will discern at once that the character of a saint will appear one great mass of iniquity, if all that is good belonging to it be cast aside, and his errors or mishaps be magnified into enormities. The most pure in word and deed may thus be rendered the most loathsome compound of sin, whilst directly opposite would be the inference, if viewed together as a whole. Let such look into families, into companies, yea, into their own hearts, and there see how in this way of determining, all would be condemned, even themselves. They would find the whole of mankind steeped in abomination; every trait of goodness, every particle of his original nature, annihilated; every spark of virtue extinguished; yet such is not the case. True, every species of vice does exist and is practised to an alarming extent; and man, when viewed in his wars, his intrigues, his devastations, his crimes, resembles a demon; but in his schemes for the amelioration of his race, his charities, his mercies, his progress in science and religion, he appears as a bright messenger from heaven; and if contemplated as he is, he is the noblest work of God—a transcript of the creator, and giver of all good works, wending his way with magic speed to that degree of perfection he is designed for.

Thus is it with Odd Fellowship. If considered only as a secret institution, a mystic clan, a midnight association, and its principles viewed through its few unworthy members, it appears hideous; but when seen as it is in its works of charity, of benevolence, its relief to the distressed, and its secrecy regarded in its proper light, a mere protection to secure it from the snares and subtleties of crafty men, then and only then, is it seen as it really is; and at once carries conviction, that it is pure within itself; based upon a rock—Friendship, Love and Truth, and marching with gigantic strides to the goal of perfection.

Fort Wayne, Ind

A. J. H.

## LADIES IN LODGES.

The question is often asked: "Why are the ladies excluded from our Lodge rooms?" and has been as often answered. The short extract below, from an address of Bro. Albert Pike of Arkansas, bears on the subject, and gives the most conclusive reason why the members of the Order deprive themselves of the great blessing of ladies' society in their Lodges:

In our endeavors we hope confidently for the sympathy and aid of those to whose dear eyes man naturally looks for applause and encouragement. We should be glad to see them in our Lodges, radiant in beauty as flowers stolen from Paradise, to be cheered with their sunny smiles in the performance of our duties, and to hear the sweet music of their voices, murmuring and mingling in our deliberations

"In whispers, like the whispers of the leaves  
That tremble round a nightingale."

But we know that love and jealousy would enter in at our doors, at the same time with the large blessing of woman's presence; and that, if a worthy wife or sister were admitted and an unworthy husband or brother excluded or expelled, strife, dissension and unhappiness would be the unfortunate result, both in the Lodge, and in the domestic circle. Without the Lodge she can aid us far more effectually than within it. She can discourage and allay the bitter feeling of party strife, help to reform an erring brother, and give her testimony in favor of the purposes, the purity and sincerity of the motives, and the good results of the labors of Odd Fellowship. And we, in return, if the wife or the sister or the daughter of an Odd Fellow should need our aid or sympathy, will cheerfully give both, watch over her welfare, protect her against all harm by evil act or evil word, at all times and by every means in our power, and so perform fully all the obligations which in that respect we have assumed.

Female loveliness never appears to so good advantage as when set off with simplicity of dress. No artist ever decks his angels with towering feathers and gaudy jewelry, and our human angels, if they would make good their title to that name, should carefully avoid ornaments which properly belong to Indians and African princesses. These tinselries may serve to give effect on the stage or upon a ball room floor, but in daily life there is no substitute for the charms of simplicity. A vulgar taste is not to be disguised by gold or diamonds.



## THE ORDER IN TEXAS.

## CELEBRATION AT SAN AUGUSTINE.

Through the kindness of Bro. B. F. PRICE, we have been favored with the following account of the celebration of Aies Lodge, No. 16, at San Augustine, on the 9th of July last. It is from the Red Land Herald :

From the *novelty* of the exhibition on Wednesday last, it was expected that a large concourse of people would be in attendance, nor was this expectation disappointed. The crowd we think, was even greater than that on the 4th. Not only gentlemen, but ladies anxious to witness the ceremonies of the mystic brotherhood, withstood the heat of the weather and the dust and fatigue of travel from Shreveport, Harrison and Rusk. Nacogdoches, Sabine and Shelby had also an able representation as well in their noble sons as in their bright-eyed daughters, who seemed to vie with each other in beauty and brilliancy.

At ten o'clock A. M. the procession of Odd Fellows, under the charge of Gen. T. G. Brooks as Chief Marshal, assisted by Bro's. Ardrey, Thomas and Thompson as assistant Marshals, left their Lodge and passed around the public square, headed by the best band of music we have heard in the State, and halted in front of the City Hotel to receive a banner, which was presented by Miss Rankin of our town, and received on the part of the Lodge by Bro. A. D. Edwards. The address of Miss R., on presenting the banner, was something truly beautiful, and delivered in the finest style by the fair Oratress. Bro. Edwards, inspired as he was by the burning eloquence which had just fallen from the lips of beauty, received it, too, in the happiest manner. The banner was most magnificent. On the one side, with a ground of white silk, was represented a lovely female figure, emblematical of "Friendship," resting gracefully upon the "Anchor of Hope." In the distance, upon the water was seen peaceful "Commerce" in the figure of a ship under full sail, whilst the whole was encircled with a gilded wreath entwined with emblems of the Order. On the opposite side, with a ground of blue silk, was inscribed in letters of gold the following :

Aies Lodge, No. 16, I. O. O. F.

San Augustine, Texas.

Organized July 9, 1850.

Charter Members.

Henry L. Rankin, James Sharp,  
A. T. L. Bobbett, William Fisher,  
John A. Hall.

The banner was trimmed with the richest silver bullion fringe and tassels, and the staff mounted by a gilded dove.

After the presentation of the banner, the procession moved to the Methodist church, where Bro. B. F. Price delivered one of the finest orations we have ever had the good fortune to listen to. It was "sparkling and bright" from beginning to end, and was received with frequent and continued cheering. From the church, the procession passed on to the University Hall, where a sumptuous dinner was in waiting for the members of the Order. Here, hilarity and good feeling prevailed around the festive board, and social glass, for several hours. A number of excellent toasts were drunk, from which, however, we have room to give but one. It was by the Orator of the day :

"Miss Frances Rankin—the young lady who presented the banner : capable of inspiring us individually and collectively to the noblest deeds of humanity. May she long live to shed a lustre upon the female character."

After the gentlemen had left the table, some ladies who were near, approached, when the following sentiments were offered :

By Mrs. A. B.—Would that I were the mother of *fifty* sons, and that they were all *Odd Fellows*. [Great cheering.]

By Mrs. C. D.—Would that I were the mother of *fifty* daughters, and that they were all married to your sons. [Loud and prolonged cheering.]

After the dinner, the procession again formed and returned to the Lodge.

THE BALL, which was given on the same evening, was the most brilliant ever known in our town. The Messrs. Williams, from Mansfield, spread themselves, and one continued gush of sweet music filled the large halls of the old University, and directed the giddy whirls of the waltz. We have never seen a greater collection of female loveliness on any former occasion. Although the evening was excessively warm, the ladies seemed to engage very heartily in the dancing, and all appeared to enjoy themselves. The supper table was very richly set with cakes and wines, besides being loaded with all the more substantial of life. Near 3 o'clock in the morning the ball broke, and the party dispersed—many of them long to remember the Odd Fellows' first anniversary.

In addition to the foregoing, we add a following extract from a letter from San Antonio, to the Golden Rule :

It is now a few weeks over eighteen months since the first Odd Fellow's Lodge was planted in this city; it started with the bare constitutional number, and for a season the prospects of diffusing the principles of our beloved institution, were gloomy in the extreme. It appeared that the light and knowledge that our Order possesses, was not destined to show itself in all its splendor and glory in these Western wilds; the little band of five brethren met weekly, and were determined to persevere. By their upright walk and conversation, the good people of this section of the country began to learn that Odd Fellowship consisted in something more tangible than outward ceremony and empty show, and am I happy to say, that the mist and gloom which hung over us, finally broke, and a cheerful sunshine appeared in its stead, and has continued to the present period. We now number thirty-five contributing members, as noble and warm-hearted Odd Fellows as will be found in any Lodge.

A short time since, a brother from a Lodge in Ohio, came here for the benefit of his health; by mere accident we ascertained that he was confined to his bed; the committee immediately called on him, and made known their mission. His look of love and veneration expressed a volume; he informed them that he was not peculiarly distressed but bodily, and thought that his stay on earth was short. Everything that could be was done to save him, but that grim monster "Death" had marked him for his victim. His remains were followed to the tomb by the Order of this city, accompanied by the Free Masons, and a military band of music, which in all formed a beautiful solemn funeral procession. What satisfaction for his distressed relatives and friends to know, although he was in a strange land, yet his death-bed was surrounded by those he could call by that endearing name of brother.

The Odd Fellows of this city have erected the first (I think) Monument that has been reared in this State. The material of which it is constructed, consists of the common building stone of this vicinity; it receives a fine polish, and looks equal to marble. It was erected to the memory of Bro. Captain Walker, who nobly fell in battle defending his country's honor in the late war with Mexico. "Peace be to his ashes."

Beware of a person who never forgives an injury, or takes back anything he says—it is ominous of a dangerous disposition.

## MISSISSIPPI.

The New Orleans Delta has the following letter from Woodville, Miss., describing a festival of the Order:

There was a celebration by the Odd Fellows, on the 26th ult., as the anniversary of the introduction of the Order into this country. Brightly, auspiciously beamed the morning sun—stalwart, and fairy forms, from regions roundabout, were there to see.

At 11 o'clock, the members in their elegant regalia, in beautiful procession, to the sound of excellent music, marched from the Lodge room to the Methodist church, where a very large audience of ladies and gentlemen were most delightfully entertained by an address from Patriarch J. H. Leatherman, the able editor of the Republican of this place. The orator did himself the greatest credit by the clear and interesting manner in which he laid before his hearers the history, objects and aims of Odd Fellowship.

The address concluded, the procession formed again and marched to the great battleground of knife and fork, the most excellent arrangement for which had been made under the kindly auspices of our fair ladies. The dinner, in a word, was magnificent.

But the great feature of the *day* was at *night*, when fairy forms bewildered masculine eyes and brains, in their graceful movements through the various figures of the joyous dance. The goddess of pleasure reigned supreme; the hours flew swiftly by, as if borne on angels' lightsome wings—

"Bright eyes looked love to eyes that spake again,  
And all went merry as a marriage bell,"

till alas! too soon, the toll of the bell that announced man had another Sabbath "to swell the past" tolled also the knell of our brilliant but all too fleeting joys.

The day was an auspicious one for the Order which celebrated it, and which now seems to be in a flourishing condition in our village.

Always speak the truth. Nothing will so exalt an individual, as virtue cannot be perfected without an undeviating regard to truth. The person whose words are not sacred to himself and sure to others, lives in a very degraded sphere of life. The trustworthy *dog* stands more than on a level with him in the sphere of being, and is deserving of more honor. But the individual of truthful lips stands up in noble consciousness of his integrity and virtue, and lives in an exalted sphere of life, having the confidence of those around him.

## A GOOD ADDRESS.

John G. Potts Lodge, No. 3, was instituted at the Falls of St. Anthony, Territory of Minnesota, on the 29th of May last, by P.G.M. John G. Potts, of Galena, Ill., the D.D. Grand Sire for that Territory. The following excellent address was delivered by Bro. Potts, previous to commencing the ceremonies of the institution :

Brothers and co-laborers in the cause of our beloved Order, I appear before you on this interesting and highly important occasion as the bearer of this legal instrument, which conveys to your respectable body all the rights, privileges and immunities that are attached to a Lodge of the I. O. of O. F., and in accordance with ancient custom, it becomes my duty to give you, in brief, some of the outlines of the principles of the Order as well as a few words of salutary advice in the prosecution of your duties. I presume, brothers you are acquainted with the obligations which bind us one to the other. I therefore need not recapitulate them; but among the duties enjoined upon us, stands forth pre-eminent and important, that which is contained in the mandate emanating from the Grand Lodge of the United States, and engraven upon its seal as follows: "We command you to visit the sick, relieve the distressed, bury the dead, and educate the orphan." This command and duty no true and good Lodge of Odd Fellows will dare to disregard. In the performance of which duties, if faithfully performed, you will be sustained and cherished by all the good and virtuous around you, and even those who are opposed to our Order will be compelled to acknowledge that an institution whose principles as manifested by you are so consonant with all that is good and praiseworthy cannot be otherwise than meritorious, because any thing that has for its object the advancement of human happiness, or lessens the miseries and ills incident to human life, that draws closer the ties of mutual sympathy and strengthens the bonds of brotherhood between man and man, is not only worthy of approbation, but must merit their warmest admiration and support.

Allow me for a few moments to call your attention to the condition of the Order in by gone days as known and recollected by myself.

I became a member of the Order whilst

yet it was in its infancy, some 27 years ago, at the time when there were but six Lodges in the United States, and have continued in full membership ever since. At that time the rude storm of prejudice and ignorance howled over its infant form and endeavored to nip the opening buds of Friendship and Love. Scorn and derision was the allotment of those who espoused the cause, discouragements and barriers arose on every side, yet notwithstanding all this, the pioneers of our beloved Order, through perseverance and fidelity to the principles they had espoused, triumphed, signally triumphed, and overcame every impediment and obstacle which ignorance, prejudice and malice threw in their way.

The weak, feeble, and glimmering, but glorious light, first kindled by the hands of Father Wildey, continued to increase in brightness and splendor until its effulgent flame has illumined the whole length and breadth of our country, from the Atlantic to the Pacific ocean, and from Florida to our beautiful Minnesota, where but a few years ago, roamed the wild and untamed savage, hunting his game over its boundless prairies, or gliding his canoe on the glassy lake or over the Father of Waters, the mighty Mississippi.

When I cast a retrospective glance to the time when this Order was in its infancy and contrast those dark, gloomy days of trouble and uncertainty with its present bright and cheerful, happy and prosperous condition, and behold its spotless and unstained banner unfurled and waving in the breeze of popular favor, and its principles deep seated in the hearts of its more than 200,000 members, I confess it is a proud consideration to me to reflect that I connected myself with it in its days of adversity, and a spirit of thankfulness arises in my heart to the great Supreme, that by his goodness and mercy he has suffered me to live to witness its great, glorious and prosperous condition.

In conclusion, let me say that the Grand Lodge of the United States expect you to be punctual and prompt in the duties that may devolve upon you, and to maintain the principles of the Order—principles the most pure and exalted. Be vigilant and guard well the portals of your Lodge, so that none but the worthy pass its threshold; be punctual at your meetings; full meetings will cheer the brotherhood; be punctual in the payment of your dues; a full treasury will enable you to assist the sick and relieve the distressed, and make the heart of the desolate to leap with

joy and thankfulness; let the sick and afflicted members of your Lodge have no cause to say, "I was sick and ye visited me not, naked and you clothed me not, distressed in mind and body and you comforted me not;" nor let the voice of the orphan be heard to complain, saying, "you have promised to educate the orphan, and here am I destitute of the rudiments of an education, and in consequence, instead of being an honor and a credit to society, to which I might have attained by your fostering care, I have become its curse and bane by the instrumentality of your broken vows." But to the contrary, brothers, let the fatherless and lonely orphan speak, whom you have educated and fed as your own sons and daughters. Let the bereaved and desolate widow speak, whose briny tears fast flowing as rain drops, which his hand has wiped away in secret, let them all speak and with a voice of thankfulness and gratitude, it will redound to your praise. Let nothing interfere between you and your duties. Let the first rising of discord be nipped in the bud, let peace and harmony characterize all your proceedings; their friendship will weave her silken bonds; love breathe forth her strains of mutual sympathy and confiding tenderness, whilst truth above, around, beneath, will shed forth her blaze of living light as pure and unsullied as the rays that emanate from the throne of the Great Jehovah. Go on, brothers, in the good work and persevere in the discharge of your duties, and remember your success depends not so much on your number as the influence of your moral character; may you never tire in the discharge of your duties, however arduous they may be, and finally when you leave this earthly Lodge, may you be received in the Grand Lodge above, where joy shall be perpetual.

With these high views and principles inspired  
With Friendship, Love and Truth each bosom friend,  
Our minds congenial, our objects pure,  
Our social fellowship shall still endure  
While earth on its axis roll.

And when the heavens shall vanish like a scroll,  
Earth's pendant ball be from its centre rent,  
The whirling stars rush from their firmament,  
Surviving time — the principles we love,  
In high beatitude in realms above,  
Love, Friendship, Truth, from all Earth, ever free,  
Will be our bliss to all eternity.

Great minds are charitable to their bitterest enemies, and can sympathise with the failings of their fellow creatures. It is only the narrow minded who make no allowance for the faults of others.

Original.

## A WIDOW'S DREAM.

BY MRS. M. L. GARDINER.

The past, the past, came o'er my soul,  
As sleep my weary eyes has closed;  
Departed spirits 'round me stole,  
And filled the room where I reposed.

I dreamed, and oh! again 't was bliss  
To stand upon youth's sunny shore,  
And feel upon my lips the kiss,  
The thrilling kiss of love once more.

Within the arms of him I loved,  
My trembling, happy form was pressed;  
Wild transport every impulse moved,  
While folded to his faithful breast.

Oh, God! how bright were his dark eyes!  
How glowed his cheek! his brow how fair!  
His countenance radiant with surprise,  
And beautiful his raven hair.

The same fond look as gleamed when life  
Lit up with joy his smiling face,  
When hope was full and pleasures rife,  
And every movement love and grace.

Oh! was it he, my youngest love?  
My joy, my pride, my treasure dear?  
Oh! was it he? ye powers above,  
The blessed vision! break it ne'er!

There is in hearts that love a light  
That never, never can expire;  
'T will kindle when remembrance bright,  
Recalls the bosom's young desire.

'T will ever burn, while on the shrine  
The breath of fond affections steal;  
It is an incense, pure, divine,  
Which kindred hearts alone can feel.

Love, that eternally will glow!  
Refined and purified will live  
When time has dealt his deadliest blow,  
And nature has no loves to give.

Sag Harbor, N. Y.

A TRUE MAN.—Who is he? One who will not swerve from the path of duty to gain a mine of wealth or a world of honors. He respects the feelings of all—the rich and the poor, the honorable and the humble.

He is as careful to speak in an unkind or a harsh word to his servant as to his lord. He is as attentive to the wants of a slave as to a prince. Wherever you meet him he is the same kind, accommodating, unobtrusive individual. In him are embodied the elements of pure religion. No step is taken which the law of God condemns—no word is spoken that pains the ears of man. Be you like him, then you will be prepared to live or die, to serve God on earth or in heaven.

# The Ark.

ALEX. E. GLENN, Editor.

## GRAND LODGE OF THE U. STATES.

The Right Worthy Grand Lodge of the United States will assemble at Baltimore on the third Monday, being the 15th of this month. The annual sessions of this body are always watched after with great interest, by all those who have the welfare of the Order at heart; and its proceedings are looked for with much anxiety, even when it is understood that no very important measures are pending. But in these days of so much legislation—when *change, change, change*, is the all pervading idea, no one can foresee what may turn up; and hence the anxiety to see the proceedings of our Supreme body.

We do not know of any specially important measures now pending, likely to be adopted. There are amendments proposed to the Constitution, but as it requires a two-thirds vote to adopt an amendment, we have no idea any one will succeed. The most important one is to restore to Past Grand Sires perpetual membership, which was abolished at the last session. This proposition, we predict, will scarcely have a show of votes; and it ought not to have.

There is an amendment proposed giving Representatives votes according to the number of members in their respective jurisdictions. Each Grand body not to have more than two Representatives, and for one thousand members, two votes; five thousand members, three votes, and for each additional five thousand members, one additional vote. But this amendment cannot succeed. The smaller States will not be willing to give up their power. As it now stands, a State with one thousand Odd Fellows has the same power in the G.L.U.S. that Ohio has with her twelve thousand, or New York with her thirty thousand. There is an inequality in this not in exact accordance with the spirit of our Republican institutions.

There are other unimportant amendments pending, none of which, in our opinion, will succeed.

There are a few measures, of vast consequence, which will be introduced, and which we hope to see adopted.

1. The abolition of Encampments. We understand the Grand Encampment of Kentucky has instructed her Representatives to introduce and advocate this measure; and we rejoice to see such a movement come from a Grand Encampment. We have had fears that the abolition of Encampments could not be carried through the G.L.U.S., inasmuch as the Grand Encampments are so strongly represented in that body. But the prospect brightens when the Grand Encampments begin to move in the matter. Our reasons for desiring that the Encampment degrees should be merged in the subordinate Lodges, have already been given, and we are glad to know that the idea is becoming more and more popular. It is one of the reforms sought for that we are very sure would result beneficially.

2. The adoption of a degree for the wives and daughters of Odd Fellows. We believe this will be adopted. We are pleased to see that Rep. COLFAX, of Indiana, has been re-elected. He introduced the measure, and will be there to report a degree, and advocate its adoption. We see no good reason why there should not be such a degree. On the contrary, it is much needed.

3. The Grand Lodge of the United States meets too often. There is no manner of necessity for meeting oftener than once in two years; and indeed we believe triennially would be quite often enough. We hope some one will introduce amendments for biennial or triennial sessions. Two salutary results would follow its adoption: We should have less legislation, and fewer changes in the unwritten work.

We apprehend some little trouble, but nothing serious, at the opening of the session. The last session passed a resolution that no Representative should be permitted to occupy a seat, whose Grand body had not paid the Representative tax levied in 1849. Several

of the States have not paid. Pennsylvania, it will be recollected, has entirely repudiated, and resolved not to pay it. An effort will be made to exclude her Representatives. But can it be done? Can the G.L.U.S. of 1850, pass upon the rights of Representatives elected in 1851? We think not. It requires two-thirds to constitute a quorum, and as but one-half hold over, *they* will hardly have the power to vote the other half out. Besides, the non-paying Representatives may constitute a majority. It is not exactly in accordance with custom for any legislative body to decide by mere resolution, upon the right to seats of their successors. Each successive body decides that for itself, in accordance with the fundamental law. We predict that all who produce the proper certificate, will obtain their seats.

An effort will again be made to authorize State Grand bodies to meet at such places as they may determine upon, in their respective jurisdictions—that is, making them movable bodies. But it will scarcely succeed. We hope to see the G.L.U.S. inflexible on this matter, and adhere to its former decisions, refusing such privilege. We have never yet seen nor heard an argument in favor of movable bodies, farther than that State Grand bodies should have the right to regulate their places of meeting; and this is no argument showing a necessity for, or any advantage to result from, movable bodies.

The officers elect will be installed, and for the two succeeding years Wm. W. MOORE, of the District of Columbia, will be Most Worthy Grand Sire. We predict that his administration will be a wise and happy one; and that so far as his measures can tend to promote it, the Order will be prosperous.

We shall not fail to advise the readers of The Ark of all measures of importance acted upon at the coming session.

The Representatives from Ohio are P.G. HORACE Y. BEEBE, of Ravenna, and P.G. WILLIAM CHIDSEY, of Cincinnati, for the Grand Lodge; and P.G.P. RICHARD WILLIAMS, of Tiffin, and P.C.P. WILLIAM G. WILLIAMS, of Cincinnati, for the Grand Encampment.

# THE ORDER IN OHIO.

We take the following abstract from the annual report of the Grand Secretary of the Grand Lodge of Ohio, to the Grand Lodge of the United States, for the year ending June 30, 1851, showing the operations of the Order in the State of Ohio:

Number of Lodges	-	-	-	-	185
Initiations	-	-	-	-	2338
Rejections	-	-	-	-	219
Admitted on card	-	-	-	-	613
Withdrawn	-	-	-	-	671
Reinstated	-	-	-	-	76
Suspended	-	-	-	-	142
Expelled	-	-	-	-	340
Deaths	-	-	-	-	142
Past Grands	-	-	-	-	1566
Contributing members	-	-	-	-	12,644
Revenue	-	-	-	-	\$86,405 46
No. of brothers relieved	-	-	-	-	1522
No. of widowed families relieved	-	-	-	-	90
No. of brothers buried	-	-	-	-	125
Am't. paid for relief of brothers	-	-	-	-	\$20,681 43
For the relief of widowed families	-	-	-	-	1,656 83
For the education of orphans	-	-	-	-	84 71
For burying the dead	-	-	-	-	5,181 57
Total paid for relief	-	-	-	-	\$27,314 98

This statement gives evidence of the continued increase and prosperity of the Order in this State. There has been an increase in membership which is very gratifying. At the same time, there has been more expulsions than any previous year. The great bulk of the expulsions has been for non-payment of dues. Many Lodges are ridding themselves of the useless incumbrance of the names of persons on their books who have no right to be called Odd Fellows. All Lodges should follow the example. We have at this time 188 Lodges—four having been instituted since the 30th of June.

CAUTION.—The Token cautions the Order to beware of a female imposter calling herself Mrs. Walker, whose real name is Brown. She has papers recommending her as an Odd Fellow's widow, purporting to come from the relief committee at Cumberland, Md., but they are a fraud.

## THE LODGE SEAL.

There is, perhaps, no subject connected with the Order, requiring an article in The Ark, more important than one in relation to the uses of the Lodge Seal; and we return our sincere thanks to the brother who has kindly called attention to it, and furnished an article in reference to it, which we append.

In addition to this, we will add that we have much experience on this subject. Our position for a few years has given us great opportunity to notice the "errors of omission and commission" in the uses of the Seal. Sometimes these errors are committed for want of information, other times from carelessness; and again from indifference. We are often tempted to return communications to Secretaries of Lodges, for the want of their Seal; and would do so, only that would offend many of them. Oftentimes letters are sent off, on official business, without the Seal, and a note appended, asking excuse for the want of it, on the ground that it was locked up in the Lodge room, or some one had the key, or that it was not convenient to obtain a seal, &c., &c. Very frequently we receive notices of expulsions and suspensions, orders for cards or odes, and on matters belonging to the Grand Secretary's office, without any seal. In all such cases we would be perfectly justifiable in paying no attention to them. In the meantime, however, Lodges might suffer by delay, when the Secretary alone was at fault.

The seal is, no doubt, often used wrongfully, and appended to letters when it should not be.

We will only add at present that when a new Lodge has not obtained a seal, it ought always to state that fact on all communications requiring the seal; and it should lose no time in procuring one.

The following is the article furnished us in reference to the Lodge seal:

SEAL.—A piece of metal or other hard substance, usually round or elliptical, on which is engraved some image or device, and sometimes a legend or inscription. This is used by individuals, corporate bodies, and States, for making impressions on wax upon instruments of writing, as an evidence of their au-

thority. To set or affix a seal as a mark of authority.—*Webster*.

"Each Grand Lodge and Grand Encampment shall have a Seal, an impression whereof in wax shall be sent to the Grand Secretary, and be deposited in the archives of the Grand Lodge of the United States."—*Art. 9, By-Laws, G.L.U.S.*

"To sign all cards, certificates, and reports, which may require his signature to attest them, and to affix to the same, and all other documents which may require it, the Seal of the Lodge; which seal for this purpose shall be kept in his custody."—*Sec 3, Art. 4, Uniform Constitution of G.L. of Ohio.*

Other portions of the Uniform Constitution require the Seal to be affixed to certificates for Degrees to a Degree Lodge; to copy of charges preferred against members, furnished to the accused; to citations, and to transcript of proceedings in case of appeals.

The clause "all other documents which may require it," embraces notices from one Lodge to another when money is paid to a distressed brother; letters ordered by the Lodge; notices of expulsions, &c., to the G. L.; notices of resignation and installation of elective officers that occur during the term; in communicating the by-laws adopted by a Lodge; requests from one N.G. to another to communicate the P.W. to a member.

In the proceedings of the Grand Lodge of the U.S. for 1848, the following in relation to seals is found:

*Inquiry 3.*—Can the officers of a subordinate Lodge or Encampment use the seal to verify or attest the good standing of any brother of their Lodge, without a formal vote of the Lodge, where there is no prohibition in its constitution or by-laws, or in the laws of the superior body?

4. What is the law or usage respecting the power of the officers of a Lodge over its seal, independent of any vote of the Lodge; and have not officers power to use the seal to grant certificates or cards to members in good standing, without a vote, nothing prohibitory appearing in its by-laws? Page 152.

*Answer.*—That in reply to the third and fourth inquiries as to the power of officers of subordinates to use the seal, the committee are of opinion such officers are merely the executive agents of those bodies, and should

have no power to use the seal unless so ordered by the subordinates, or in accordance with positive enactments of the several Grand bodies under whose jurisdiction they work. Page 184.

There are two kinds of seals in common use. One kind are engraved on metal, and generally well designed and executed, by which a good impression is made upon paper, when operated upon singly. The other kind is of hard wood; some of them are very neat and pretty, and printed with good ink on the sheet or on slips, and attached with gum or wafers; but there are a few that are discreditable to a Lodge, being coarsely cut and miserably printed or stamped.

Notwithstanding the law on the subject, plain to be seen, and embraced amongst the duties of the Secretary, yet some of the Secretaries send off reports to the Grand Lodge, and notices and letters to subordinates without affixing the seal to them. Some few of the notices are returned to the officer to have the omission supplied.

There is an abuse of the seal, by attaching it to letters that the Lodge has not ordered to be written. It is the opinion of the writer of this that committees of invitation, in issuing circulars for celebrations, &c., have no right to affix the seal of the Lodge to their circular.

It would not be an inappropriate subject for a special law in this State—a general law, defining the object of, and the uses the seal is to be applied to, and requiring an impression to be deposited with the Grand Secretary.

**MOVABLE BODIES.**—Will our respected brother of the Mirror of the Times give us one solid argument in favor of *movable bodies*—what is the Order to *gain* by it?—without merely asserting that it should be so because Grand Lodges ought to determine where they may meet?

The Golden Rule speaks of the members of the Order at Conneautville, Ohio, celebrating the institution of Conneautville Lodge, at that place. We have no knowledge of any such Lodge in this State. It must be one of the Rule's *bogus* concerns.

**THE T. P. W.**—Every member who obtains a final card, is entitled to the A. T. P. W., and it is the duty of the N.G. to give it to the brother, or cause it to be communicated to him. This is very seldom done. In ninety-nine out of the hundred cases, the brother does not receive the P.W., and consequently the card is of little value. The N.G. neglects it, or does not know his duty—the brother is not aware that he is entitled to it; and much inconvenience and disappointment is the result. An N.G. never should sign his name to a card without making arrangements to give or communicate the P.W. Not a week passes but we see or hear of trouble arising from the negligence of the N.G. in this respect.

**BRO. PASCHAL DONALDSON.**—We have received a letter from this brother, complaining of injustice done him in a paragraph in our last number, in reference to the revival of the Covenant. We had certainly no intention to wrong him, and if we done so, we regret it. Bro. D. says no one ever lost anything by subscribing for the Covenant when under his control—that if we can furnish the name of any one who had paid for it, and not received an equivalent, he will make all good and satisfactory. We had certainly reason to believe that persons had subscribed for the Covenant, who did not receive all the Nos., nor had money refunded to them, or other magazines sent, when the Covenant was discontinued. But according to Bro. D., we were mistaken.

**BOSTON LODGE, No. 189,** was instituted at Boston, Clermont county, Ohio, on the 28th of July, by M.W.G.M. Craighead. The officers are Wm. Ulrey, NG; Samuel Robinson, VG; F. J. Radebush, Sec'y; James Mitchell, Treas. It meets Saturday evenings. The G.M. says, "Although Lodges are now quite thickly planted in that region, I think this one will do well. We had a large attendance of brothers from surrounding Lodges, initiated six, and had a *hot* time."

**SHELBY LODGE, No. 84,** was instituted at Shelbyville, Ky., on the 2nd of July, by the Grand Master.



**WISCONSIN.**—The Grand Lodge of this State held its annual session at Milwaukee, July 16th, and to-day, (Aug. 20) we have the proceedings—a pamphlet of 90 pages, very neatly got up. The Order is in a very sound and flourishing condition, as we learn from the Grand Master's report. The jurisdiction already embraces fifty-two Lodges, and 2621 members. Revenue for the last six months, \$8173 40. The following are the officers for the current year: Eleazar Wakeley, Grand Master; Lewis Reynolds, Deputy Grand Master; L. B. Hills, Grand Warden; James B. Kellogg, Grand Sec'y; N. L. Gaston, Grand Treas; Henry B. Hinsdale and A. J. Langworthy, Grand Representatives.

**MICHIGAN.**—The Grand Lodge of this State held its annual session at Detroit, on the 16th of July. A large amount of business was disposed of. The returns of the subordinates, and the report of the Grand Master, shows that the Order is still increasing, and great good feeling and harmony pervading the Lodges. The semi-annual session held in January was abolished, and the Grand Lodge will hereafter meet but once a year. The officers elected are Joseph Miller, Jr., Grand Master; Witter J. Baxter, Deputy Grand Master; J. E. Eastman, Grand Warden; Jos. F. Hyde, Grand Sec'y; Benj. Vernor, Grand Treasurer.

**KENTUCKY.**—The Grand Lodge of this State held its annual session at Louisville, on the 15th of July. The Order in that jurisdiction continues to prosper. We learn from the Odd Fellow that during the past year fourteen Lodges have been instituted, making the number at the present time, eighty. The annual address was delivered by P. G. George W. Morris, and is highly spoken of. The officers elected are William Riddle, Grand Master; H. C. Pindell, Deputy Grand Master; W. H. Cunningham, Grand Warden; J. M. Moore, Grand Sec'y; John Fonda, Grand Treasurer.

**PENNSYLVANIA.**—The Grand Lodge of this State held its annual session in Philadelphia, the 3d week in July. We learn from the Banner of the Union, that a large amount of

business was before the body. The reports from the subordinates represent the increase of membership unprecedented. A large number of new Lodges were chartered. The Constitution was so amended as to give the election of Representatives to the Grand Lodge, to the members of subordinate Lodges; and the legislative membership in the Grand Lodge limited to the officers and Representatives. The fees for charters for Lodges was increased to eighty dollars. The following are the officers chosen: Wm. H. Witte, Grand Master; Peter Fritz, Deputy Grand Master; William Curtis, Grand Secretary; James B. Nicholson, Grand Warden; F. Knox Morton, Grand T'r; Henry F. Anners, Grand Representative. The meetings of the Grand Lodge will hereafter be held in May and November.

**NEW YORK.**—The Grand Lodge of Southern New York, commenced its annual session August 6th. The Order in this jurisdiction is represented as very prosperous. The Grand Lodge of Northern New York was to meet at Rochester, August 19. We observe that action has been taken by some of the subordinate Lodges in the city, to endeavor to re-unite the Order in that State. Most devoutly can we wish for such a consummation. The Golden Rule has an article on the subject, in which it says nothing would give it more pleasure than to see such a result; but at present it sees no great probability of such an event. The line of separation between the brotherhood of New York, is represented to be more marked than between that and any other State of the Union. This is a deplorable state of things, and at war with all the principles of our Order. The separation in that State was a sad result, and the cause may be traced to the ambition of a few men who had power, and were unwilling to yield. They can now see the evils of their folly.

**MINNESOTA.**—John G. Potts Lodge, No. 3, was instituted at the Falls of St. Anthony, Minnesota Territory, on the 29th of May last, by P. G. M. John G. Potts, of Galena. The officers are Obed Foote, NG; Edward Patch, VG; G. B. Dutton, Sec'y; E. D. Ramsdell, Treas'r. There is a fine prospect for a good Lodge at that place.

"THE STATE OF THE ORDER."

CELEBRATION AT LA GRANGE, KY.

LA GRANGE, KY., August 15, 1851.

BRO. GLENN — It is gratifying to note the interest every where manifested throughout the State in the welfare and progress of Odd Fellowship. In the smaller towns, where the Order has been but recently introduced, Odd Fellowship has been received with peculiar favor, and no other association has ever taken such a strong hold upon the affections of the people.

Rather less than a year ago, a few devoted Odd Fellows, residing in the pleasantly situated town of La Grange, convened together and resolved to form a Lodge. Some thought it rather too early for such an important movement, but others thought that the time had arrived, and so these brothers went to work right earnestly, and very soon succeeded in establishing a Lodge.

The Order greatly prospered, and has continued to grow and increase, and now the Lodge, which but twelve months ago had but a handful of members, can boast of a band of brothers firm, tried and true, respectable in numbers and mighty in influence. To celebrate the happy results which had followed the founding of the first Lodge in La Grange, the members determined upon a parade, and designated Thursday, the 14th of August, as the day for this public celebration. Invitations were of course freely issued to the I.O. O.F. in the vicinity, which were gladly accepted by the members of the various Lodges. At an early hour on the day appointed, the town was well filled with strangers from the surrounding country, anxious to witness the imposing ceremonies. At 10 A. M., the cars from Louisville brought a goodly number of the fraternity, accompanied by an excellent band of music, and very soon the Lexington and Frankfort trains arrived with a fair delegation. Shortly afterwards the members formed a procession at their hall, and appointed Bro. Triplett, Marshal, and Bro. T. R. Davis, of Azur Lodge, Louisville, assistant Marshal. After parading through several of the streets, preceded by the band of music, the procession moved to the shady grove, nigh to the court house, and listened to a most stirring appeal in behalf of Odd Fellowship, from our worthy and talented brother, Rev. J. H. Linn.

It is but rarely we have witnessed a more attentive audience, and we are sure that Bro. L's. truthful portraiture of Odd Fellowship

has gone very far in removing prejudices from very many who had conceived erroneous opinions respecting our ancient and honorable Order. When the oration and exercises were concluded, the brethren partook of a cold collation which had been provided for them by the Odd Fellows of this place at Bro. Waide's. A merry dance, (which many of the "fair daughters" of Oldham county favored with their presence,) concluded the enjoyments of the day, and before sunset the fraternity retired to their respective homes, rejoicing in the happy success of Odd Fellowship in the town of La Grange.

J.A.M.

POPE LODGE, NO. 69—KENTUCKY.

LA GRANGE, KY., July 7, 1851.

BRO. GLENN — I will ask permission of The Ark to say to the brotherhood, that our little Lodge is looking up. Although we have been instituted a little over a year, we have had to contend against the prejudices which usually arise against any thing that is new, and particularly so if their meetings are held in secret; but all these various causes and prejudices, we have overcome in a great degree, and will finally overcome the prejudicial mind.

We had an opportunity last winter to promulgate, by our actions, the true principles of our beloved Order, and show to the world its beauties when strictly carried out, (as it was in the case of a stranger brother who sickened and died among us,) which had a great tendency to allay the prejudicial mind, and cause a rallying to our standard. It is true, we have initiated but four during the past term, but they are of the right sort, and none others need apply.

I am the only one that takes The Ark in this place, and I let those read it that wish, and I must say that it is well received, and I am in hopes to be enabled to send you a good list of subscribers at the commencement of the next volume.

The officers of Pope Lodge, No. 69, for the current term are as follows: Brent Hopkins, NG; Ephraim Whitesides, VG; L. F. Vandenburg, Sec'y; John W. Morrison, Treasurer, and John H. Wheeler our present sitting P.G. We number at this time 21 members, all good and true, 19 of which are of the Fifth or Scarlet degree, and two of the initiatory degree.

With my best wishes for the prosperity of The Ark, and the truths therein proclaimed to the world, believe me, dear brother, yours in the bonds of F., L. & T.

L.F.V.

ARIEL LODGE, NO. 156—OHIO.

GALLIPOLIS, July 8, 1851.

BRO. GLENN—Ariel Lodge, No. 156, at Gallipolis, Ohio, was instituted on the 17th of May, 1850, and now numbers twenty members. This seems but a small increase, but that is owing to circumstances over which the Lodge has exercised a salutary control, and hereafter, we shall march on much more rapidly.

We have a fine new hall, finished in the Tuscan order, so far as the inside work is concerned; and when furnished will be favorably compared with any country Lodge room. But the state of the treasury will not admit of its completion for a few months.

The 4th of July being the day set for the installation of the officers elect for the present term, we were a little disappointed in not seeing the "boat" which had Bro. Richard Spry aboard, who attended to the installation for Bro. Geo. Johnson, D.D.G.M., of Portsmouth; but Bro. Spry's appearance on the 5th made up for all delays on account of low water in the Ohio.

The officers installed for the present term are Samuel Bateman, NG; V. M. Firor, VG; C. R. Stuneman, Sec'y; and Augustine Le Clercq, Treasurer.

Bro. Spry made quite an impression on the brotherhood here. His aptitude in the Order, and his courteous and gentlemanly manner, won for him the fraternal love and esteem of all who became acquainted with him. I trust his motto is "Excelsior." GAVEL.

CHESTER, ILLINOIS.

CHESTER, ILL., July 9, 1851.

DEAR BRO. GLENN—As it is just after the commencement of a new term, I thought I would write you a line, letting you know how our Lodge is flourishing, and give you a list of our new officers. I think I may say we are in a very prosperous condition. We are not increasing very fast in numbers, but we are growing in Odd Fellowship. We are becoming better acquainted with the duties we owe to ourselves, our Lodge, and to the world at large, which, in my opinion, is fully as important as acquiring new members.

The officers of Chester Lodge, No. 57, installed at our last meeting, for the present term are Charles Wessell, NG; B. J. F. Hanna, VG; David Black, Sec'y; W. W. Lyman, Treasurer.

We have now a very good set of officers, and 35 contributing members, all good and true.

We had an Encampment organized here in the spring—some two or three months since. It has now eleven members, and the prospect of several accessions soon. The following is a list of its officers: C. Wessell, CP; E. Leavenworth, HP. C. A. Haskin, SW; John O'Neill, JW; J. B. Holmes, Scribe; J. H. Stayton, Treasurer.

We are, here, unanimously in favor of merging the Encampment Degrees into the subordinate Lodge, and making the R. P. D. the point of eligibility for the chief offices.

We are, also, in favor of the adoption of a Degree for the wives and daughters of Odd Fellows—hope the G.L.U.S will do something towards it at the next session.

The Ark is growing in popularity among our brothers. Those who take it like it better and better every number; and those who have not subscribed are wishing they had, and borrowing from those who get it. It is more eagerly looked for, and more attentively read than any other magazine that comes to this post office. The only complaint I ever hear against it is that it is sometimes behind its time. It is frequently the middle, or 20th, or even last of the month, ere we get it. If you could remedy this defect, and let it reach our place by the end of the first week in the month, I feel confident I could double the present club of Chester subscribers, next year.

Yours fraternally,

B. J. F. HANNA.

HENDERSON, TEXAS.—Bro. J. L. Swan, Secretary of Shawnee Lodge, No. 15, at Henderson, Texas, writes us follows of the Order in that place:

Shawnee Lodge was instituted on the 4th day of July, 1850, and now numbers forty members, four of whom were charter members, and four have been admitted by card. It has been a trying year upon us, as we had to build a Lodge room, besides procuring such other necessities as were indispensable; and above all, to guard against the admission of persons who would not add to the welfare of the Order. It is true, that our progress has not been as brilliant as that of some of our sister Lodges, but we are not disheartened with our success, but work as cheerfully as if our accessions were more rapid. We expect to enter the lists at the commencement of the next volume of The Ark, for some of those rich prizes you sometimes offer.

## PEORIA, ILLINOIS.

PEORIA, ILL., July 10, 1851.

DEAR BRO. GLENN—It is a long time since I took a berth in The Ark. Indeed, until within the last three months there has been nothing that was very good to write about, so far as Columbia Lodge was concerned. The Lodge in this city has been sadly torn to pieces by contention. Many of the members withdrew from the sinking ship. Those who were left continued to struggle to keep it above water. When I moved to this city, but few of the appointed offices could be filled; the treasury was empty, and the Lodge deeply in debt. After becoming acquainted, I found there were ten or twelve true Odd Fellows left, who had labored on through all this "cloudy and dark day." We resolved to make a united effort, and, if possible, make Odd Fellowship in this city "put on her beautiful garments." I rejoice with exceeding joy to be able to say that we have succeeded beyond our expectation.

During the last quarter we have initiated 17 men of the right stamp; we have conferred perhaps 100 degrees; our receipts for the last six months have been something like \$430. We are now out of debt, and have about \$200 in the treasury. Besides, we have purchased a beautiful set of jewels, with some other "fixings." We have adopted a new code of by-laws, and procured 500 copies printed. And what is far better than all these things, our meetings are well attended. Harmony, zeal and love, appears to sway the hearts of us all. Bro. Glenn, I know you will rejoice with us; and will think with me, that it is worth writing about, and publishing.

The officers for Columbia Lodge, No. 21, for the present term are A. L. Merriman, NG; Wm. H. Richmond, VG; W. A. Willard, Sec'y; Geo. Stettenius, Treasurer.

I should like to say something in regard to the heavy tax that is now imposed upon brethren who remove from one State or town to another, and who desire to change their membership. It appears to me this subject calls loudly for a remedy. It has a direct tendency to drive many worthy brethren from our fraternity. I wish this *hint*, and it is all I can give now, would induce our talented brother "David," or A. B. G. to turn their attention to it. They must have seen the evil. Perhaps, A. B. G. has felt it.

As ever thine, in F., L. &amp; T.

W. B. LINELL.

## DALTON LODGE, NO. 187—OHIO.

COLUMBUS, Aug. 1, 1851.

DEAR BRO. GLENN—Acting under a commission from M.W.G.M. Craighead, I proceeded to Dalton, Wayne county, and on the 3d day of July, instituted Dalton Lodge, No. 187. After the institution of the Lodge, the necessary degrees were conferred to render the officers eligible to fill their respective stations; the officers were then installed, and six persons proposed, elected and duly initiated into the rites and mysteries of Odd Fellowship. The officers elect are Isaac Rudy, NG; W. F. Ilgenfritz, VG; Henry Foltz, Sec'y; Samuel Foltz, Treasurer.

From my acquaintance with some of the petitioners, and the appearance of those initiated on the occasion, I have no hesitation in saying that they will build up a good Lodge; not a very large one, but well adapted to the wants of the village and surrounding country.

I feel under obligations to P.G.M. Earl, P.G's. Brobst and Wann, and many other goodly brothers of Sippos and Heber Lodges, for their kind assistance on the occasion.

Truly and fraternally yours,

J. H. WHEELER, Sp. Dep'ty.

## CARROLL LODGE, NO. 30—LOUISIANA.

PROVIDENCE, LA., July 28, 1851.

BRO. GLENN—Our Carroll Lodge, No. 30, was instituted in the spring of 1850, amid many contending influences. We were but few during that year, but since the opening of this, we have reason to be thankful for our steady increase, until now we number thirty members, all good and true.

The brothers manifest a great deal of interest in the work of the Order, and by their conduct and deportment, have created in this community a sentiment of regard for our Order, which promises well in the future.

Epidemics and disease have prevailed to an unusual extent in our town this summer, and although our own members have been almost exempt from them, comparatively, yet the brothers were ever ready and willing, "to visit the sick, and relieve the distressed," let the call come from what source soever it may. By this means they exemplified and illustrated the principles of our beloved Order.

Our officers are Jas. L. Bonner, NG; Jas. Y. Christmas, VG; Edward V. Baker, Sec'y; B. H. Bowman, Treas'r; Jesse P. Prescott, P. Sec'y. We have quite a handsome hall, fitted up expressly for us. Yours fraternally,  
JESSE P. PRESCOTT.

## LADOGA, INDIANA.

LADOGA, IND., July 24, 1851.

BRO. GLENN — Our Lodge, (Ridgely, No. 61,) is in a very healthy condition, numbering 45 members. The officers of the present term are Samuel Stover, NG; James Daugherty, VG; Isaac N. Miller, Sec'y; Geo. W. Mitcheltree, Treas; Hugh J. Webster, Per. Secretary.

The officers of Bethesda Encampment, No. 15, at Crawfordsville are A. Ramey, CP; Hugh J. Webster, HP; R. Epperson, SW; J. P. Watson, JW; S. W. Austin, Scribe; D. Vance, Treasurer.

The Grand Lodge and Grand Encampment held their annual communication last week at Indianapolis. The Lodges and Encampments were generally represented: from the reports, the Lodges and Encampments were advancing in the good work. T.W.W.

D.D.G.M. SILVERS PORTER, of Zanesville, after installing the officers in his district, writes us as follows: The three Lodges in my district [Valley, No. 36, Rural, No. 157, and Moxahala, No. 144,] are all working in harmony, and as you can see by their reports, are increasing rapidly in members, and initiating the very best men in the country, such as would do honor to any Lodge. The hall at McConnellsville is not surpassed by any Lodge this side of Eagle Lodge, in Cincinnati. Our Lodges are working so well that I think we will be able to apply for some two or three more charters at the next meeting of the G.L.

GERMANTOWN, OHIO.—A letter from Bro. PETER GEPHART, P.G. of Friendship Lodge, No. 21, says: Our Lodge is doing finely, and at present there is an omen for good. Every thing is peace in the Lodge. I have some idea that in six months from this time we can give you a good company to make a trip on your Ark for '52. Look out for a good report from our district this year.

CLEVELAND LODGE, No. 13.—A brother writes us that this old and substantial Lodge is prospering very well. The present officers are James Chubb, NG; George Adams, VG; Edward Winbolt, Sec'y; S. A. Powers, Treas; George Marshall, Per. Sec'y.

MEDON, TENN.—The Order in this county is advancing in interest. Three new Lodges were chartered at the last meeting of the Grand Lodge, to be located in this county. J.C.S.

DEATH OF P.G. GEORGE BOWER.—We make a melancholy announcement under the obituary head in this No. Bro. George Bower, of Canal Dover, is no more! In this death our Order has lost one of its brightest ornaments—a most devoted Odd Fellow, and in every essential particular, “the noblest work of God—an honest man.” The loss is most severe, not only to his desolate family, but to the community in which he lived, and to his Lodge and Encampment. His was a place, in all the relations of life, not easily to be filled, and his loss is mourned by all who knew him. He was universally beloved and respected—

“None knew him but to love him,  
None named him but to praise.”

## MARRIED.

In Trimble county, Ky., May 1, 1851, Bro. JOHN H. WHEELER, P. G. of Pope Lodge, No. 69. Lagrange, Ky., to Miss VIRGINIA BARCLAY, of the former place.

At Pittsburgh, Ind., July 15, 1851, by the Rev. Mr. Bacon, Bro. WILLIAM R. DAVIS, V.G. of Pittsburgh Lodge, No. 53, to Miss ESTHER D. HARPER, both of that place.

At Cleveland, Ohio, July 15, 1851, by the Rev. S. C. Aiken, Bro. CHARLES J. PARDEE, Secretary of Wadsworth Lodge, No. 119, to Miss ANTOINETTE I. STEVENS, both of Wadsworth.

## OBITUARY.

Died, at Troy, Ohio, July 30, 1851, Bro. WILLIAM S. POWER, P.G. of Troy Lodge, No. 43, and P.H.P. of Concord Encampment, No. 23.

At New Richmond, Ohio, July 16, 1851, ELLA, only daughter of Bro. H. H. and Margaret Fosdick, aged about three years.

At Columbus, Ohio, July 12, 1851, Bro. MORRIS RIGGS, of Groton Lodge, No. 294, Groton, N. Y.

At Canal Dover, Ohio, August 14, 1851, Brother GEORGE BOWER, P.G. of Goshen Lodge, No. 82, and C.P. of Bethesda Encampment, No. 39, aged 29 years.

## EXPULSIONS.

Amity Lodge, No. 124, Salem, Ohio, on the 19th of July, revoked the final card of John McCary, for conduct unbecoming an Odd Fellow.

George W. Wilson has been expelled from Williams Lodge, No. 136, of Massachusetts, for embezzling the Lodge funds. He made his way to Ohio, and had a final card.

John Foster, Jr., was expelled from Columbus Lodge, No. 9, of Ohio, August 18, 1851. He has been obtaining money under false pretences at various places in Ohio.

# THE ARK.

VOL. 8.

OCTOBER, 1851.

No. 10.

## THE ODD FELLOWS' SECRET; OR, A WARNING TO THE LADIES.

BY ANN E. PORTER.

Some wise *man* has suggested that, if certain legal proclamations should commence with 'Know one woman,' instead of 'Know all men by these presents,' &c., the object of said proclamation would be much better effected. It was probably the same erudite reasoner who argued that the Mohammedan doctrine of 'no women in Paradise' must be correct, because St. John, in the Apocalypse, expressly states, 'There was *silence* in Heaven for the space of half an hour.' But, however much the other sex may ridicule the loquacity or the tattling propensities of their weaker sisters, the late researches into the history of the 'heroic women of the Revolution,' have proved most conclusively that, in the midst of danger, and in the face of death, some of our sex can keep the tongue from betraying the well-guarded secret; and the history of that learned lady, a most worthy member of the once ancient and honorable fraternity of Free Masons, also adds some weight to the conclusion. That secret, the boast of knights masculine, and guarded by the pomp of imposing ceremonies, has once been committed to the porcelain vessel of frail woman's heart; and, strange to say, the delicate vase neither burst by the explosive nature of its contents, nor overflowed with its abundance.

But, nevertheless, we frankly acknowledge that all of our sex are not thus gifted. There are Arnolds and Gorgeys among the brave men who gird on the helmet and sword, and it would be, indeed, a wonder if there were not, among those who have less strength of arm, also sometimes less firmness of purpose. At any rate, 'Aunt Woodbury,' though she had great confidence in her own power of secret-keeping, was known throughout the neighborhood for her love of gossip, and her

insatiable thirst for the marvelous. No one delighted more to drink water out of *another's* well, and running water out of her *neighbor's* cistern. She knew how often Mrs. Smith went shopping, and how much she gave per yard for all she bought. She learned how many dozen eggs her neighbor Todd sold during the season; and she never rested quiet in her bed afterwards until she found out how many eggs this same lady put in her squash pies.

She was particularly prying into the affairs of newly-married ladies and young housekeepers; their secrets, could she once get hold of them, were not only rolled under the tongue like a sweet morsel, but were digested, and re-digested, as if she had the two stomachs of a ruminating animal. She never attended parties; for she was a member of the 'Old South Presbyterian Church;' not the noted Old South in Boston, dear reader, but one thus named in the flourishing village of Glastenbury.

There were two streets in this village, one called North street, in which was the Methodist meeting house; the latter South street, where Aunt Woodbury lived, and where also she went to meeting, very regularly, in the large, old-fashioned, high-steeped Presbyterian house. Well, as I said, she never attended parties; that self-denial was a part of her creed, one of the steps of the ladder which elevated her above some of her neighbors; but, in lieu thereof, she was a most punctual member of the 'Sewing Society,' and no one did better service with fingers and tongue. She was also (we must present the bright side of her character) a most punctual attendant upon every church-meeting. Her husband, 'Good Brother Woodbury,' as he was called in the neighborhood, was an elder, and, of course, conversant with all the private business of the church. As in honor bound, he never revealed it even to his loving spouse, unless under peculiar circumstances, which circumstances we shall presently explain. Well, some items of their private business would sometimes leak out in the church meet-

ings—often in the prayers—at other times in the remarks of brethren, whose hearts were burdened with care or sorrow. Whenever one prayed ‘for that erring brother who had gone astray,’ or that the ‘Achan might be removed out of the camp,’ then Sister Woodbury’s wits were suddenly set at work.

‘Well, pa,’ she would say, as soon as she arrived, and had deposited her bonnet and shawl in its place, and seated herself by the fire—‘well, pa, what now? Who have you got up before the session this week? It does seem as if wickedness increased in high places. I thought when we got Mr. Clark out of the church for going to see Mrs. Hall so much, we should have some peace. But do pray tell what now.’

‘Nothing particular that I know of, my dear.’

‘Nothing particular, Mr. Woodbury! Just as if I didn’t know any better. Do you suppose Mr. Green would pray as he did if there wasn’t some trouble? But that’s just the way with you men, afraid to tell your wives anything. Just as if I couldn’t keep a secret.’

‘Well, to tell the truth,’ said the patient husband, on one such occasion, ‘I did not attend the last session meeting, and there may be some business that I know nothing about. It does strike me that there was something rather peculiar in the prayers to-night.’

‘Yes, indeed, there was; and I should like to know what it is that troubles the elders so. You, as one of them, ought certainly to know. It is very strange that you should neglect the meetings.’

The good elder did not answer; for, had he told the real cause of his non-attendance, it would have excited his wife’s combativeness a little more than he cared to do just then. The truth was, he had one infirmity wholly beyond his ability to overcome, and which placed him completely in the power of his wife whenever he was entrusted with a secret. It had caused him much trouble, especially when finding, some years after his marriage, that his wife’s head, or rather her tongue, was totally deficient in *secretiveness*. He could conceal nothing from her; for, however he might resolve, and re-resolve, to lock fast within his inner sanctuary any important matter, he invariably found that, before he was aware, she was mistress of his treasure. He never tempted her, like ‘Blue Beard,’ with his key, but alas! she possessed a duplicate. You may wonder, my dear married ladies, and wish you knew the *mystery*. It

is easily explained. Elder Woodbury *talked in his sleep*; and his wife, by asking questions cautiously, could elicit correct answers on almost any subject she chose to select. Again and again have the elders wondered how matters known, as they supposed, only to themselves, should be village talk.

At last, the following incident gave them some clue to the mystery. It seems that Mrs. Woodbury had judged correctly in supposing that the session had some cause for praying as they did. There was one offending brother; and elder Woodbury, having some inkling of the matter, and knowing his peculiarity and his wife’s failing, had resolved to be absent from the meetings.

His safety lay in his ignorance. But he was defeated in his plan. The next afternoon, when the session was to meet, he found, on his return from his place of business to dinner, that his wife had aired his clean shirt, brought out his coat, and made ready his shaving materials. His favorite dinner was smoking on the table, and his wife said, pleasantly—

‘Our minister has been here, and says that he hopes you will not fail to attend the meeting this afternoon. He has many burdens to bear, and needs all the sympathy and aid his church can give him.’

Poor Mr. Woodbury! He *did* sympathize with his minister, and no one in the church was more ready to bear his share of the burdens; but he wanted to have no more secret cases of discipline entrusted to his keeping. However, warmed by his dinner, and pleased with the good humor of his wife, he was persuaded to go, hoping that he should hereafter be able to keep watch and ward over himself, even in sleep.

Alas, for his resolution! He came home quite late, and very tired, with his mind perplexed and disturbed, (a most favorable state for sleep talking.) He said little; neither did his wife ask any questions. Those were reserved for the occasion. After reading the thirty-seventh psalm, and praying with his family, the good man retired. Mrs. Woodbury, as was her custom, bustled round awhile. She prepared her coffee for boiling, washed the potatoes, put things in order, meanwhile saying to herself, ‘Never mind, I’ll find out their secrets.’

Her husband was sleeping soundly when she laid her head upon her pillow; but she had no idea of allowing his example. A good, strong cup of green tea had produced its en-

livening effect upon her brain. Towards midnight the elder became more restless, and began to mutter in his sleep; his wife pushed her night-cap from her ears, and listened with all the eagerness of a cat when she hears the scratching of a mouse. She could catch nothing distinctly at first. At last she heard the words 'poor Pratt!' She repeated it to herself, 'poor Pratt! What in the world can that mean?' Now Mr. Pratt, one of the prominent men in the church, and a trader in the place, was their nearest neighbor. 'It was wrong, *wrong*,' muttered the elder; 'but the temptation was great.' He then became easy awhile, leaving Mrs. Woodbury in a delectable state of suspense and curiosity. Once more he turned, and she heard him say, 'It was *stealing*, after all.' 'What! has Pratt been stealing?' she ventured to ask. 'Oh, yes, yes,' he answered. Just then the old clock in the kitchen struck twelve, and aroused the sleeper to conscious wakefulness. His wife feigned slumber, while he arose and walked the room for some minutes; then, taking a glass of cold water, he retired again, and slept soundly till morning.

Not so with his helpmate. She was as wakeful as David, when he meditated in the night watches, and to her, as to him, the subject was sweet as honey and the honeycomb. Would that her thoughts had been as profitable, or of like nature! But while he fed upon the precepts of God's word, she 'ate up the sins of God's people as one would eat bread.' 'It is good enough for the Pratts,' she said; 'they need humbling for setting themselves up above their neighbors. I never can get her to make a social visit here; and, when I go there, she always acts as if she was afraid she should say a word too much. Indeed, she once had the impudence to remark, 'I think it is better to say nothing about a person than to speak evil of them.' Just as if the truth should n't be told. Well, well, we shall see now.'

Mrs. Woodbury '*was not slow*' in completing her usual domestic operations next morning. After 'putting things to rights,' and giving a careful look to her pot of beans in the oven, she threw on her blanket shawl and hood, and went in to see her neighbor, Mrs. Todd. The latter was busy in her kitchen; but Mrs. Woodbury, telling her not to mind her presence, seated herself at the cooking-stove, and took her knitting work.

'How nice your wheat bread looks, Mrs.

Todd! I think your flour must be good. Pray, where do you get it?'

'We always buy of Mr. Pratt,' was Mrs. Todd's answer, as she busied herself arranging her loaves in the oven.

'Well, so have we,' answered the elder's wife; 'but, somehow or other, the last we bought didn't seem to be just the thing—a little '*runny*;' and, when baked, full of large holes. Now bread, to be good, should look more uniform, full of small holes, like a piece of nice sponge.'

'Yes, I know that. But I have had no trouble, if I get the best brand—Beach's flour. But it comes very high. Only think, eight dollars a barrel!'

'Yes, it is a great price. No wonder Pratt is getting rich. I guess he makes great profits.'

'He asks enough, if that is all. But they do say, if his debts were paid he wouldn't be worth much.'

'Very likely. And I guess his wife an't no great profit to him; keeps a hired girl all the time, so as to devote more time to her children.'

'Lawful sakes! She has only three; and I get along with my four, and do all my own work. I've my doubts whether children are any better for so much attention.'

'My husband says *example* is better than precept on all. Mrs. Pratt's teaching won't do much good, if her husband don't set a better example.'

'Well, I don't know much against the man, after all,' said Mrs. Todd, as she went on rolling her pie-crust. 'They're rather strict with their children, and too close-mouthed; but pretty good neighbors, after all.'

'Well, I can tell you something about 'em that'll astonish you, Mrs. Todd!'

'What can you mean?' asked the good woman, as she dropped her rolling-pin, and stood with powdered hands and wondering eyes to listen.

'It's a matter now before the session; and, I suppose, I've no business to tell of it; but you must promise not to let it be known. I would n't have it come from me for the world.'

'Oh, of course not. You know I never would reveal it.'

'Well, only think, he's accused of stealing! Yes, downright stealing! The elders and deacons are dreadfully worried about it; but they do n't wish anybody to know it just now.'



'Well, I never! Who would have believed it?'

'For my part, I never took any great fancy to the Pratts—rather stiff sort of folks, I always thought. But I must run and see to my own baking.'

'Don't pray be in such a hurry. Why, I am so astonished I can hardly believe my senses!'

'Well, it's the sober truth; and we shall all know more about it soon.'

As my readers may anticipate, it was soon a village secret that Mr. Pratt had been guilty of a great theft. All knew it but the accused party and his family; and they wondered, in sadness of heart, at the coldness of their neighbors and old friends, and the sudden falling off in their sales. They had not lived in the village many years; but, with the exception of a few who thought Mrs. Pratt not sufficiently gossiping to their taste, they were universally beloved. It *was* true that their income was small; but good management and economy 'made both ends meet.' It was true, also, that Mrs. Pratt preferred to take the whole management of her children, instead of sending them to the village school, and entrusted her house work to a faithful domestic, though she still 'looked well to the ways of her household.' An unpretending, meek, and pious woman, she aimed to do her duty to God and man. She could not, of course, be insensible to the cold looks and evident neglect of her neighbors; nor could her husband be ignorant of a great change in the course of one month, in his business. He was almost deserted of evenings, while the other stores in the village were filled with eager readers of the 'Post' and the 'Courier,' or neighbors retailing the news of the village.

Some two months had elapsed; the gossiping tongues had not ceased their wagging, when Aunt Patty Dunn wended her way to the minister's, one morning, for the purpose of making her semi-annual visit. Now Aunt Patty was a rare sort of a news-vender. To be sure, there was no need of a daily Gazette where she lived, unless to report the *foreign* news, for she made up a regular budget of all domestic concerns, not forgetting 'prices current' and 'terrible disasters.' Like some of our more modern papers, she also added 'births' and 'intended marriages,' and, in little choice titbits of scandal, well seasoned, she excelled even the more noted caterers for the public taste in our large cities. But, with all this, she had the peculiar faculty of

never getting into trouble herself, or exciting the indignation of others. Had she been an editor, she would never have been sued for libel, or obliged to sue for quarter under the upraised cowhide. Her curiosity and benevolence were so well balanced, and her destructiveness so small, that, though she delighted to retail gossip, she always 'smoothed over' the harder parts of her story, so as to avoid giving offence. She was an amusing companion for mending day, when one must, perforce, darn stockings, sew tapes, and close rents. Then Aunt Patty, with her snuff and her spectacles, her old velvet bag and her knitting-work, was heartily welcome.

But I am digressing. As I was saying, Aunt Patty made her semi-annual visit to the minister's; and, of course, his good wife must listen to a rehearsal of events that had taken place since her last visit. The Pratts were not forgotten. Now, from some sort of moral affinity, Mrs. Pratt and Aunt Patty were good friends; not that the former confided greatly in her sociable neighbor, for she was not one to 'hew for herself cisterns that could hold no water,' but the kind heart and native shrewdness of the chatty gossip won her interest. It was not necessary, however, to tell any one now that the Pratts were perplexed and troubled—I mean any one as familiar in their family as Aunt Patty. Not a word, however, had been exchanged between them on the subject. When at their house, the ladylike reserve of Mrs. Pratt forbade such allusions, even to those most in her confidence. But, once at the minister's, Aunt Patty, (who had long thought about it) resolved upon a bold step. She would learn from the minister himself, what the session was going to do with Mr. Pratt.

'I was determined to ask you,' said she, after making known her errand, 'for I do feel so sorry for his wife. She don't complain a word; but I believe she is dying by inches. Why I reckon she's lost ten pounds within a month.'

'His wife, did you say? I did not know he had a wife.'

'Didn't know John Pratt had a wife! Well, I declare, I knew you spent considerable of your time poring over books and writing sermons; but I thought our shepherd knew more about his sheep than that comes to.' And Aunt Patty opened her snuff box to relieve her astonishment.

'But how did this story get round, Aunt Patty?' asked the minister, now a little more

upon his guard, and sitting down by her side, as if thoroly interested in all she had to say.

This was a new thing to the vender of news, quite a treat, to have Mr. Laurens interested in her stories; so she launched forth and told all that *'they said,'* and that Sister Todd said, and that Brother Hanson said; 'and, to tell the truth,' she added, 'I am afraid Sister Woodbury is at the bottom of it, for she always knows all the church affairs; and how in the world she finds out, I can't tell, for a pruder man than the elder never lived.'

The minister heard her through patiently and then merely added:

'I am sorry this affair has made so much talk and trouble. I will explain it all to you, Aunt Patty, before long.' After saying this, he immediately entered his study.

It was this very day that Mr. Pratt returned from his store almost disheartened. He found his wife in the nursery surrounded by her sleeping children. She, too, had had a gloomy day. Not a word was said for some minutes. Mr. Pratt drew off his boots and put on his slippers, took the newspaper from his pocket, and, after putting more wood on the fire, said:

'Shall I read aloud, Mary?'

She burst into tears. Those few kind words had unlocked the sealed fountain.

'I must tell you,' she added, 'that Bridget has left us. She gave no reason, but said she liked us; we had treated her well, and paid her wages regularly, but she would rather not stay any longer.'

'This is strange,' said Mr. Pratt, laying down his newspaper, and rising, 'and, what is more, it is not the only strange thing of late. Why, Mary, my business has decreased fifty per cent.; and, with the exception of Mr. Laurens and elder Woodbury, and a few others, I seem to have hardly a friend left. What does it mean?'

'Why, husband, you say you have hardly a friend left. I feel as if I had none. I meet averted faces and cold looks wherever I go. I do not know what we have done to merit this. I must tell you one little incident that occurred to-day. I sent Charley out for a walk, and he stopped to play awhile with some little boys. But James Todd said, 'No, we won't play with Charley Pratt; his father's a thief!' I do not generally listen to the complaints of children; but, taking this in connection with other thing, it has troubled me.'

'It is unaccountable,' said Mr. Pratt. 'I am determined'—but just then the door-bell rang.

It was their minister, Mr. Laurens. He stayed some time longer than was his custom, and, though no reference was made to Mr. Pratt's peculiar situation, yet there was much sympathy and cordiality in his manner. It did them much good; and both Mr. and Mrs. Pratt retired that night in better spirits than they had known for some weeks.

The next day was Sunday. At the close of the exercises in the afternoon, Mr. Laurens stated that he wished all the members of the church to meet him in the vestry on the afternoon of the next day. He hoped none would be absent, as there was some business of importance to be transacted. He particularly requested *all* the church members to be present, ladies not excepted.

The good housewives of the village, such as were numbered among the church members, were early at the washtub on the following morning, speculating, meanwhile, as to how the Pratts would feel, and what they would do and say. 'Of course, they'll not be there,' said one and another, as they met on their way to the vestry. But they were disappointed; for both Mr. and Mrs. Pratt were in their accustomed seats at the appointed hour, unconscious of the surprise their presence occasioned, and equally ignorant of the object of the meeting.

The minister was late—an unusual thing with him—but, when he entered, who should come with him but Joseph Pratt, a young man well known to them all!—for he was, as Aunt Patty would have said, 'Old 'Siah Pratt's son, that used to live at the Hollow.' The old man was dead, and the widow, with her children, moved into a neighboring town. Little had been heard from them since, and they had been almost forgotten by many. But this son, Joseph, had been a very interesting lad; and becoming, as he hoped, a sincere Christian, had joined the church just before leaving his native village. He had never removed his relation from the church, there being no church of that denomination where he resided, and because he occasionally had the privilege of still worshipping in the house of his fathers. He was a fine looking young man, and never appeared more interesting than at this time, when, following the minister with downcast eyes and flushed cheek, he seated himself on one of the benches, and leaned his head upon his hand, as if oppress-

ed by some trouble. After a short prayer, Mr. Laurens said:

'Our young brother, Mr. Pratt, has a few words to say to the church.'

The latter rose, in evident agitation—

'Through the kindness of your session,' he said, 'I should not have been required to make this public acknowledgment of the sin I have committed; but, learning that an innocent man is suffering for my error, I resolved to come here in person, and make my confession before the church. When my family left this place, as you are all aware, we were poor. I was clerk for Mr. Barmun, whom you probably all remember'—

'Yes, that we do,' Aunt Patty inwardly ejaculated; 'one of the greatest skinflints the town ever produced.'

'And, as he moved about the same time we did, I still continued with him. He gave me fifty dollars a year and my board. Sickness and trouble came upon our family. I will not stop to tell you now of the death of my young brother and sister, or of the efforts of my mother to keep the children together; enough, that she labored beyond her strength, and thus produced a disease which finally ended her life. One stormy night, after closing the store, I went home to stay with her until morning. I found her destitute of almost every comfort. I had expended all the wages due to me, and I had not a cent wherewith to buy her the medicine prescribed by the doctor, and some wine, which he had said might possibly restore her strength a little. I hastened back to ask Mr. Barmun for a month's pay in advance. He was very surly, and refused me. As I left his door, and was hastening back, I met a gentleman on my way who said he wished to pay five dollars to Mr. Barmun, and requested me to hand it to him. I took the money. The gentleman rode away, and I stood for a moment irresolute what to do. But I thought of my mother; the temptation was too great, and I yielded—resolving, however, to pay the sum the moment I should receive my wages. Stifling all thoughts, save of my dying mother, I immediately purchased the articles she needed, and ran home. I dared not tell her how I came by them; but, when she blessed me that night, and called me her beloved son, I shuddered as I thought how she might feel if she knew the crime I had committed. She grew worse rapidly, and I did not leave her until she died—no, not until the grave hid her from my sight.

'Meanwhile, my employer had found out my theft; and, when I returned to the store, he threatened me with imprisonment. I went to the gentleman from whose hand I took the money, and told my story. He wept as I related it; and, through his influence, I was saved from jail, and also put in a way to earn a larger salary than that given by Barmun. The latter was still determined upon revenge, and wrote to the session of this church that I was guilty of theft, and had proved myself an unworthy member. He knew my attachment to the home of my childhood, and to the church of which I am a member. The session dealt kindly with me, and concluded to keep the matter secret, if possible, until I had time, by sincere repentance for my sin, to regain my character; for sin it was, though the temptation was great.'

We have not time, or rather we will not, lest we should be tedious, enlarge upon the story of this young man. Such suffering, and such temptation, are, alas! too common in this world of ours, where everything appears to be so much out of joint—hoarded gold and starving poor, splendid palaces and beggars' rags, the iron heel of despotism, and the despairing cry of crushed humanity. But all these need be, that we may be the more perfectly fitted for that other life where we see no more 'as through a glass darkly.'

That good elder Woodbury's wife (not elder Woodbury's good wife, dear reader) was little profited by this meeting, we may learn from her remark to Mrs. Todd on her way home.

'Well, really, I do think it's odd enough that we all forgot that old 'Siah Pratt's son was a member of the church!'

The false reports about Mr. John Pratt were, of course, soon silenced, though it took some little time before many could really believe that he had not robbed a bank, or forged a note for some five hundred dollars or so.

'But what has all this to do with the Odd Fellows' secret?' says one, who has read thus far, and finds no connection between the title and the tale. I beg your pardon, good sir, for being so prolix, and ask your indulgence but a little longer.

We have seen that Mrs. Woodbury was a gossip of the most inveterate sort. The poison of asps was under her tongue, and she delighted in scandal, not merely because she loved to hear and tell some new thing, but for the mischief which evil speaking did, and the stab it gave to a neighbor's peace. Soon

after the affair of the church meeting, a lodge of Odd Fellows was established in that place. Elder Woodbury hesitated awhile about joining it, not that he had scruples because it was a secret society, but he feared his ability to keep that secret. The members were very desirous to enroll him among their number; and finally, being a conscientious man, and unaccustomed to subterfuge, he told them the truth. 'I do talk in my sleep,' said he, 'but never reveal much unless led on by questions. Now I am sorry to say that I cannot trust my wife. Patty is a good woman in her way, but she has dreadful itching ears.'

Yes, that they all knew, though they did not say so to the elder; and it occurred to one of their number—something of a wag, by the way—that if they could cure this propensity in Mrs. Woodbury, they would be doing community a service. The next day they communicated their plan to the elder, who was, however, somewhat reluctant at first to consent.

'I'll see how Patty feels about it,' he said, and returned home to discuss the matter. He did not need to study even an instant, for he had no sooner seated himself at the tea-table than Mrs. Woodbury began—

'Well, husband, I've been out making calls this afternoon, and nothing is talked about but the 'Odd Fellows' Society.' Gracious me, what a name! None too good, I warrant, either. There is always some wickedness where there's so much secrecy. I hope you'll never be guilty of doing anything you'll be ashamed to tell your wife.'

'Oh no, Polly; but if I should join the lodge, and solemnly promise not to reveal the secret, you would not wish me to tell a lie even for your sake.'

'Why no, not exactly tell a lie; but then a man should have no secrets from his wife. I do wonder, though, what it is they are so private about.'

'Well, wife, I suppose if they were willing to tell you their secret, you would hardly have the courage to go to their room to hear it.'

'I wonder who you think you are talking to, Mr. Woodbury! If there's a woman in town that's got more spunk than myself, I'd like to see her. Did n't I go and stay all night in the haunted house at Witch Hollow, and did n't I go at midnight to the graveyard to see old Hanson's ghost!'

'Yes, yes, my dear; but you forget that you persuaded me to go and stay all night with you in the haunted house, and that we

had good reason to believe, before we went to the churchyard, that the ghost was nothing more than Bob Wilkes in a white sheet; but you said that you wished to see how a ghost looked.'

'Well, then, I am no more afraid of the Odd Fellows than I am of Bob Wilkes in a white sheet, and it's my opinion they're no better.'

'I am glad that you have so much courage, for to-night I intend to join the lodge, and to-morrow evening you are requested to meet with them and hear their secret. You must know, I told them that you were opposed to secret societies. You must not, of course, reveal what you hear.'

'Trust me for that,' said Mrs. Woodbury.

The next day at sunset Mrs. Woodbury, in her black silk gown and best bonnet, was in readiness for her husband. She was obliged to stifle her curiosity some two hours at least, before her husband appeared. Now, be it known that she had never seen the room or the regalia of the members. She knew not even that they wore any but their ordinary dress. Her surprise was therefore great, as she entered the spacious and elegantly furnished hall. A rich tapestry carpet covered the floor; heavy curtains fell from the gilded cornice in thick folds; while lamps of curious workmanship suspended from the ceiling, shed a soft light upon the rich damask canopies of the lodge. Burning pastilles perfumed the place, and the rich regalia of the members—the white satin, red and blue velvet aprons, and flowing scarfs—mingled their colors like the various hues of the rainbow in the reflected light.

In a massive chair, beneath a crimson canopy, invested with all the insignia of his office, sat the Grand Master; a large bible lay open before him. Poor Mrs. Woodbury stood for a moment petrified with amazement. Bob Wilkes in the white sheet was nothing to it. A chair was given her, and she sank into it. Her husband glided from her side, and, returning in a few moments dressed in his regalia, took his own seat, which was some distance from his wife. The Grand Master then rose, and read in a clear, full voice, but slowly, and with much solemnity, these beautiful words of St. Paul:

'Charity suffering long, and is kind; charity envieth not; charity vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up, doth not behave itself unseemly, seeketh not her own, is not easily provoked, thinketh no evil; rejoiceth not in in-

iquity, but rejoiceth in the truth; beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things.'

Just as he concluded, the lamps, all excepting the one near the Grand Master, were extinguished, and, in a moment after, the recess, in which was a black velvet canopy, was dimly lighted, but the light seemed to come from two ghastly, grinning skulls or skeleton heads, one on each side of the arch formed by the canopy. Thither was Mrs. Woodbury led, and requested to retire within and robe herself in a black and white sack which hung upon a chair. 'It need only be flung over your dress,' said her attendant; 'but, meanwhile, you can draw this curtain, and be entirely secluded from the rest; after this you will lay aside your bonnet, and be conducted to the Grand Master, when, kneeling, you will receive the secrets of our Order, upon swearing a solemn oath of secrecy.'

'Where is my husband?' gasped Mrs. Woodbury, in a trembling voice.

'He is occupied at present; but if you do not care to proceed, I will inform the Grand Master, and you can be released.'

'Let me go now, if possible,' said the lady.

She was led back to his most worshipful presence, and there, after being exhorted to read often and practice the passage of Scripture 'just read, she was required to promise solemnly that, after having refused to listen to the secrets of the Order at this time, she should never of any one, sleeping or waking, ask them to be revealed. 'Hear them now, or henceforth and forever hold your peace as regards the 'Odd Fellows' secret.''

How the secret of Aunt Woodbury's interview became known I cannot tell; but this much I know, that one brother Odd Fellow was overheard saying to another:

'A little stratagem in a war of defence is justifiable. If we have silenced the tongue of slander in our busy village, we have conferred a public benefit, and are doubly worthy the name we bear.'—*Godey's Magazine*.

INGRATITUDE.—Of all vices, ingratitude, generally speaking, confers most disgrace on the culprit. There are four descriptions of ungrateful persons. The first denies that he has received a favor; the second suppresses and conceals the benefit; the third retains no remembrance of the kindness; the fourth, who is the worst of all, conceives a hatred for his benefactor, because he is conscious that he is under an obligation to him.

Original.

## L I N E S

*On hearing of the safe arrival of a dear Friend in a foreign port, whose life had been despaired of.*

BY MRS. M. L. GARDINER.

From the South, from the South,  
There cometh a sound;  
O'er hill and o'er dale  
With a joyous bound.  
O'er the blue sunny seas,  
Whose white curling foam  
Bears on the light breeze,  
The blessings of home.  
It comes to the soul  
Like a beam from afar —  
It comes like the rays  
Of a bright twinkling star,  
When the heavens are wrapped  
In the dark pall of storms,  
And fitful winds rending  
Earth's fairy like forms!  
When Love, from the window,  
Looked forth with wild fear,  
As to her soft bosom  
Each nursling drew near.  
When all seemed deserted,  
E'en the heavens in gloom,  
Rocked fearfully onward  
Her path to the tomb.  
Oppressed with anguish,  
No light from afar;  
E'en hope is extinguished —  
Life's tremulous star —  
Which glimmers in mercy,  
Its rays to impart,  
Consolation in darkness  
To the widow's lone heart.  
Now! now! from afar  
It gleams on her sight!  
Like a bright scintillation  
In the noon of the night!  
Soon, soon, the bright morn  
Shall arise softly clear,  
And sun-light adorn  
Her now misty sphere.  
From the South! from the South!  
Oh, list to the sound!  
"The cherished is saved!  
The lost one is found!"  
The widow looks up  
With a tear in her eye,  
And joys, like the rainbow,  
Illumine her sky!  
Hope! Hope! thou bright angel,  
Thro' life's darkest hour,  
Still o'er the heart-broken  
Exert thy mild power.  
Open yon bending heavens,  
As the silent tears roll,  
And soothe with its beauties,  
The agonized soul.

### ODD FELLOWSHIP EXEMPLIFIED.

Some months ago two young men sailed together from New York to California. We do not know that previous to embarking, they had any personal acquaintance with each other, but be this as it may, they were not long in discovering that there was a bond of union between them much stronger than that of mere friendly acquaintance. *They were Odd Fellows.* Here was a cause of attachment, which, as the sequel will prove, was far more enduring and substantial than friendship itself when based alone upon the considerations which usually bind men together. They were according to the holy principles of fraternity, brothers, and the time was hastening on when was to be tested the sincerity of those obligations which are assumed by all who enter upon the affiliation of Odd Fellowship.

The golden shores of that land, for which they had left endeared hearts and cheerful homes, were at length glistening before them, and as they gazed upon it eagerly and long, with hopes grown stronger from the apparent nearness of their realization—with all the dreamings which for months had circled prophetically around them, about to be changed into unmistakable certainty—as with these feelings they surveyed the hills and valleys, the sparkling streams and green meadows of the “El Dorado” before them, their hands were instinctively clasped in a firmer grip of brotherhood, and their hearts formed anew in a holy resolve of perpetual friendship.

How true is that sacred assertion, “in the midst of life we are in death!” In a few days after the arrival of our two brothers in California, disease suddenly fastened upon one of them, and far from relatives and home, he was laid upon a bed of sickness, from which the Almighty had willed he should be removed to “that narrow house appointed for all the living.” The sick one’s means were soon exhausted, for, in that “land of gold,” wealth must be abundant to bring its possessor the advantages generally flowing therefrom.

There was none in that far off land to whom he could apply for pecuniary aid—none whom he might expect to comfort and cheer him in the struggles with disease. Yet, there was one who watched over him with a solicitude and devotedness which we are too apt to expect alone from the tenderness of woman! There was one whose heart beat almost in unison with the feverish throbbings of the suffering one, and by whose command every

thing that could minister to his wants, was supplied; every means that could in the least alleviate his sufferings, were employed. It was the faithful companion of his voyage, his friend and brother Odd Fellow.

Nor did the unremitting care of his brother cease when the last mortal throes had convulsed the breast, and the last life gasp had quivered upon the marble lips of his friend. Death could not seal the fountain of his strong affection. He watched over the cold remains of him who in life he had comforted, and in all those arrangements which the living make for the disposal of the dead, it was he that guided and gave freely the necessary means for their fulfilment. Nothing that the most endearing friends, or even the warm hearts of kindred could have wished, as a testimony of solemn esteem to the memory of the departed, was unthought of, or remained to do.

But this is not all. The Lodge, in New York, of which the deceased brother was a worthy member, heard, by accident, of the unbounded generosity which had been thus signally displayed by this true-hearted brother, and an amount (three hundred dollars) was immediately forwarded to him, as in part, a remuneration for his devotedness. This the warm-hearted brother received, but only to return as a gift to be devoted to the relief of the widows and orphans of the Lodge from whence it originated.

No comment is needed to the above simple statement of facts. It speaks volumes in behalf of that glorious institution whose spread in this country has only been equalled by the universality of its acts of benevolence. It is only a practical demonstration of the motto of our fraternity—**FRIENDSHIP, LOVE, AND TRUTH.**—*Banner of the Union.*

**ORDER AND CHEERFULNESS.**—It is not essential to the happy home that there should be the luxury of the carpeted floor, the cushioned sofa, the soft shade of the astral lamp. These gild the apartments, but reach not the heart. Neatness, order and a cheerful heart make home the sweet paradise it is often found to be. There is joy, as real, by the cottage fireside, as in the splendid saloons of wealth and refinement. The elegancies of life are not to be despised. They are to be received with gratitude. But their possession does not ensure happiness. The sources of true joy are not so shallow. The cheerful heart causes most discordant materials to arrange themselves in harmony and beauty.

## BENEFITS AND BEAUTIES OF ODD FELLOWSHIP.

From an address before Manchester Lodge, No. 34,  
Yazoo City, Miss., April 26, 1851.

BY BRO. S. S. WRIGHT.

This is a day of which we may justly be proud! It is the anniversary of the institution of our Order into the United States—a day overflowing with the most pleasing associations to every ODD FELLOW. How forcibly is called up recollections of its humble beginnings and how strikingly do those humble beginnings contrast with what we now see and hear of ODD FELLOWSHIP. Thirty years ago, in the city of Baltimore, was organized the first Odd Fellow's Lodge that ever assembled in the United States. It was composed of but five individuals; and the venerable man who presided over this germ of a mighty institution, yet lives to bless the recurrence of this day, and to rejoice at the success of an Order which has elevated him from want to independence, when adversity was about bringing *his gray hairs in sorrow to the grave*.

Since that time its march has been onward; it has continued to increase in power, influence, and ability to carry out its benevolent objects, until now, how changed is the scene! It is not confined to one place, and to but few individuals, but pervades the whole land, and its members stand, like the seed promised to Abraham, "as the sand upon the sea shore, without number, and countless as the stars."

Who can number the votaries that are now ministering at its altars?—the untold legions that have gathered under its banner, and come forth to bear testimony to its worth? Where can the Odd Fellow go and not see its bright regalia giving back the sunbeams? and not hear the soul stirring strains of its grateful music borne along on every breeze to heaven? and not witness the gathering of crowds in commemoration of its anniversary? Where will he not find displayed those mottoes and emblems, which so happily teach and so forcibly impress upon the heart the duties of its exalted benevolence?

Wherever he may go, he will find friends ready to assist him in distress, or bid him God speed in prosperity. Every where he will find a brother's hand extended, and be greeted with a brother's welcome.

Nor is this unparalleled success of our fra-

ternity undeserved or surprising, when we consider its purposes and objects. Its aim is to ameliorate the condition of man; and to accomplish this it fights with the weapons of Friendship, Truth and Love. With these it has surmounted every obstacle, and borne up against all opposition. With these, its glorious yet bloodless victories have been achieved. It overcomes by the practice of the precepts it teaches, and conquers not by might or by power, but by the spirit and influence of its principles.

\* \* \* \* \*

None of us can pass through life and not need assistance of some kind. It is not always the amount and pecuniary value that make it most appreciated; a piece of bread to the hungry, a cup of cold water to the thirsty, may at times be of more benefit than "much fine gold." We are often called from the society of those with whom we are acquainted. We often find ourselves strangers in a strange land, not unfrequently surrounded by dangers and difficulties, when the slightest assistance would be of the greatest benefit, when but the speaking of a word, either in warning or encouragement, might be of the last moment to our welfare. I need not dwell on the peculiar advantages of our Order under circumstances such as these. They must be apparent to every one. There are duties which the Lodge owes to its own members, which are *special*. There are obligations under which all Odd Fellows are placed to each other, and since the great increase of the fraternity, it would be difficult to place one of our brethren in a situation where he could not claim the attention and command the assistance of those who are linked with him by the chains of Friendship, Love and Truth.

But who can say that he is and ever will be above the reach of want? Whose eye can penetrate the veil that shuts out the future, and read his own destiny? Man is the creature of circumstances, and often the sport and plaything of fortune. Too apt in prosperity to think that the cup of misery was never intended for his lips, and to neglect the claims of humanity; too prone in adversity to yield to the temptations that so easily beset, and despise all laws, human and divine, which seem to be ordained for other's good, and not his own. *He* was a wise man, and deeply versed in the mysteries of the human heart, who prayed for neither poverty nor riches—lest in the one instance, he should say, "who is the Lord?" or in the other he should steal.

We are short sighted mortals ; we know not what a day may bring forth. By what slight tenures are held the advantages which even the envied are possessed of !

The man of princely estate, who, while fortune smiles to-day, wraps himself in gorgeous apparel, and with his host of heartless flatterers and pretended friends, revels in gilded luxury — to-morrow, adversity frowns : he is destitute ; and rags and wretchedness usurp the place of pomp and splendor.

" Riches may take unto themselves wings and flee away."

Power may vanish, and that *Great Book* whence Odd Fellowship derives so much of its light, gives a striking instance illustrative of the fact, that the prince and the peasant may change places ; how the humble shepherd boy of to-day may become the monarch of succeeding years, and the heir apparent to the throne becomes a penniless and powerless outcast.

Nor is life more stable than fortune. The man who, in the abundance of his contentment, said unto himself, "*Soul take thy ease, thou hast much treasure laid up for many years,*" heard a response, as if in echo to his own words — "*Thou fool ! this night thy soul shall be required of thee.*"

Against casualties such as these Odd Fellowship seeks to provide. It teaches that while there are none so rich as not to need assistance, there are none so poor as not to have it in their power in some way to render it.

It inculcates the truth that man is a social being and dependant on his fellows for happiness ; that he should not live for himself alone ; that all men were made to dwell together upon the face of the earth as brethren. It says to him in his power, strength and riches, give that ye may not want, should misfortune come upon you in the ever changing tide of human affairs ; and to the poor but honest man, who supports those who are nearer to him than life itself, by the hard earnings of his honest industry, it speaks words of encouragement and consolation. He knows that, should misfortune overtake him, there are those who will stand by him in its darkest hour. That tho' disease may waste him, they will yet watch by his couch ; and should he fall by the hand of death, still he knows that after his brethren shall have stood by his last resting place, and dropped the tear and the evergreen in his grave, the orphan will not be left friendless, nor the widow forsaken. That they will be provided for and educated when the arm upon which

they leaned shall have mouldered in the dust.

Thus does Odd Fellowship appeal to all classes and conditions for support. Even many who are not of its members have an interest in its perpetuity. The fairest portion of my audience who have come out this morning to honor our celebration with their presence and gladden our hearts with their smiles, are not uninterested spectators of its progress. Tho' you are not invited to seats in its councils, and not charged with the performance of its duties, yet of your welfare Odd Fellowship is ever mindful, and your approbation asks and receives.

We all know full well your power and influence, and should you determine to know the mysteries of our Order, I know not that we could prevent you. Sir Walter Scott has weaved into one of his most beautiful fictions, an incident illustrative of woman's influence.

When the armies of the kingdoms of Christendom were assembled on the plains of Palestine, the lion hearted monarch of England claimed to be entitled to the first rank among the Crusaders. His standard was planted on an eminence, that its pennons might float high above those around. Its protection was committed to the most dauntless knight of the army, who stood its solitary sentinel. Proud of his post of honor, the noble knight was resolved to protect it with his life. Whilst thus performing his duty, a message was received from the fair one on whom his adorations were fixed, demanding his immediate presence. This simple message was more powerful than an army with banners. The summons was obeyed, the post of honor was deserted, and the proud ensign of England's superiority left without a protector, to be stricken down and humbled in the dust. And I have sometimes thought what would be the result, if, when our sentinel should be posted to guard our secret deliberations, one of you should stand before him and demand admittance, and bring to bear upon his wavering firmness a resistless smile or a potent tear. I fear, like the knight of the leopard, he would abandon his post. I know he would be true to his trust in any other emergency, but I know, too, that that courage which has led the hero with unblanched cheek to the cannon's mouth, has left him to quail before the eye of beauty and tremble at its glance ; and we would tremble for the integrity of our poor brother in this trying emergency.

But we need not seek instances of woman's power and influence in works of fiction. All



history is full of them. Odd Fellowship appreciates that influence and invokes its aid.

To those unacquainted with our regalia and emblems, they may present an unmeaning appearance.

They are, nevertheless, all significant, each designed to impress some important lesson. There is a disposition in the mind to connect something that is tangible with sentiments and principles that are ideal. This principle is not peculiar to Odd Fellowship. It is universal. The rude savage speaks of burying the hatchet and smoking the pipe of peace, as emblematic of a cessation of hostilities.

The tender of the right hand after enmities and bickerings, is a token that they no longer exist, and you who have experienced it, know how vividly is called to mind the memory of an absent or buried friend, when you behold something that was given to you as an emblem of that friendship.

Our national flag is an emblem of national existence and glory. In itself it is but as much painted silk, yet when its broad stripes and bright stars have been unfurled in a foreign land, it has been greeted with tears of joy from American eyes that beheld it; and when flying to the breeze in the storm of battle, its very fluttering nerves them to deeds of valor; and they have trod with dauntless step the path that leads to death, and spilt their heart's best blood to rescue it from the enemy. And so the Great Jehovah, after the destroying waters had subsided, that made earth a desolation, entered into a covenant with the tenant of the ark, that the earth should no more be destroyed by water, and He set his seal upon the clouds, and spanned the arch of heaven with His bow in token of the promise he had made. "Do this in remembrance of me," said "he who spake as never man spake," when he consecrated these impressive emblems which shew forth the death and resurrection of that immaculate body which was broken upon the tree, and the pouring out of that cleansing blood which was shed for a world's redemption.

In using these emblems which are here displayed, Odd Fellowship but avails itself of this principle of the mind, to impress its truths, and to keep in constant remembrance the duties which it enjoins. To be appreciated they must be understood, and to be understood they must be studied with assiduity.

\* \* \* \* \*

Whilst Odd Fellowship holds its members to the strictest morality, and exhorts them to

the performance of all the duties required by its laws — whilst it warns against vice and crime in every form and under every name — whilst it enjoins industry and temperance, yet we must acknowledge with humiliation that there are at times those of its members who so far forget their duties to society, and the obligations imposed upon them by the fraternity, as to fall victims to vice and crime, to idleness and intemperance; and their baneful example has caused much opposition to our Order. All that we can do in such cases is to expel the wolf from the fold, when the garment in which he entered is stripped off, and the beast exposed.

But we are proud to know that they are degraded, not on account of Odd Fellowship, but in spite of it, and against the solemn admonitions of its teachings. There is no way to guard against intruders such as these. They creep into walls more sacred still than those that enclose an Odd Fellow's Lodge, and as well might we reproach Christianity for the conduct of some of its pretended followers, whose walk is unworthy of their high vocation, as to oppose Odd Fellowship on account of the conduct of some of its members who disgrace its regalia, and fall below its high standard of morality.

Others have opposed our Order because it is a secret institution. That its proceedings must be in secret, you my brothers very well know is necessary; it gives efficacy to the carrying out of its objects. Thus in performing acts of benevolence it is sometimes better that the left hand should not know what the right hand doeth. It has been well remarked that "they that most merit the aid of the benevolent, are usually possessed of fine feelings. The subject of real misfortune, they are easily wounded, and dread the approach of those who carry a speaking trumpet in one hand to proclaim the gifts they have bestowed with the other."

But there are other reasons why our proceedings should be conducted secretly. Odd Fellowship owes nothing to those who are not of its members, or in some particular way connected with them. It may however bestow its charity wherever and whenever a suitable occasion offers. But to those who have been counted worthy of its privileges and have contributed to the relief of its members, it is under peculiar obligations. They are entitled to all the privileges of the Order.

And if its proceedings were conducted openly, how could the distinction be drawn between

those who are entitled to claim its privileges and those who are not? Any other mode would defeat one of the most important ends of its organization, that of mutual protection and benefit. The example of thousands of the good and great men who have been proud to wear its regalia, and to enrol themselves as its votaries, furnishes incontestible proof that our object is to do good, and scatters to the winds every breath of suspicion that dares to question our motives. Whenever assembled, we are reminded that "in God is our trust;" that his eye ever regards us; his all-pervading presence is with us; nor are we ashamed to acknowledge what is done before that high and lofty one that inhabiteth eternity, and searcheth all hearts, and "understandeth the thoughts of the imaginations of the children of men."

Our Order has not met with the approbation of others under the mistaken opinion that it is contrary to religion.

Did I address Odd Fellows only, I should not stop to answer so absurd an objection. It is contradicted by every precept it teaches and by every duty it enjoins.

Odd Fellowship was designed by man for his own good. It does not claim to be of divine origin, but it borrows the light of truth from whatsoever it may. It is an earthen vessel, but in which are gathered the fair flowers of heavenly culture. Its principles are based upon the laws of God, and are as eternal as his throne. It is the handmaids of religion, bowing to its supremacy, in conflict with it in nothing, following in the same path which it illumines, often inviting to the same cause and inculcating the same duties.

It asks but one expression of religious faith, that is, belief in a Supreme Being, the Creator, the Preserver of all things. It inculcates reverence for the Supreme Being and obedience to his laws. To determine what those laws are, it turns to the conscience as the best interpreter.

But how can it be in conflict with the religion which we of a christian land profess? We learn from the great apostle of the Gentiles that the chief cardinal virtue of that religion is Charity.

"Faith, Hope and Charity, but the first of these is Charity." We learn from the same source that the practice of that religion pure and undefiled is "to visit the fatherless and the widow in their afflictions and to keep unspotted from the world." The basis of our union is Friendship, Love and Truth, and the cardinal duties of our Order are, to "visit the

sick, relieve the distressed, bury the dead, and educate the orphan." So Charity, that great christian virtue, is also the chief corner-stone of our noble structure. Would that I could speak its praise in a deserving manner.

The immortal bard who sung the requiem of time, thus invokes all the power of his genius to do it justice:

"Breathe all thy minstrelsy, immortal harp,  
Breathe numbers warm with love while I rehearse,  
Delightful theme! Resembling most the songs  
Which day and night are sung before the Lamb.  
Thy praise! O Chari y! Thy labors most divine  
Thy sympathy with sighs, and tears, and groans,  
Thy great, thy God-like wish to heal all misery,  
All fortune's wounds, and make  
The soul of every living thing rejoice"

And when, my brethren, you have sent forth your members in the sunshine and in the rain, in the day and in the night, to carry relief to misery that pined unseen and unnoticed in the damps of its lowly home, or watch by the bed of sickness, or to perform the last sad rites over a sick brother, till death had writ his name on his pallid brow, or to

"Ward off the arrowy winds of winter that pierce  
The naked orphan babe, and chilled the mother's  
heart, who had no home,"

remember that you have discharged the sacred duties of religion as well as those imposed by Odd Fellowship: that you have set forth the sunny messengers of Charity,

"By angels tended still, that marked their deeds,  
And wrote them in the book of God's remembrance."

It is not alone by professions that Odd Fellowship demands the respect and support of its members. "By their fruits ye shall know them;" and it is by its work, that our Order claims to be judged.

It is willing to abide the issue; to stand or fall as these works may be approved or condemned by an impartial community. It brings up no cities laid waste, no provinces destroyed, no laurels gained with human blood, or gathered on the plains where "the grass green from the soil of carnage waved over the crushed and mouldering skeleton."

No! it brings a "cloud of witnesses" of another kind to speak in its favor. The once desolate home it has made cheerful; the thousands it has relieved, the distressed it has ministered unto, the fatherless whom it has attended with a father's care, the schools it has helped to build, the cemeteries which it has established, where the quiet tomb speaks of respect for its dead, in language as silent, as impressive and as eloquent as death.

To-day, my brethren, Odd Fellowship presents a sublime spectacle ; an institution striving to benefit our race—interfering with no duty we owe to our families, to society, to our country, or our God, except to exhort us to the performance of them all, pursuing the even tenor of its way, and accomplishing its high purposes, undisturbed by fanaticism, by the fierceness of sectarianism, or the rise and fall of political dynasties. And may it ever be what now we behold it; standing as it does a monument of moral grandeur, speaking “peace on earth to all men of good will,” reaching its towering summit above the cloud into the “eternal ever shine,” unshaken by the raging elements that war against it, and firm as the ocean rock, lashing back the surges of opposition that break around its solid base.

And may you be ever mindful to perform the duties which its covenants enjoin, and be ever worthy of its privileges, and when called hence, may you be partakers of that greater covenant which will ensure your entrance into the *Grand Lodge* above, where you need no longer hear the question repeated, “Does any brother know of a sick brother, or a brother in distress?” but where

“The soul shall put off in the land of its birth  
The stains it has gathered in this,  
And hope, the sweet singer that gladdened the earth,  
Falls asleep on the bosom of bliss.”

**DARK HOURS.**—There are hours, dark hours, that mark the history of the brightest year. For not a whole month in any of the millions past, perhaps, has the sun shone brilliantly all the time. And there have been cold and stormy days in every year. And yet the mists and shadows of the darkest hours were dissipated, and flitted heedlessly away. The cruellest of the ice fetters have been broken and dissolved, and the most furious storms loses its power to harm. And what a parable is all this human life—of our inside world, where the heart works at its destined labors. Here too, we have the overshadowings of dark hours, and many a cold blast chills the heart to its core. But what matters it? Man is born a hero, and it is not only by darkness and storms that heroism gains its greatest and best development and illustration—then it kindles the black cloud into a blaze of glory, and the storm bears it more rapidly to its destiny. Despair not, then. Disappointment will be realized. Mortifying failure may attend this effort and that one—but *only be honest, and struggle on*, and it will all work well.

Original.

## THE DUAL SYMBOL.

BY BRO. S. D. HARRIS.

I wot it were a silly thought,  
For mystic brothers such as we,  
In token of our banded lot,  
To choose the tell-tale symbol, three.

What though the triple links declare  
The triune virtues we enthroned?  
Truth shall twin-mate the other pair—  
FRIENDSHIP and LOVE are only ONE.

Then TRUTH with LOVE shall fondly dwell,  
And share her sacred converse free,  
Protected by that guardian spell,  
The sign and seal of Secrecy.

The Dual Symbol!—Nature gives  
Throughout her realms no surer sign,  
Than meeting thus in all that lives,  
The proof of mortal and divine.

One only second self, may claim  
My heart, my hope, my life to share;  
And while we guard the sacred flame,  
No guest profane may enter there.

I rend this golden triplet now—  
No trust or secrecy they bear;  
And with a new and holy vow,  
Henceforth the Dual Symbol wear.

Original.

## REMEMBER ME!

REMEMBER ME! how few, how strong  
These touching words, that little spell;  
What thoughts arise, what visions strong,  
In wakened fancy's holiest cell.  
They tell of many a change to come—  
May every change bring joy to thee!  
In pleasure's light, in sorrow's gloom,  
In bliss or wo, remember me! B.G.B.

**FORGIVENESS.**—Is there any real satisfaction in retaliating an injury? We venture to say there is not. On the contrary, we have known a slight offence visited by a slight retaliation, when regret for having resorted to it was far from being slight or of short duration. And we think we can confidently assure any person, young or old, who is determined to retaliate, that he or she will have the worst of the encounter. There is a satisfaction in forgiving an injury, which a revengeful spirit never experienced. The best return we can make for an injury, whether to our prospects or feelings, is to forgive it.

## THE BIBLE.

The ladies of the village of Waterford, Pa., presented to Clement Lodge, No. 220, I. O. O. F., of that place, on the 8th of August, a splendid copy of the Holy Scriptures. We copy from the Token the following very interesting account of the ceremonies, and the eloquent addresses on the occasion :

At the appointed time a procession of ladies moved down the Hall, headed by two of the members who bore their present, and with some appropriate remarks by Mrs. White, placed it in the hands of the Rev. Mr. Findley of the Associate church, who had been selected to make an address on the occasion. After the ladies were seated this gentleman proceeded in a most happy manner to discharge the duty devolved upon him.

An extract from the speech will be found below. It is a masterly and eloquent tribute to the Bible, and we would gladly publish it entire did our space permit.

The reply of P.G. F. F. Farrar, on the part of the Order, was also very appropriate and interesting. A beautiful ode was then sung which had been selected for the occasion. After which a fervent prayer was offered by the Rev. Mr. Smith of the Episcopal church. And the exercises were closed with the benediction by the Rev. Mr. Diver of the Presbyterian church.

## AN ADDRESS,

Delivered by the Rev. J. J. Findley, to Clement Lodge, No. 220, of the Independent Order of Odd Fellows, on the occasion of presenting to them a Bible, donated by the ladies of Waterford, Erie county, Pa.

SIRS—I have been requested by the ladies, the bosom companions of the members of your association, to appear here on this occasion, and, on their behalf, present to you, and thro' you to Clement Lodge, of the Independent Order of Odd Fellows, this magnificent copy of the Word of God, with the earnest desire that it may exert upon your minds the redeeming and regenerating influences which it is designed to accomplish; that it may infuse into your bosoms the ennobling virtues which it so powerfully inculcates; and that you may experience that comfort and consolation, that joy and hope, which it is so eminently fitted to impart.

You have adopted as indicative of your feelings and purposes, the beautiful and expressive motto, "Friendship, Love and Truth;" and professedly your great objects in the op-

erations of your society are to cultivate and develop the principles of charity and benevolence, to provide for the sick and the destitute, to relieve the wants of the widow and the fatherless, and to elevate the moral and social condition of man. Presuming that such are your feelings and purposes, we could not put into your hands a more effective instrument for the cultivation of these feelings and the successful accomplishment of these purposes, than the book of inspired truth. You will find here an exemplification of that *friendship* which was pure and disinterested; of that *love* which flowed from the throne of God, and knew no bounds: and of that *truth* which was so beautifully illustrated in the life and character of Him of whom it was emphatically said "he is the way, the truth and the life."

Those ladies have not deceived themselves in supposing the Bible to be their true friend. They have not in the conclusion that it makes good husbands, and good men, and good citizens of any community. They have not mistaken the experience of the past in the influences which it has exerted to ameliorate the condition of man, and especially to elevate the rank and dignity of their own sex. They have only to look abroad upon the aspect of the world, to survey the history of the past, to satisfy themselves that where the Bible has been known and felt, woman has been loved and respected; and where its influence has been unfelt, she has been degraded, and treated as beneath the dignity of man. It is not wonderful therefore, if you will be *Odd Fellows*, that the ladies, who are ever on the alert, and who know how to manage their own interests, should seek to make you *Good Fellows*, by putting into your hands those Scriptures, which embrace the soundest system of morals the world has ever seen, and the only religion that is adapted to satisfy the "pleasing hope, the fond desire, the lingering longing after immortality" which pervades the bosom and illustrates the immortality of man.

The study of the Bible and the proper application of its principles, in the life and conduct of man, constitute the noblest employment of an immortal mind. To ascertain the relation which we sustain to the Author of our being; to become acquainted with the attributes of his nature; to trace the wonders of creation back to their creator; to acquire information concerning the laws by which he governs his moral and physical worlds, and mould the heart in those heaven-born principles which diffuse the fragrance of their vir-

tues along the pathway of man, must afford an immense variety to the pleasing emotions of the mind, and throw an enchanting and delightful influence around our pursuits and prospects. He indeed, can hardly be regarded as an accomplished scholar, much less as possessing a well-balanced mind, who is not to some extent familiar with the teachings of the lively oracles. He may be endowed with extraordinary powers of intellect; his mind may be well stored with philosophical and scientific knowledge; and may have acquired an enviable reputation for his literary attainments. But without moral principle to guide them in their proper channel, he will be driven broadcast upon the waves of public opinion, and his acquirements will only have placed in his possession the most powerful weapons, by which he may wield a withering and destroying influence upon the interests and well-being of society.

Other systems may be projected to ameliorate the condition and cement the social feelings of man. But the lamp of revelation contains the remedy, and the only possible remedy, for all the moral evil which is prevalent in the world. Clothed with a religion, which is adapted to every climate and condition of mankind, it has penetrated the cottages of the poor and waved its banners triumphantly over the palaces of kings. It has found its advocates among the snow-capt mountains of Scythia, breathed its spirit on the verdant fields of Europe, and shed its dewy influence over the sunny plains of Africa. It has sent forth its missionaries to roll back the clouds of darkness which envelope the benighted nations of the earth. It has thrown its light and radiance over the distant islands of the sea, and raised its hospitals of charity and benevolence, for the relief of the poor and unfortunate in every civilized nation under heaven. It has demolished the licentiousness of a corrupt mythology, restrained the fury of the barbarian and the Scythian; unchained the shackles of tyranny and emancipated the bond. It has given tenderness to the parent, obedience to the child, and improved with a charm every domestic endearment. It has poured the balm of comfort into the aching heart, and kindled on affection's tender, severed chord the brightened prospect of joining the lost and departed in a world of purer spirits. It has sustained the christian martyr under the frowns and insults of men, and when brought to the rack and gibbet, to the fire and the dungeon, enabled his soul without a struggling mur-

mur, to bear up in the dying hour and sweetly sing itself away to everlasting bliss. It has purified the noblest affections of the human heart, raised bleeding humanity from the dust, riveted indissolubly the bonds of the marriage covenant, and rescued from "the mercy of scandal's clarion the fair fame of female virtue." It has broken up the long established systems of oppression, and inscribed in legible characters the insignia of liberty and independence upon the throes of empire and the ruins of despotism. It has breathed its sweetness and shed its dewy influence over the character and actions of men; and is even now kindling up the charitable feelings of the heart and spreading peace and benevolence and love throughout the whole civilized world. It has entered the hovels of vice and wretchedness, reformed the character of the abandoned profligate, whose hands have long been steeped in infamy and crime, and inspired him with the hope of rising from the confines of the grave to a life of immortality and unceasing joy.

In your meditations upon divine truth you may derive pleasure from it not only as the avenue through which the rays of hope and immortality beam; not only as delineating the character of him who rides in the whirlwind and directs the storm; not only as disclosing the pearls of virtue and opening a field in which the poet may gather laurels wreathed in the galaxy of heaven. But the predominant feature of the Bible is thought, and captivated with its sublimity you may soar aloft on the pinions of imagination to bask in the visionary fancy of celestial worlds, or contemplate the grandeur of the scenery when a lonely pilgrim, seated on the barren rocks of Patmos, beheld the throne of the Eternal surrounded with all the beauteous tincture of the emerald and purple rainbow, and heard preceding from the great crystalized sea of glass, the triumphant song of those that had gotten the victory, when in prophetic vision he saw the heavens wrapt together as a scroll, the crescent of blood rolling over the nations, the rocks leaping from their deep set sockets, the mountains tottering upon their bases, and trembling nations congregating with assembled angels to

"Behold their God in grandeur;  
And their world on fire."

Search the splendid monuments of literary glory in ancient or modern times. Revolve the records of the Roman Forum, and scan the pages of British literature from the pol-

ished elegance of Plato to the beautiful forms of Homer, and where will you find ideas so elevating and descriptions so lively and animating as the scenes described by that banished exile.

The great and the good have for centuries acknowledged the superiority of the sentiment and style of that book, which was penned on the barren isle of Patmos. With the confidence of faith and hope they have meditated on the enchanting description which it gives of the "new heavens and new earth," and the majestic beauty of the "new Jerusalem." And these are only a few of the beauties of this sacred volume, which has for its penmen, "Prophets, Apostles and Martyrs, and for its ministering servants the Cherubim and Seraphim, the angel and the archangel." Receive therefore

"This Book, this holy Book, on every line  
Marked with the seal of high divinity ;  
On every leaf bedewed with drops of love  
Divine, and with the eternal heraldry,  
And signature of God Almighty stamped  
From first to last ; beseeching men, with tears  
And earnest sighs, to read, believe and live."

Let it occupy a prominent position in your Lodge. Breathe its spirit of piety. In all the operations of your society be governed by its teachings, and spread abroad its spirit of love, until the mantle of its virtues shall cover the nation, and embrace in its ample folds the distant islands of the sea. If you desire to be enrolled high on the annals of time for distinguished usefulness, and that posterity may not, indifferently, revert to your age, as the mindless Ottoman reverts to former times when he journeys over the plains of Marathon, cultivate the religion of this Holy Book, and preserve untarnished and uncorrupted the fairest and noblest literature the world has ever seen ; a literature

Whose smiles might play upon an angel's face,  
And whose tears would not stain an angel's cheek.

#### THE REPLY OF P.G. F. F. FARRAR.

REV. SIR—As the representative of Clement Lodge, appointed to receive this magnificent donation, I must confess myself wholly inadequate to express the feelings which on this occasion pervades the bosoms of my fellow members and myself. I must confess myself incapable to describe the emotions of pleasure and delight with which we hail this expression of the kind regard of the ladies of this vicinity towards our Order.

The work in which we are engaged is a great work. The objects we seek to accom-

plish are good and benevolent. Our efforts, as you have properly observed, are designed to elevate the social and moral character of man, to develop his capacities for good, to alleviate the distresses of the unfortunate, to cultivate those feelings of love which should exist between our common brotherhood, and eradicate those causes of disunion and strife which rankle in the bosom of society.

The benefits of our association are not as has been conceived, wholly confined to our affiliation. Although our efforts are especially directed to provide for the comfort and well being of the widows and orphan children of the members of our Order, it gives me pleasure to inform you that the helping hand of Charity has, in a multitude of instances, been extended to those who have no membership and no connection with our institution. Already has the grand scheme been projected, and a large amount of funds been raised to found an institution where the widow may find an Asylum, and the orphan and destitute children of the Odd Fellows of Pennsylvania may be educated and trained to the useful employments of life.

Engaged in so noble an undertaking, we welcome with emotions of gratification and delight this expression of approbation on the part of the ladies, who are ever forward in good and virtuous deeds, and we feel confident that under the smiles of their encouragement, we shall not fail of ultimate success.

If any thing can stimulate us to energy and zeal in carrying out the principles of our Order, it is the Word of Life which you have this day placed in our possession. We concur, Sir, in the encomiums which you have bestowed upon it. We reverence it as the Word of God, containing a religion and a system of morals adapted to the condition and wants of man. Many of the precepts of our society are taken from the Holy Scriptures, and with them as our guide we hope to pursue steadfastly the path of truth and duty until the great ends which we contemplate shall be fully accomplished, and "Friendship, Love and Truth" reign triumphant throughout the habitations of man.

You will please accept, Sir, on behalf of the ladies who have kindly presented to us this magnificent volume of the Sacred Scriptures, our grateful acknowledgments, and assure them of our best wishes for their happiness, and our hope that they shall not be disappointed in the expectation which they entertain of our Order.

Original.

## NIGHT.

I love the rising light of the morning — it causes a feeling of pleasure to steal imperceptibly over me; and I have gazed hour after hour upon the splendor it unfolds, forgetful of myself. I have watched the “king of day” rising from the portals of the east, and shedding abroad his golden rays, first upon the ethereal vault of heaven, and then upon the earth. The glad hill-tops rejoiced at his coming, the valley received his warm embrace, and all nature seemed radiant with life and beauty. The streamlets danced in their course, the flowers sent forth their fragrant odors, the birds warbled their sweetest melody, as the mists rose from the river, or sheeted lake, and ascended to mantle the hill-top and mountain, or floated away in gorgeous splendor to the unseen gates of paradise; and as I gazed upon them until at last the dim curtain of distance hid them from my sight, I have felt something within me wishing like them to flee away from the darkness and sorrow of earth, to a brighter, fairer world where storms and darkness are unknown. I have viewed the glories of a summer’s sunset, and truly felt that they were the pencillings of the Omnipotent. The sun, as it were, seemed glad his task was done, that he might retire from the gaze and bustle of the world, and sink into the embrace of quiet repose. My eye would never become weary in beholding the sublimity and glory of such a scene. To behold the soft melting halo which lingers in the track of the departed monarch, as his flowing locks are still waving above the horizon, is indeed enough to awaken the heart, and touch some of the finest chords of our nature. Here is enough to draw forth the exalted admiration and adoration of all thinking and rational intelligences. This is ever-new, ever changing, and always beautiful. Although morning and evening present their thousand beauties, still I can say in the language of ardent attachment, I love the night far more. A veil is thrown over the cares and sorrows of the world, and as the last dim light is fading in our sight, and night advances with her sable gloom, we are reminded of the long dark night of death, and the brevity of human existence. Silence is more eloquent than words. Midnight speaks! though she utters not a word — though a lingering whisper escapes not her sealed lips, still her voice is harmonious, her

music entrancing, and the very air she breathes vocal with high-toned aspirations. Go at the still hour of night and gaze upon the illimitable sky, and behold the innumerable stars, which seem like so many angelic spirits of the departed, watching with profound anxiety our wreckless course in the world, and with those reflections we can but feel our imprisoned spirits yearning to soar away to those worlds of light where they may dwell forever free. Is there not a voice in every star that speaks of God? Can a being with undying energies, with a spirit immortal, go forth alone at the still hour of midnight, and not feel a thrill pass over his whole being, as if his spirit had caught a glimpse of the land of its destination, and was panting to flee away to the bosom of its Father and its God? Yes, we can but feel as we gaze upon the glories of the queen of night, and the myriads of sparkling subjects which attend her nightly sessions, that we are near heaven. It awakens a sense of our immortality, and elevates the soul, till it in fact feels but a little lower than the angels. The boundless sky, so beautifully curtained with white fleecy clouds, studded so neatly with stars, is but a miniature, prepared by the finger of Jehovah, which but feintly represents the glorious home he hath in reserve for all his redeemed. B.G.B.

Original.

## DISAPPOINTED LOVE.

BY A LADY.

To a man the disappointment of love may occasion some bitter pangs. It wounds some feelings of tenderness; it blasts some prospects of felicity; but he is an active being; he can dissipate his thoughts in the whirl of varied occupation; or plunge into the tide of pleasure; or, if the scene of disappointment be too full of painful associations, he can change his abode at will, and taking as it were, the wings of the morning, can fly to the uttermost parts of the earth, and be at rest.

But woman’s is comparatively a fixed, a secluded, a meditative life. She is more than the companion of her own thoughts and feelings; and if they are turned to ministers of sorrow, where shall she look for consolation? Her lot is to be wooed and won, and if unhappy in her love, her heart is like some fortress that has been captured, abandoned, and left desolate.

## SECRETS OF ODD FELLOWSHIP.

A noted D. D. of great respectability, residing not more than thirty miles from Boston, being requested, soon after the institution of an Odd Fellows' Lodge in that place, to preach a sermon against secret societies, took, for his text, the words of our Saviour, found in the eighteenth chapter of St. John, and the twentieth verse: "I spake openly to the world; I ever taught in the synagogue, and in the temple whither the Jews always resort; and *in secret I have said nothing.*"

We never doubted the honesty of the above named D. D., for we always esteemed him candid in whatever he said; but we always regarded it a singular text upon which to preach against Odd Fellowship, though, perhaps, as good as any. But did Christ in this text mean to condemn all secret words and acts, either in individuals or associated bodies? Did he aim to rebuke any particular sect whose acts were secret? The context clearly shows that he had no reference to the acts or words of any other than himself, and these words, so choicely selected by the opponents of secret societies, were made in reply to a high-priest who asked him of his disciples and of his doctrine. Wondering that that functionary should ask such a question, when his whole ministrations had been public, his reply was natural—why do you now inquire of me, of my disciples and my doctrines, when we have labored to conceal nothing?

In the example and precepts of Christ, we find nothing to condemn Odd Fellowship. Though preaching was public, his acts were not always, especially his acts of benevolence. At the time of his transfiguration, when he would reveal the beauties and glory of the other world—the secrets of heaven—he took with him only three of his disciples, Peter, James, and John, to witness it. On another occasion, when about to perform an act of pure and disinterested benevolence—the raising of Jairus' daughter from the dead, he permitted no one to witness the act, save the father and mother of the maiden, and the three favored disciples alluded to above. Other examples might be cited if it were necessary, but these are sufficient for our present purpose. One word in reference to the teachings of Christ on this subject, and then we will leave it to those who love to cavil, and whose deep-rooted prejudices we are not vain enough to believe any argument we may offer will

uproot; and for whose special benefit we are not disposed to squander argument.

Speaking of prayer, Christ instructed his disciples—"But thou, when thou prayest, enter into thy closet, and when thou hast shut thy door, pray to thy Father *which is in secret*, and thy Father *which seeth in secret* shall reward thee openly."

In reference to alms-giving, he taught—"But when thou doest alms, let not thy left hand know what thy right hand doeth; that thine alms *may be in secret*, and thy Father which seeth in secret, himself shall reward thee openly."

When all other arguments against Odd Fellowship have failed, the objector presented this awful bugbear—It's a secret society, and therefore dangerous; and all wise and good men, such as Washington, Franklin, Lafayette, &c., have warned us to beware of secret combinations.

At this point several questions naturally present themselves for our consideration; and

1. Strictly speaking, what is a secret society?

2. Have not wise and good men adopted certain secret means to preserve life and property, and to do good?

3. If so, is it right to condemn all associations that adopt secret means of doing good?

4. Strictly speaking, is Odd Fellowship a secret institution? and if not, is it right to condemn it because it chooses to adopt certain secret means of operating.

5. Is it reasonable to conclude that Washington, in his farewell remarks—"Beware of secret combinations"—admonished his countrymen to beware of such institutions as the fraternity of Free Masons or Odd Fellows?

We shall endeavor to use as much brevity as possible in answering the above questions, as we do not deem a lengthy argument necessary or advisable. The first inquiry to which our attention is directed, is,

What is a secret society?

In all ages of the world, and in almost every nation, men have associated themselves together for political purposes or for plunder; and of the proceedings of such bodies but little or nothing has ever been known. The time, place and object of their meetings was, and still remains, a secret. It was in view of such associations, that a just prejudice sprung up in the minds of wise and good men against secret societies. Such associations may be strictly called secret. In our own country, about the time, or soon after the for-



mation of the Federal Government, such societies were supposed to have existed. During the whole, or nearly the whole of Washington's administration, there were similar cliques formed, secretly aiming to undermine the infant government; and of this fact Washington was not ignorant. In view of them these memorable words of his, which have so often been urged against Free Masonry and Odd Fellowship, and which we shall show conclusively, before we close, had no reference to either of these institutions—"Beware of secret combinations"—were uttered. In favor of such combinations we have not a word to offer, but would reiterate, beware! beware!

2. Have not wise and good men ever adopted secret means of preserving life and property?

There is scarcely any individual, or associated body of individuals, but what sometimes find it necessary to resort to secrecy in order to perfect their plans. Such has been the situation of the church. During religious persecution, in the early and later periods of the church, the persecuted parties have formed themselves into clans, and adopted secret signs and pass-words, by which to recognize each other. The church in her discipline at the present day, not unfrequently finds it necessary to transact her business in secret sessions; and, in our opinion, it would be infinitely better if she held more sessions in secret, especially in her labor with offending members.

Political parties hold secret sessions. Our national and state legislatures often find it necessary to transact business with closed doors. In war, armies are forced, in safety, to adopt secret signs and pass-words; and recently (in the trial of Dr. Webster) this principle of secrecy was carried into the halls of justice; and as far as the latter is concerned, it may prove a dangerous precedent. Yet none of these can be said to be secret institutions, as their principles and general proceedings are known to all. As we before stated, there is no association but what sometimes adopts secret means to effect their plans; and the right to do so, none dispute. Admitting, then, that wise and good men sometimes adopt secret plans for doing good, it would seem natural that all should answer the third inquiry by candidly admitting that it is not right to condemn any association that adopts a similar plan. But no. Odd Fellowship and Free Masonry; those great giant bugbears of secrecy, stand in the way. Government may act in secret, the church have secret sessions,

courts of justice, families and individuals, and colleges of learning, (and here we would not omit to state, that nearly all colleges have societies connected with them that hold secret meetings,) may be indulged with this privilege, while against Odd Fellowship and Free Masonry the voice of warning should be raised, because some things connected with these associations are secret. This leads us to inquire,

4. Strictly speaking, is Odd Fellowship a secret association?

We have already defined what we understand by a secret association. It is one of which nothing is known of its principles, its work, the character of its members, the time and place of its meetings, or the mode of its operation. Is Odd Fellowship such an institution? If so, it may be considered a secret combination, and hence worthy the censure of all good men.

As to the principles of Odd Fellowship, they are all published to the world; and if all are not familiar with them, it must be because they will not be informed. The time and place of meetings, and who constitute the members of Lodges, is as well known in communities where our Lodges work, by those who are not connected with the Lodges, as by those that are. Mark! all the fundamental principles of Odd Fellowship are published for all who desire to read. Can it then be said to be a secret society?

"But then you have secrets," says the objector. Don't you? And is it worse for ten men to hold a secret than for one? Every family has secrets. God instituted families; Odd Fellowship only associates several families into one, that they may discharge certain duties pertaining to the domestic circle more perfectly. To these duties we alluded in our last article. If it is right for one family to hold certain things secret, it is right for ten, or twenty, in an associated capacity. The operations of Odd Fellowship are not confined at home. A member belonging to a Lodge in New Orleans, if taken sick in Boston, has a right to demand the watch, care and sympathy of any Lodge in the latter place; and while sick, is entitled to his sick benefits to be paid over to him as he needs. How then, unless we adopt some check, are we to guard against imposition? By requiring certificates of membership, says one. Such certificates are easily forged; and hence Odd Fellows have chosen to adopt other safeguards; and all candid men, we believe, will admit that

the course is a judicious one. In this consists the secrets of Odd Fellowship; and none need to tremble for the safety of the country on account of them. We shall now briefly notice the last inquiry.

5. Is it reasonable to conclude that Washington, in his farewell address, when he said "Beware of secret combinations"—admonished his countrymen to beware of the institutions of Free Masonry or Odd Fellowship?

We have already stated that during the administration of Washington, there were secret combinations formed, that were dangerous to the interests of the country. To these, beyond a shade of doubt, he referred. For it must be remembered that Washington up to the time of his death, was a Free Mason, in good standing. And when that event occurred, Masons honored his funeral obsequies. Gen. Lafayette was an intimate friend of Washington; and he, too, was a Mason; and, but a short time previous to his death, assisted in the funeral obsequies of a distinguished Mason buried according to the ceremonies of that Order; and his own funeral was attended by Masons. No one ever considered these remarks of Washington as alluding to that institution, until years after his death. Washington, Franklin, Lafayette, and a host of others connected with the early struggles of our country for freedom, were Free Masons; and many of the best men of our country at the present time, men of principle, men of talents, men of church and state, are connected with one or both of these secret institutions, so dangerous to the liberties of our country.

— *Boston Odd Fellow.*

**INDUSTRY.**—Every young man should remember that the world always has and always will honor and respect industry. The vulgar and useless idler whose energies of mind and body are rusting for the want of exercise, the mistaken being who pursues amusements, as relief to his enervated muscles, or engages in exercises that produce no useful end, may look with scorn on the laborer engaged in his toil; but his scorn is praise; his contempt is an honor. Honest industry will secure the respect of the wise and good among men, and yield the rich fruit of an easy conscience, and give that hearty self-respect which is above all price. Toil on, then, young men. Be diligent in business. Improve the heart and mind, and you will find 'the well spring of enjoyments in your own souls,' and secure the confidence of those which is worth an effort to obtain.

Original.

# POETRY.

BY MRS. B. G. BUSHNELL.

There's poetry in every line  
Of nature's volume found;  
The sentiment is one divine,  
It decks the earth around.

There's poetry in blissful tones,  
In spires of grass that grow;  
Likewise in tropics and in zones,  
And all that dwell below.

There's poetry in daisy's wild,  
In pinks and roses bloom;  
And oft it does the heart beguile,  
And dissipates our gloom.

There's poetry in art and skill,  
That shows a power divine;  
It actuates the human will,  
And there its glories shine.

There's poetry in ocean's wave,  
The scene majestic rolls;  
It can destroy, and it can save,  
Its trust with human souls.

There's poetry in Friendship,  
That little guardian knot;  
It binds two hearts together,  
Its bonds are severed not.

There's poetry in Love;  
How pure the bliss it yields;  
It seeks its kindred rest above,  
All fears and doubts it shields.

There's poetry in Truth;  
Its worth can ne'er be told;  
A germ to age, a crown to youth,  
More value than pure gold.

There's poetry in sleep and death,  
Without a thought or will;  
It calms the restless spirit and  
Gives words like "Peace be still."

**THINK.**—Thought engenders thought. Place one idea on paper—another will follow it, and still another until you have written a page. You cannot fathom your mind. There is a well of thought there which has no bottom. The more you draw from it, the more clear and fruitful it will be. If you neglect to think yourself, and use other people's thoughts, you will never know what you are capable of. At first your ideas may come out in lumps—homely and shapeless—but no matter, time and perseverance will arrange and polish them. Learn to think, and you will learn to write—the more you think, the better will you express your ideas.

## TRUTH.

Why is truth made the corollary of the motto of our Order? Because truth is the basis of practical goodness; without it all virtues are mere representations wanting the reality; and having no foundation, they quickly prove their evanescent nature, and disappear as 'the morning dew.'

Whatever brilliant abilities we may possess, if the dark spot of falsehood exist in our hearts, it defaces their splendor and destroys their efficacy. If truth be not our guiding spirit, we shall stumble upon the 'dark mountains,' the clouds of error will surround us, and we shall wander in a labyrinth, the intricacy of which will increase as we proceed in it. No art can unravel the web that falsehood weaves, which is more tangled than the knot of the Phrygian king.

Falsehood is ever fearful, and shrinks beneath the steadfast, piercing eye of truth. It is ever restless in racking the invention to form some fresh subterfuge to escape detection. Its atmosphere is darkness and mystery; it lures but to betray, and leads its followers into the depths of misery.

Truth is the spirit of light and beauty, and seeks no disguise; its noble features are always unveiled, and shed a radiance upon every object within their influence. It is robed in spotless white, and, conscious of its purity, is fearless and undaunted; it never fails its votaries, but conducts them through evil report and good report, without spot or blemish; it breathes of heaven and happiness, and is ever in harmony with the Great Center.

The consciousness of truth nerves the timid and imparts dignity and firmness to their actions. It is an internal principle of honor which renders the possessor superior to fear; it is always consistent with itself, and needs no ally. Its influence will remain when the 'lustre of all that once sparkled and dazzled has passed away.'

Deceit and chicanery are mean and contemptible. The double-minded are 'unstable in their ways,' and generally fail in attaining their wishes; while those who cultivate singleness of heart and aid aim, with sincerity of feeling and purpose, have energy for an attribute, and success a frequent reward.

There is no pleasure comparable to the standing upon this vantage ground of truth—a hill not to be commanded, and where the air is always clear and serene. Certainly it is heaven upon earth to have the mind moving

in charity, resting in Providence, and turning upon the poles of truth.

The Athenians were remarkable for their reverence of this noble virtue. Euripides introduced a person in a play who, on reference being made to an oath he had taken, said, 'I swore with my mouth, but not with my heart.' The perfidy of this sentiment highly incensed the audience, and induced Socrates, who was the bosom friend of the great tragic poet, to quit the theatre. Euripides was publicly accused and tried as one guilty of breaking the most sacred bond of society.

Montaigne says, 'If a man lieth, he is brave toward God and a coward toward men; for a lie faces God, and shrinks from man.'

There is nothing more beautiful than a character in which there is no guile. Many who would be shocked at an actual breach of truth, are yet much wanting in sincerity of manner or conversation; this is a species of deceit that cannot be too strictly guarded against.

Unswerving truth should be the guide of youth. It is not sufficient to *speak* the truth, but our whole conduct to them should be sincere, upright, and without artifice. Children easily discern between truth and deceit, and if once they detect the latter in those to whose charge they are committed, confidence is forever banished, and on the first opportunity the same baneful duplicity which they have observed in others will be practiced by them. Childhood catches and reflects everything around it, and an untruth told by one to whom it is accustomed to look with deference, may act upon the young heart like a careless spray of water thrown on polished steel, staining with rust which no after efforts can efface.'

Truth is the basis of love; where we cannot trust, we cannot love. Wherever falsehood exists, it destroys happiness, paralyzes energy, and debases the mind; no superiority of intellect can long associate with this fearful vice.

The study of truth is perpetually joined with the love of virtue; for there is no virtue which derives not its origin from truth; as, on the contrary, there is no vice which has not its beginning in a lie. Truth is the foundation of all knowledge, and the cement of all societies.

Much of what a man tells you in the hour of affliction, in sudden anger, or in the outpouring of the heart, should be secret. In his craving for sympathy, he has spoken to you as to his own soul.

## SICK BENEFITS.

One of the most interesting features of Odd Fellowship, is the benefits paid to the sick. To visit the sick, to bury the dead, and to provide for the widow and orphan of a deceased brother, is a command (as well as a duty,) enjoined upon every one that enters our sacred enclosure; and it is no trifling privilege to feel assured that in case of pressing need, our wants are provided for, or if prostrated on beds of sickness, that we shall be surrounded by kind friends, those with whom, in health, we have intermingled in the social and endearing ties of brotherhood—those who will sympathise with us in our distress, and sit by us during the tedious hours of midnight, anxious to do all in their power for our comfort, and for the comfort of our families. This, we repeat, is a privilege that few know so well how to appreciate as Odd Fellows.

In order to enjoy this privilege, we fear not a few have proposed themselves as candidates for our Order. The motive, as far as it goes, is a good one, and ought not to be disregarded. But if this is the only motive, let the day be far distant when they shall gain access to our ranks. That individual who is governed by no other motive, can never be in spirit a true Odd Fellow—and if he is received, will abide by the principles of Odd Fellowship, no farther than his own selfish aims are answered. But while we repudiate the conduct of such a one, we cannot find language too strong to use in warning our brethren to *beware of covetousness*—a disposition to hoard up funds for the sake of funds—refusing relief to those who have a right to demand relief. Every brother who joins this institution has a right to expect the benefits; and every Lodge is bound by the strongest bond that can be made, to pay them so long as they have funds; and any Lodge failing to abide by their by-laws in this respect, or that should alter them so as to reduce the amount of their benefits to a mere nominal sum, is deserving of just censure. The benefits should be invariably paid, we repeat, and wish it were impressed upon the heart of every brother, so long as there are funds; and should the treasury become entirely exhausted, and cases of actual suffering awaken sympathy or call for relief, let your hearts reach into your pockets, and by private donations or assessments, make up a sum sufficient to meet the exigencies of the case. This, in our opinion, is the true spirit of Odd Fellowship—and what, we believe,

nine-tenths of all the Lodges in this country practice; though, probably, they are not often called upon for assessments.

We may entertain opinions somewhat different from some of our brethren on this subject. Brethren have a right to expect benefits, not as an act of charity, but as a right for which they have paid. But some Lodges in their infancy, sometimes have an unusual share of sickness, and the burden resting upon the few, bears heavily; and not unfrequently some whose covetous souls are shut up in the narrow confines of a nut shell, grumble if their demands are not answered at the spur of the moment. For shame on such! No institution as a body, are more prompt in carrying out their principles and professions than Odd Fellows. Independent of the sick benefits, there are other benefits to be derived that more than counterbalance the cost. As we have stood at the bed of a sick brother, and have seen the anxious wife relieved of the care of securing a suitable nurse, or of canvassing the village or city every day to provide watchers for the night, and have witnessed the many little tokens of kindness that have been bestowed upon the sick man; and as the flickering taper of life burned dimly in its socket, have seen the couch of the dying surrounded by his brethren, rendering the last offices of affection to one of their number, and when life had become extinct, as we have stood at the grave of the departed, and listened to the solemn and affecting rites of burial, we have thought that Odd Fellowship had its charms independent of dollars and cents—and so has many a one not connected with this institution.—*Boston Odd Fellow.*

THE TRUE STRUGGLE.—Oh! ye gifted ones, follow your calling; for, however various your talents may be, you can have but one calling capable of leading you to eminence and renown; follow resolutely the one straight path before you—it is that of your good angel; let neither obstacles nor temptations induce you to leave it; bound along, if you can; if not, on hands and knees follow it! perish in it, if needful—but ye need not fear that; no one ever yet died in the true path of his calling, before he had attained its pinnacle. Turn into other paths, and for a momentary advantage or gratification, you have sold your inheritance, your immortality. You will never be heard of after death. Onward! Struggle in the true path, and victory will ever follow you.

## RE-UNION IN NEW YORK.

We noticed in our last number that a movement was on foot, looking towards a re union of the Order in the State of New York. Since then, we notice in the Banner of the Union, a statement that the Grand Lodge of Southern New York indefinitely postponed the resolutions of one of her subordinates on that subject. This, the Banner states, was not at a regular session, and the action, thus far, has only been preliminary. At the regular session in October, this question will be brought up and disposed of in some definite way. The friends of re-union will move that a committee be appointed by the Grand Lodge of Southern New York, to consult with a like committee on the part of the Grand Lodge of Northern New York, and report if they shall be able to agree upon some plan of re-union.

The Banner has the following remarks relative to the existing state of things in New York :

Orion Lodge, New York City, acting under the jurisdiction of the Grand Lodge of Southern New York, have recently been quite active in their endeavors to re-unite the Order in the State of New York. Many of the Lodges in that city, have instructed their representatives in the Grand Lodge of Southern New York, to vote for all measures which have a tendency to bring about the union of the Order.

We verily believe that if a vote should be taken by the mass of the Order, in that State, that three votes out of every four would be for re-union.

To us no stronger reason can be urged why why such a re-union should take place, than that they separated because of a controversy, and in consequence of feelings which were not generated by the teachings of our Order, and which would not have arisen had the brethren been true to the principles of Friendship, Love and Truth.

The palmy days of the Order will be gone, gone forever, when divisions are among us—a house divided against itself cannot stand, and when we war against our brethren, we war against ourselves. The Order in New York has been divided, and we now see in that State two Grand Lodges exercising jurisdiction—two pass-words. The members of

one division are not admitted into Lodges under the other jurisdiction, even though the Lodge rooms be but one hundred yards distant from each other, without going through the same rigid examination that strangers do. They are, indeed, strangers to the halls of their youth, and 'aliens to their mother's children.' Before the separation, members from the interior could visit the city Lodges, when in town, but now are constrained to stay away, and there is a rivalry and animosity among the different parties disgraceful to the Order. We have nothing to do with the origin of these difficulties, or the cause of this separation; for not until they both conclude to dwell together in unity, to meet together as a band of brothers, to bear and forbear, to meet in a spirit of charity, have we a right to expect or hope for a union in the Order. When they thus meet, we believe that the real difference will prove to be imaginary, and that, instead of spending their time, energies and money, in fruitless controversies among themselves, they will set about doing the 'work' which they have taken upon themselves to do, to visit the sick, relieve the suffering, bury the dead, educate the orphan. *These* are the objects and purposes of the Order, and that brother who imagines that the Lodge is an excellent lyceum, or an arena in which he intends to triumph, or when he imagines the Order an excellent field in which he may gratify his ambition, mistakes the obligations he has assumed. We often hear many persons express honest doubts about the stability of our Order, and differences, dissensions and separations among ourselves, only serve to strengthen that opinion with those who are not Odd Fellows.

We are among those that believe Odd Fellowship will remain as eternal as the everlasting hills; so long as men, 'in the image of God,' exist, so long will Odd Fellowship exist; so long as Friendship, Love and Truth are endearing to men, so long shall our Order hold sway; but our Order is not the perfection of human organization, and each year's experience, and each year's progress of the world, will suggest some improvement in its organization, and the mode of its administration of those heavenly virtues of benevolence and charity. Signs and grips do not make an Odd Fellow, neither do large and expensive Halls advance our principles, these are the mere paraphernalia of the Order, to be made or changed as circumstances may require; but the sign of an Odd Fellow is he whose soul is filled with charity, not that charity which rests

satisfied with giving five dollars per week to a sick and distressed brother, for we may 'give all our goods to the poor, and our bodies to be burned, and not have Charity—Charity suffereth long, and is kind, envieth not, is not easily provoked, is not puffed up, doth not behave itself unseemly.' He who is a true Odd Fellow creates no divisions, neither does he cause envyings or strifes; he is a bond of union to the brotherhood, the messenger of heaven to earth; when such men meet in the Lodge room, or wear the regalia, it is they that consecrate the one, and sanctify the other; they derive no virtue themselves therefrom, and that 'pretended Odd Fellow,' who knows our grips and signs, who enters the Lodge room, and wears the regalia, and fancies that thereby he is deserving of respect and sympathy from the brotherhood, is but little better than the uninitiate, he has yet to learn that the only enduring bond of union, is—

'When heart answers unto heart,'

and soul and feeling all unite to 'do good unto all men.'

There are those who have entered our Order who adhere to all its forms and ceremonies with a superstitious reverence, who use all their endeavors and eloquence to keep them 'inviolate and unchanged,' who hate all 'innovations,' who do all the 'by-laws' require, and no more; these are they who are paying their adorations to 'the empty urn, while they suffer the precious perfume, which it had contained, to escape.'

Brothers, it is in vain that we labor for the union of all nations and kindreds and tongues, as long as we are dis-united ourselves. It has been said by one of old, 'mark them that cause divisions among you, and avoid them,' so let us do, and commence at once to bury up our past differences, and pledge ourselves to remain true and faithful to each other, and to the principles of Friendship, Love and Truth, and then we shall remain one; even in death we shall not be divided.

The velvet moss will grow on the sterile rock—the misletoe flourishes on the naked branches—the ivy clings to the mouldering ruins—the pine and cedar remain fresh and fadeless amid the mutations of the receding year; and, Heaven be praised! something green, something beautiful to see, and grateful to the soul, will, in the darkest hour of fate, still twine in tendrils around the crumbling altars and broken arches of the human heart.

## WHY I JOINED THE ODD FELLOWS.

A brother writes to us from Carrollton, Illinois, explaining why he joined the Odd Fellows, in the following manner:

I have often had the question put to me, why did you join the Odd Fellows? My answer was, in the first place, the perusal of their constitution and by-laws led me to believe their object was to do good; and I thought if I could be of any service in a good cause I would lend all my influence. After I was initiated, I found I was not mistaken when I thought them united for a good purpose.

The principles of benevolence and charity are truly christian principles; and these being characteristic of the Order, why should men that profess christianity oppose it, and its members? The principles of Friendship, Love, and Truth, are such as were taught by the Son of God. We are informed in Holy Writ that love is the fulfilling of the law, and that love worketh no ill to his neighbor. Truth is an essential principle among Odd Fellows. Truth is ennobling. The man of truth has in possession a sweet peace of mind, to which a man of falsehood is stranger. Friendship—without it what would be the state of society? Man could not look on his fellow man but with suspicion and hatred; thence would arise all those passions of a devilish and detestable nature. If, by association, the moral principles of Friendship, Love and Truth, can be engrafted in minds and hearts of men, there will be much good done. The relief the Order extends to the widow and the orphan, is a God-like principle, and will surely meet the approbation of all good men. What, then, can be raised as objections to the Order? Surely no one will object on account of our manner of recognition, for it can effect them in no manner whatever.

BEAUTY.—Let us see a female possessing the beauty of a meek and modest deportment—of an eye that bespeaks purity and intelligence within—of lips that speak no guile; let us see her in a kind, benevolent disposition, a heart that sympathises with distress, and we will never ask for beauty that dwells in ruby lips, or snowy hands, or the forty other etceteras upon which our poets have harped for so many ages. These fade when touched by the hand of time; but the ever-enduring qualities of the heart shall outlive the reign of these, and grow brighter and fresher as the ages of eternity roll away.

# The Ark.

ALEX. E. GLENN, Editor.

## THE ARK FOR 1852.

The ninth volume of *The Ark* will commence with January, 1852. We find the cash system to work so well, that we shall continue our determination to demand advance payment. It is best for both subscriber and publisher, and we give this early notice that all who wish to continue *The Ark*—(and we expect *all* our good paying subscribers to continue)—may know our determination in time. We have nothing to say in regard to the future, only that our best endeavors shall be used to make *The Ark* worthy of the patronage of Odd Fellows. We desire brothers to examine our magazine, and decide for themselves as to its merits.

## PREMIUMS.

We do not wish our brothers who often kindly consent to act as local agents, to labor for nothing; and as an inducement for them to obtain subscribers, and as a small compensation for their labor, we offer the following premiums:

To the brother who will send us the largest number of subscribers for volume 9, we will present an elegant Past Grand's or Encampment Regalia, worth \$25.00, or other Regalia, to the amount of \$25.00, as the brother may designate.

To the brother who will send us the second largest list of subscribers for volume 9, we will present a Regalia, such as he may designate, worth fifteen dollars.

To every brother who will send us twenty-five subscribers for volume 9, we will present a copy of the Odd Fellow's Offering for 1852. This volume is spoken of as the most splendid of any number yet issued, and makes a beautiful present. The retail price is \$2.50.

To every brother who will send us nine subscribers, we will send a copy of *The Ark* for 1852.

To any brother sending us five subscribers, we will send a copy of the Digest of the Laws of the Grand Lodge of the United States.

The price of *The Ark* is one dollar per annum, and in every case the cash must accompany the subscription. The lists must be sent in by the first of January, or mailed to us by that day.

## VISITOR'S REGISTER.

The General Laws of the Order in Ohio, (page 72,) provide that "members of other Lodges visiting, shall be required to register their names, and the name and number of the Lodge to which they respectively belong, in a register in the ante-chamber, before entering the Lodge."

So that each Lodge must provide itself with a *Visitor's Register*. To accommodate Lodges we have procured a neat and substantial book, with printed heads, properly ruled, which we will furnish Lodges, with the name and No. of the Lodge on the back. The price is two dollars.

The Register will also answer for Lodges in other States. We will be much pleased to receive orders for the book.

## CELEBRATION AT DAYTON.

The Lodges in the city of Dayton are making preparations for a procession and address on Tuesday, the 28th of October, when an Odd Fellow's welcome will be extended to all who may be present. The increased facilities for reaching Dayton will, it is hoped, induce a large number to attend.

Rev. Bro. ISAAC N. WALTER, of Springfield, will deliver the address.

**SIX MONTHS' TERM.**—Resolutions have been adopted by the G.L. of Southern New York, "that the six months term is injurious to the Order at large, and the Order is languishing in consequence thereof;" and instructing their Representatives to the G.L.U.S. "to bring the subject before that body, and advocate the necessity of the restoration of the three months term." It will be news to most Odd Fellows, that the six months term is injurious to the Order at large; and that the Order is *languishing* in consequence thereof. The *languishing* must be confined to the jurisdiction of Southern New York.

## HOW TO OBTAIN A CHARTER.

As numerous inquiries are made of us in regard to the manner of proceeding to obtain a Charter for a subordinate Lodge in this State, we have concluded to make a brief statement of the proper mode of proceeding, for the benefit of those who may desire to apply for a Charter.

Charters for subordinate Lodges in Ohio can only be granted by the Grand Lodge, when in session. The Grand officers have no power to grant warrants or dispensations to open Lodges.

A petition must be presented to the Grand Lodge, signed by at least five members of the Order in good standing, and must be accompanied by the Charter fee, which is twenty dollars. The granting of the Charter must also be recommended by the Past Grands of the District in which the proposed Lodge is to be located. When the petition is signed, application should be made to the District Deputy Grand Master, to call a meeting of the Past Grands, to consider the subject of recommending the petition.

It is not required that the petitioners should be Degree members. They may be merely initiatory members. It would be well, however, if some of the petitioners were expert in the Degrees, as in that case they would be at once qualified to fill the elective offices, and to confer the Degrees in the new Lodge.

The Charter fee is paid by the petitioners, and refunded to them out of the treasury after the Lodge is instituted.

It is well to obtain more than five names to the petition, if it can be done; but five is all that is required. When a Lodge is to be instituted, *five* petitioners *must* be present *in person*, with their final cards and the A. T. P. W. of the year in which their cards were granted, (if the cards have not been forwarded to the Grand Master, or Grand Secretary;) and a Lodge cannot be instituted unless five of the petitioners are present.

The following will answer for a form of petition for a Charter:

*To the R. W. Gr. Lodge of Ohio, I. O. O. F.*

The undersigned, members of the Order in

good standing, respectfully represent to your Right Worthy body, that in their opinion the interests of the Order would be advanced by establishing a subordinate Lodge at —, in the county of —. They, therefore, pray that a Charter may be granted to them for a subordinate Lodge, to be located at said place, to be called — Lodge, No. —.

Respectfully submitted in F., L. & T.,  
Dated at — this — day of —, 1851.

When a Charter is granted, it is the duty of the Grand Secretary to notify the petitioners as soon as practicable; and they will then correspond with the Grand Master on the subject of instituting the Lodge.

CELEBRATION.—The Cincinnati Commercial says that the Odd Fellow's celebration at Sharonville, in Hamilton county, on the 3d of September, was an affair in which all who participated derived much enjoyment. The exercises consisted of prayer, followed by the singing of odes, and an address, eloquent and appropriate, delivered by the REV. HENRY JEWELL. The entire crowd present numbered some two thousand persons, of whom about one-fourth were Odd Fellows. Refreshment tables were laid in the woods, and good things in abundance were provided. The taverns in the neighborhood were also thronged with guests. A large number of ladies joined in the procession.

NEW ENCAMPMENT.—Delaware Encampment, No. 52, was instituted at Delaware, Delaware county, Ohio, on the 29th of August, by P.C.P. William R. Tabor, special deputy, of Columbus. There was a good attendance of Patriarchs from Columbus and Marion, who rendered effective aid. Several brothers were initiated, and four were exalted to the Royal Purple degree. The petitioners were all excellent Odd Fellows, and we are very sure the Encampment at Delaware will be as good a one as can be found in this jurisdiction. The Lodge at Delaware has the right material. The officers are James A. Burnham, CP; Samuel A. Cherry, HP; C. F. Bradley, SW; John Convers, JW; William Jones, Scribe; H. W. Chamberlain, Treas'r; C. Masters, Sentinel.



## EDUCATION OF ORPHANS.

BRO. GLENN — In the report of the Grand Secretary of the Grand Lodge of Ohio, for the year ending June 30th, 1851, to the G.L. U.S., I see that but \$87,71 has been paid out "for the education of Orphans." I have long thought that the Order in Ohio was doing nothing, comparatively, for the education of the orphans; but I was really surprised at the figures presented in the report referred to. Now, why cannot something be done in this matter, creditable to us as a benevolent Order, and unthought of benefit to many orphans growing up in ignorance.

It appears by the report that the revenue of the past year was \$86,405 46 and the total amount paid for relief \$27,314 98. I am aware that other expenses of the Grand Lodge of Ohio would considerably reduce the surplus shown by the above figures, yet I am well convinced that it is within the power of the Order in Ohio to establish and keep up a school, second to none in the State, for the purpose of educating orphans of deceased Odd Fellows, and children of many who are unable to incur the expense of a good common education, who are good members of our Order.

I feel myself poorly qualified to make suggestions of a plan by which such a school could be gotten up and sustained, and therefore merely call attention to it, that you, or some other wiser head than mine, may take hold of the matter, and be the means of having *something done*. F.

Troy, Ohio.

We insert the foregoing communication with pleasure, for the purpose of having attention called to the subject. We should be rejoiced to see measures taken for the formation of an Odd Fellow's orphan school, or asylum, connected with a "widow's home," or both institutions separately. We are sure that the cause of nothing having as yet been done towards an orphan's school, is the fact that there is, as yet, scarcely a necessity for it. We have but few orphan children, considering the number of Odd Fellows; and our State system of common schools provides for the education of all. The Lodges of Columbus

number about four hundred members; and there are no orphans dependent upon either of them, but are well provided for at the common schools. We presume this is the case throughout the State. Yet, we hope to see a higher school, or schools, exclusively controlled by the Order, under the direction of the Grand Lodge. It is a legitimate subject for legislation by that body; and we believe it would be well to take measures immediately, looking towards the creation of a fund to establish an Orphan's Institute; so that in a few years such a school shall be founded as will redound to the credit of the Order.

We thank Bro. F. for calling attention to this subject; and we would be much pleased to publish the suggestions or opinions of brothers in regard to it.

## RE-UNION IN NEW YORK.

Our respected brother Wallace, of the Mirror of the Times, speaking of the action of the G.L. of N.N.Y. on the subject of the re-union of the Order, says—"That matter is fixed. Let it rest in peace. This is the desire of all who are most knowing to what is best for the future well-being of all. We hope that those in other jurisdictions who write contrary to this, will allow our jurisdiction to know their own business best." Now, so far as we have written, we beg to say, that we do not regard the question of re-union in New York as a mere local matter—not at all. It is a national question now, as the division certainly was a national question. We have ever regarded the division in New York as unwise, as a dangerous precedent, and never could have had our vote. But, we yielded to it as the best thing that could be done; yet we have ever entertained the secret hope that the Order in that great State would some day again unite in one jurisdiction, and live and dwell together in unity.

Why, Bro. Wallace, no sooner was New York divided than we had brothers in Ohio who openly talked of a division in our State! The precedent was established; and because a removal of our G.L. was desired, a division was talked of, following the example in New

York; and here the party seceding would have been the opposite to the party now known as the G.L. of Northern N. Y! So we say, and claim, that the re-union in New York is a national question, and when we write in favor of it, we do not interfere in a local matter. It is a matter in which the entire Order under the jurisdiction of the G.L.U.S. is interested. There is no *necessity* for two Grand Lodges in any State. That is our judgment, in short.

Can it be possible, as the Golden Rule declares, that the "honors of the Grand officers must ever remain the greatest obstacle to re-union?" Truly, this is a "strange declaration" to make! It will at once be well understood. It is a hapless declaration, it seems to us, in connection with the action of the G. L. of S. N. Y. in favor of a return to the three months term. We know that the *honors* of the subordinate Lodge offices has had much to do in desiring a return to the three months term—and in this assertion we will be understood.

We cannot say more at present, than to protest against any insinuation that the New York trouble is a matter confined alone to that State. We may resume the subject.

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ANOTHER FIRE BRAND!—Bro. Drake, of the Portsmouth Tribune and Clipper, publishes the names of the officers of the Grand Encampment of Ohio, recently elected, and says "Cincinnati is well represented." Bro. D. certainly did not have the fear of certain distinguished personages in that locality before his eyes, or he would not have made such a remark. It was two years ago, we believe, that we announced in the *The Ark* the officers elect of the same body, with the remark that "all, save one, reside in Cincinnati." It was done with no other view than to avoid repeating the word Cincinnati; yet it was viewed by some as a slur—as a very offensive remark, intended as a *strike* at Cincinnati! So very *sensitive* are some persons who *never* do a wrong!

But, Bro. Drake, it was not the fault of Cincinnati, particularly, that all the Grand Encampment officers, save one, reside there.

Cincinnati, it is true, gives a large vote; perhaps, nearly, if not quite, one-third of the whole number given; and they have the faculty of concentrating their vote upon one candidate. With but few exceptions, they pull together, while the country has several candidates, and by dividing the vote upon them they lose all—and it is very likely it always will be so, for the city always has, and always will pull together; or the vote in the main will be for the city candidate. We judge from the past.

We make no complaint of this matter. Every one has a right to vote as he pleases. We always do so, and want others to do the same. But we may speak of the inconsistency of persons when it is so glaring that all must see it. For instance: a code of laws is reported to the Grand Lodge by a Cincinnati P.G., and adopted by the G.L.—it is so obnoxious to the city Lodges that they repudiate it, and cast it aside, and say hard things of its author—an appeal is taken to the G.L.U.S., on the grounds that this code of laws interferes with rights guaranteed to the subordinate Lodges—the P.G. who drafted the code of laws is a candidate for Representative to the G.L.U.S. from the Grand Encampment of Ohio—the very men who denounce his code of laws, vote to send him to the G.L.U.S., where he will sustain his laws, and oppose the appeal! That's all! He was the only candidate residing in the city!

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CALIFORNIA.—Odd Fellowship is flourishing in this new State. We find in a newspaper from that region a notice that San Francisco Lodge, No. 3, was instituted on the 3d of July, by acting D.D. Grand Sire James Smiley, and the following brothers installed as officers: Dr. Jesse Boring, NG; Philo White, VG; J. Joseph, Sec'y; Edwin Hudson, Treas'r. Success to the Order on the Pacific coast.

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ADELPHI LODGE, No. 114.—We are prospering finely in our Lodge. It has existed three years, and numbers about 45 members, good and true. So far we have no expulsions, suspensions, or deaths. R.P.

## REGALIA PRESENTATION.

At the stated meeting of Magnolia Lodge, No. 83, of Cincinnati, on the 18th of August, a very interesting ceremony took place in the presentation of a splendid Regalia and Jewel to Grand Representative Wm. CHIDSEY. The Regalia was the gift of members of Magnolia Lodge, and one suitable to his position as Representative to the G.L.U.S. The ceremony took place in the hall of the Lodge, and the presentation was made by P.G. John Gould, in the following address :

BRO. WILLIAM CHIDSEY — Your brothers of Magnolia Lodge have heard with pleasure the announcement of your election as Grand Representative in the Grand Lodge of the United States from the Grand Lodge of Ohio.

Your zeal for the advancement of our Order, your knowledge of its wants, and, permit me to say, your capability to fulfil the high trust confided to you, gives us the fullest guarantee that the interests of the Order at large will have your best endeavors for their promotion.

As a slight testimonial of your standing amongst us, and of the personal regard of your brothers for one who, at all times, has worthily proved himself to be entitled to the name of a "good and true Odd Fellow," I have been requested, in their name, to present to you this Regalia, which I most cheerfully do.

May the heart that will throb beneath it always remain true to its impulses, then the good of the Order will be its chiefest aim, and the thoughts which accompany duties well performed, will give you pleasant reminiscences to cheer you in life's onward path.

BRO. CHIDSEY, to this unexpected complimentary address, briefly responded in substance as follows :

BROTHERS — The unexpected honor of this presentation fills me with gratitude. To know and feel that my humble efforts to advance the prosperity of our beloved Order, meets with the approval of the brothers of Magnolia Lodge — those with whom I have been for so long a time, and am now associated — fills my soul with inexpressible emotion. The repeated assurances which I have received from my brothers in the Order, that my conduct as an Odd Fellow was approved, prompts me to renewed efforts to advance the interests of that Order which has for its objects the increase of Friendship, Love and Truth, the union with

these bonds of the whole brotherhood of man. Accept my thanks for this beautiful regalia and accompanying insignia ; and whenever or wherever worn, it will remind me of my duty as an Odd Fellow, and of the high esteem of the brothers of Magnolia Lodge.

The Regalia is of the richest kind, and was accompanied with a gold medal of the usual size, upon which was inscribed "Presented to Wm. Chidsey, M.W.G.P. and G. Rep. to G.L.U.S., by brothers of Magnolia Lodge, No. 83, I. O. O. F."

The emblems on the medal were the All-Seeing Eye ; above the centre was a Magnolia, below the three links ; on the right of the Magnolia, was the bow and arrows, and on the left two crooks.

It must certainly be highly gratifying to Bro. Chidsey, to know that his labors are appreciated. None are more deserving of honor in the Order. His time and talents are occupied in the promotion of its interests, and the frequent honors conferred, fail to compensate him as he deserves. But the assurance of his own heart that he serves a good cause, and that he labors not in vain, to him, as to any good philanthropist, is a sufficient compensation for his endeavors to promote the cause of Friendship, Love and Truth. J.P.S.

INDIANA.—The proceedings of the annual session of the G.L. of this State, held in July, have been received. We are pleased to notice a decided improvement in the printing of this document, compared with previous years. The proceedings show that a large amount of business was transacted. We observe that in this body, as well as in most Grand Lodges, a great many questions are submitted, answers for which could be found in the Digest. We have noticed in the proceedings of a Grand Lodge, that all such questions must be asked by a subordinate Lodge.

The Order in Indiana is rapidly increasing, the jurisdiction now numbering 93 Lodges. We cannot give the membership, as it is not footed up. We had the pleasure of a visit from Grand Rep. MEREDITH, of that State, on his way to the G.L.U.S., and he assures us Odd Fellowship is very prosperous in his State : the Lodges and membership rapidly increasing, and the utmost harmony prevailing.

## OHIO.

We have received the printed proceedings of the Grand Encampment of Ohio, at its several sessions during the present year. The proceedings of themselves do not occupy much space, there being very little business, as a general thing, transacted in that body.

We number now 51 subordinate Encampments in the State, and a membership of 2,170, so far as reported. We notice that eleven Encampments have not reported, apart from seven others, from whom no report was due. Two—Nos. 30 and 39—are set down as never having made any report. These things show that there is something wrong. We are quite sure that it is a want of interest in the Encampments. No. 15, has ceased to exist, having illegally dissolved itself, and its effects being reclaimed by the Grand Encampment. We can earnestly hope that so long as Encampments exist, an interest could be infused into the members that would induce them to attend to it as faithfully as to the subordinate Lodges. But we fear this will never be.

At the last July session, various amendments were proposed to the Constitution, and that instrument, as proposed to be amended, is printed in the proceedings. Some of these amendments are very desirable. The one limiting the number of sessions to two; giving the Grand officers power to grant dispensations for new Encampments, during the recess of the Grand body; requiring H. Priests to pass the chair of Chief Patriarch before he is eligible for membership to the Grand body; requiring D.D. Grand Patriarchs to attend the first meeting of the Grand Encampment after his appointment, are amendments we hope to see adopted. There is another amendment proposed that looks somewhat singular. It is this: requiring the Grand Scribe to preserve all documents, books and papers of the Grand Encampment at the place where it may hold its meetings. Now, to us this appears *selfish*. Under this provision, which will doubtless be adopted, the Grand Scribe *must* reside in Cincinnati. But we know many are desirous of seeing the seat of the Grand Encampment removed, and urge that it should follow the

Grand Lodge. If this should take place, we are not so *selfish* as to require the Grand Scribe to reside in Columbus, and will go for striking out any such provision, that all who are eligible, may have a chance to fill the office, no matter where they may reside.

We cannot see the necessity of occupying seven pages with the names of the members of the Grand Encampment, especially when the list is so entirely incorrect.

NEW YORK.—The Grand Lodge of Northern New York met in annual session at Rochester, August 19th. There was a very large attendance of Representatives, and a vast amount of business disposed of. The Order is reported to be in a high degree of prosperity. The jurisdiction has now 405 Lodges—49 having been instituted the past year. The progress of the Order has far exceeded all anticipations, while every circumstance points to a still more enduring prosperity. On the subject of re-union, it was decided to be best to remain two separate and distinct Grand bodies. A resolution to instruct the Grand Representatives to the G.L.U.S., to bring the subject of the six months term before that body, was lost. The Grand officers are Dexter Gilmore of Utica, GM; Volney Green of Syracuse, DGM; A. G. C. Cochrane of Buffalo, GW; W. H. H. Prall of New York, GS; A. M. Smith of Otsego, GT; Edward C. Dibble, of Batavia, and Daniel P. Barnard of Brooklyn, Grand Representatives.

We gleaned the foregoing from the Rule and Mirror.

VIRGINIA.—The Lodge at Christiansburg, Montgomery county, was instituted on the 9th of August, 1850, and now numbers upwards of thirty members, and of materials the very best. Odd Fellowship must flourish in a community of the character of that, particularly when the membership of the Order is so good. They have been in no hurry to add to their numbers, preferring rather to move slowly and cautiously, and build of good, substantial material, than to gather into the ark all kinds of heterogeneous animals that are neither profitable to themselves nor any body else. G.R.B.

KENTUCKY.—We have received from our attentive friend and brother, P.G.M. Fonda, the proceedings of the annual session of the Grand Lodge of Kentucky, held in July. The Grand Master assures the G.L. of the healthfulness and steady increase of the Order. The total number of subordinate Lodges is eighty—membership 3,862. The net increase the past year is 524. Revenue of the past year \$34,483. Total amount of widow's and orphan's fund \$23,521. The Grand Master calls the attention of the G.L. to the subject of providing a suitable home and means for the education of the orphans of deceased brothers. A large amount of business was transacted. We notice a resolution was adopted instructing the Representatives of the G.L. to the G.L.U.S., to have the Patriarchal degrees merged into the subordinate branch of the Order.

Bro. N. S. Andrews of Flemingsburgh, Ky., writes us that "on Tuesday, August 26th, Bro. James M. Moore, R. W. Grand Secretary, and special deputy, instituted Hygeia Lodge, No. 87, at Poplar Plains, Fleming county. We had a large meeting of visiting brothers from Fleming Lodge, No. 30, Mason Lodge, No. 33, and Ringgold and De Kalb Lodges of Maysville. There were seven petitioners for the new Lodge, and we initiated two persons the night of institution.

ILLINOIS.—Principle Lodge, No. 76, was instituted at Perry, Pike county, on the 18th of September, 1850, with five charter members, namely—Charles T. Wilson, James W. Fee, Nimrod B. McPherson, W. G. Steele, and C. Kirgan. The Lodge is now prospering, with thirty-seven members, and a hall well furnished. The officers of the present term are Joseph S. King, NG; O. H. P. Cavender, VG; C. G. Strother, Sec'y; Stephen Glines, Treasurer. Past Grands C. T. Willson, J. W. Fee.

J. W. F.

☞ The Ladies of Gallipolis, Ohio, on the 8th of September, presented an elegant Bible to Ariel Lodge, No. 156, I. O. O. F., of that place. We will publish the addresses in our next number.

GRAND LODGE OF THE U. S.—We send the present No. of The Ark to press in advance of the usual time, in consequence of the great State Fair, which will occupy the attention of all of our citizens at least a week. We are without any intelligence from the G.L.U.S. up to this day, Sept. 18th. We shall issue the November No. as early as possible, and give an abstract of the proceedings of that body.

SHARP.—The Golden Rule of the 6th September, has the following *very spicy* three lines :

"LITERATURE OF THE ARK FOR SEPTEMBER.—'At the same time there *has* been more expulsions than any previous year?' Has there?"

The detection of a grammatical error, as we suppose it to be, (for really we don't know,) was a piece of sharp work on the part of the Rule, and no doubt is good evidence that that paper *is* 'the best publication of the Order!'

#### MARRIED.

At Middlebury, Ohio, Sept. 10, 1851, by the Rev. Eleroy Curtis, Bro. CORNELIUS JOHNSTON, Jr., of Apollo Lodge, No. 61, to Miss MARY J. McNAUGHTON, all of that place.

At Wheeling, Va., Sept. 9, 1851, by Rev. H. R. Weld, Bro. N. C. ARTHUR, of Panola Lodge, No. 82, to Miss MATILDA R. DORSEY, both of that city.

#### DIED.

At Hillsboro', Ill., Bro. HIRAM BROWN, P.G. of Montgomery Lodge, No. 40, aged 32 years. Bro. B. was one of the oldest members of the Lodge, and an active member, beloved by his acquaintances and brothers. The Lodge passed the usual resolutions.

In Gallia county, Ohio, September 4, 1851, Bro. ALPHEUS MARTIN, of Ariel Lodge, No. 156, Gallipolis, aged 37 years.

Near Cambridge, Ind., September —, 1851, Bro. ENOCH P. JUSTICE, P.G. of Eagle Lodge, No. 100, Cincinnati.

#### EXPULSIONS.

Stephen F. Lucas was expelled from Azur Lodge, No. 25, I. O. O. F., Louisville, Ky., on the 26th of August, 1851, for conduct unbecoming an Odd Fellow.

The final card granted to John B. Syphard, by Philoxenian Lodge, No. 44, Indianapolis, was revoked on the 10th of September, 1851, for defrauding his creditors.

# THE ARK.

VOL. 8.

NOVEMBER, 1851.

No. 11.

## GRAND LODGE OF THE U. STATES.

SEPTEMBER SESSION, 1851.

### GRAND SIRE'S REPORT.

*To the R. W. Grand Lodge of the U. States :*

BROTHERS — The constitutional interval, between your regular communications, has again elapsed, and you are assembled once more in the familiar dwelling place of the Supreme authority of Odd Fellowship, to take counsel together for the purpose of sustaining and advancing the interests of our beloved institution. It has been the good fortune of my predecessors for many years past, as it was also mine, when we were last together, to announce to you the increasing prosperity and onward progress of our Order. I rejoice that I am permitted, yet another time, to congratulate you on the prosperous condition of your affairs. The details of the work of the Order, during the last twelve months, will be exhibited to you in the usual form by the R. W. Grand Secretary, in his regular report. An examination of that paper will satisfy you that we have not yet reached our culminating point. Although in some particular portions of our dominion, there appears to be a temporary cessation in the march of the fraternity, yet even there the vantage grounds are maintained, and Odd Fellowship is only breathing between victories. But when you embrace in one comprehensive glance the whole domain, which you have, from time to time, acquired, you find the most encouraging signs of regular and constant advancement. One generation ago, a prophet's eye might have pierced the dark and heavy folds of the curtain, which separated the pioneers of the Order from the days in which we live; but a prophet's voice revealing, in the glow of inspiration, the unacted history of that intervening time, would have fallen upon mocking ears. From the pinnacle on which we stand, the retreating shadows of the events which prophecy would have predicted are dimly vis-

ible. The bubbling spring has expanded into the rushing river. The pigmy company has swoln into the giant army. The bending sapling has flourished into the anchored oak. The rough foundation stones proudly bear up the towering marble. The humble instrumentality of man has been used, my brothers, to bring about the splendid results upon which you look with such admiring affection. But it becomes us always, and more especially, on these occasions of solemn re-union, to lay the tribute of our fervent gratitude at the foot of that throne, whose Almighty occupant has nourished our weakness into strength, and suffered us from such small beginnings to increase into so great a community. And with our thank offerings let us send up to our great and good father our earnest petitions, gushing warm from the heart, that his protecting arm may never be withdrawn, but that in his all-wise councils it may be ordained, that our beloved Order shall go on, from good work to good work, prospering and to prosper.

It is with the greatest satisfaction that I announce to you, that since your last communication, the peace of the Order has remained unbroken. The disturbing causes, which have, occasionally, threatened dangerous convulsions, seem to have passed away, or to have lost their potency; and we may now rejoice in the contemplation of the most grateful of all spectacles, the spectacle of a vast band of brothers "dwelling together in unity."

Among the important subjects, to which your attention will be directed during your present communication, perhaps the most important will be the ordering your financial system upon a proper, just, and permanent basis. At the session of 1849, the new plan of compensating the members of your body out of the general treasury was adopted, and the means were provided for, by ordering an assessment on the several local Grand bodies to be levied in due proportions. This wide deviation from the previous, and apparently settled policy of the Grand Lodge of the United States, was received with disapprobation

by the local Grand bodies, and it is presumable, by the constituencies which they represented. The disapprobation assumed a shape which, to my judgment, appeared to be clearly at war with the recognized rights of the national head of the Order, and the correlative duties of the local Grand bodies. A very large proportion of the assessment remained unpaid at the commencement of the regular communication of 1850; and I felt constrained, in my annual report, then presented, to recommend that the Grand Lodge of the United States should, then and there, adopt proper measures to vindicate the authority of her laws. But at the same time that I urged this action, I did not hesitate to express my entire dissent from the expediency, either of enacting or continuing in force the law which was in question. It gave me great satisfaction to discover that the Grand Lodge of the United States accorded with me in sentiment, and that while she repealed the offensive law, she exacted the payment of the debts which had accrued thereunder. But it gives me infinitely more satisfaction to announce to you, that the Grand bodies which were in default, have resumed their allegiance, either by paying the amounts respectively due by them, or by ordering payment to be made so soon as their treasuries can respond: though the payment, or order for payment is, in several instances, hampered, and its merit detracted from, by an unnecessary protest. No member of the Order can be less disposed than I am to encroach upon the rights of the local Grand bodies, whose representatives form this assemblage, or upon the rights of those wide spread constituencies, the masses of the Order, the breath of whose nostrils the local Grand bodies are. My prayer is for peace, and if, in the retirement to which I am about to be ushered, one disturbing thought connected with my service, on the floor or in the chair of this exalted body, shall intrude itself, that thought will be that I may have allowed my aspirations, after the peace and harmony of the Order, to crowd too much the throne of my judgment. But while I have ever been willing to assign to the local Grand bodies, at least their due importance to the system of Odd Fellowship, I have endeavored to watch, with a steady eye, over the rights and powers of the national body. Without the Grand Lodge of the United States, my reading of our history teaches me, the Order might have attained comparative importance, but never could have reached its present com-

manding eminence. Blot from our polity the Grand Lodge of the United States, and to Odd Fellowship, "chaos would come again." The continuance of our prosperity, and as I verily believe, the existence of Odd Fellowship, in very many sections where it now flourishes, depends upon the proper keeping up of that regular and due subordination of individual members to working Lodges, of working Lodges to local Grand Lodges, and of local Grand Lodges to the Grand Lodge of the United States, which is impressed upon every page of our records. Therefore it is, my brothers, that I rejoice, "beyond a common joy," in being able to announce to you, that no local Grand body continues recusant against the law of 1849.

The effect of the non-payment of the assessment was disastrous in the extreme to your treasury. The Grand Lodge of the United States had assumed the obligation of defraying the expenses of Representatives, and it was not for her to shrink from the emergency. The treasury was equal only to a fraction of the demand. The Grand Lodge, true to herself and to the law, authorized the Grand Sire to sell her property. Under this authority I disposed of bonds of the State of Ohio to the amount of six thousand dollars, and the sale being made upon the spur of the occasion, necessarily involved a sacrifice. Thus, in a single day, by the unwarranted delays of local Grand bodies, the accumulated savings of many years were scattered, and the Grand Lodge of the United States, from a position of proud independence, was reduced to the verge of insolvency. The assessment law being repealed, it became the duty of the Finance committee to devise other ways and means for the payment of Representatives' expenses in future. In the brief period allotted to them, that committee labored diligently, and their scheme when presented promised to be successful. One portion of it, the increase of the per capita tax on Representatives, was necessarily prospective and could not apply to the present communication, but there was reason to hope that the sale of supplies at the increased prices would furnish an amount sufficient for the wants of the treasury at this time, and that the amounts due under the assessment law, when paid, might be applied to the replacement of the investment which had been sacrificed. This hope has proved entirely fallacious. All the moneys which have come in from supplies and in payment of the assessment, will be required to meet the de-

mands on the treasury, and unless the outstanding dues shall come in before the close of the present communication, we may be forced to sell the last remnant of our property, except that which is invested in the encumbrances on P.G. Sire Wildey's estate. It is therefore absolutely necessary for you to consider carefully and seriously your financial condition and prospects. I am no advocate of a redundant treasury for this body. It is not my desire to see a vast property accumulated here to become the source of contention and the sport of faction. But I do earnestly believe that your financial policy should be such as to allow scope and room enough for the gradual deposit of a fund which, in times of emergency, similar to the communication of 1850, may protect you against the danger and disgrace of bankruptcy. Careful reflection has convinced me that the old arrangement for the payment of Representatives by the bodies from which they came, was peculiarly suited to our polity. The change has been unfortunate in every particular, and when you shall consider the question of your finances, I respectfully invite your special attention to the propriety of returning to the former plan.

In this connection your attention is invited to the fourth resolution reported by the committee on Finance at the last communication, and amended and adopted by the Grand Lodge. Under the stringent provisions of this law, no Representative can occupy a seat at this communication, whose constituent Grand body has not paid all her debts to this Grand Lodge. I sincerely trust that there will be no claimant of a Representative seat obnoxious to the penalties of this law.

In the report of the R.W. Grand Secretary you will find the customary abstracts from our foreign and domestic correspondence. It is to be regretted that no communications have been received from our brethren in British North America. During the period of my incumbency, it has seemed to me improper, considering the condition of our finances, to accredit a Representative to the R.W. Grand Lodge of that jurisdiction; but it was my intention to have visited it in person. In this I was disappointed by unexpected occurrences, which detained me at my residence until the proper time for the proposed visit had passed.

It will be remembered that at the communication of 1848, in answer to a petition from Excelsior Lodge, No. 1, Honolulu, Oahu, Sandwich Islands, a resolution was adopted

instructing the Grand Corresponding Secretary to issue "a circular to all the subordinate Lodges and Encampments within this jurisdiction, through the State Grand Secretaries and Grand Scribes, soliciting contributions for the purpose of erecting an Odd Fellow's hall in Honolulu." To this appeal nine Lodges only responded in the year 1848-9, and the total amount of their contributions was seventy-five dollars. At the communication of 1849, a resolution of the Grand Encampment of Ohio, favoring a donation out of the treasury of this Grand Lodge, for the above purpose, was presented by one of her Representatives, and on his motion referred to the committee on Finance. The committee reported that in their opinion it was "inexpedient to grant a special donation from the treasury of this Grand Lodge for the specified purpose, but they most respectfully and earnestly urged before the Order generally a favorable response to the spirit of the resolution adopted at the communication of 1848." This report, after lying on the table for a day, under the new rule, was adopted. The only result was the contribution of \$58.45, by the Lodges in Mississippi, in the year 1849-50. No contributions in aid of this fund have been since received. The total stands, therefore, at one hundred and thirty-three dollars, and forty-five cents, (\$133.45,) a sum, it is hardly necessary for me to add, miserably inadequate to accomplish the desired end. Among the letters which will be exhibited to the committee on Correspondence, will be found two from this distant Lodge. In spite of adversities and uninterrupted embarrassments, these faithful brethren have continued their unaided labors. They are conquering for themselves a position. Their own strong souls have sufficed, thus far, to sustain them in the struggle, not only against the difficulties incident to their residence so many thousand miles away from the usual seat of the general government of the Order, but against the bitter apprehension that their more favored brethren are indifferent to their fate. But the cry again comes up from these "islands of the sea." This missionary Lodge, looking out upon that waste of waters where so many of our brethren pursue their dangerous vocation, sends up once more her supplication for relief. If the true fire from heaven be yet alive upon the altars of Odd Fellowship, you will devise some scheme more acceptable to the masses of the Order, by which these half-forgotten brethren shall be reassured that our friendship and our



love are something more than names, and that our truth is indeed imperishable.

For other information, touching the Order, within and without the territorial jurisdiction of the United States, I beg leave to refer you to the Grand Secretary's report.

I desire to attract your especial attention to the Wildey Fund and Annuity. At the communication of 1848, by a vote, approaching near to unanimity, the Grand Lodge of the United States determined to relieve our venerable founder from embarrassments, the result neither of imprudence nor carelessness, but of misfortunes, which had broken his health, and were threatening even his life. The case required immediate action. The machinery of the law was in motion. The sheriff was at his very door. In this state of affairs, the Grand Lodge of the United States felt herself justified in *advancing* the amount necessary to relieve the father of American Odd Fellowship, in the confident expectation that the Order at large would gladly avail themselves of so good an opportunity to evince their gratitude, by sending up, in golden tides, an amount sufficient to disencumber his property, and by solemnly dedicating a yearly sum sufficient for his comfortable maintenance in the decline of his life. It never was contemplated—it was not deemed proper—that the Grand Lodge of the United States should make an absolute donation of the required amount, and therefore it was that formal assignments of all the claims against Mr. Wildey's estate were taken. The appeal was made to the great heart of the Order. Contrary to all expectations, it met a freezing reception. Whence this arose, whether from defects in the plan itself, or from extraneous circumstances, it would not profit us, here, to inquire. Suffice it to say, the experiment has proved a failure. In the Grand Secretary's report, submitted in 1849, he acknowledges the receipt of one thousand one hundred and thirteen dollars and fifty cents, contributed to the "Wildey Fund," and one hundred and thirty-six dollars and ninety cents, to the "Wildey Annuity." In 1850, the same officer acknowledges the receipt of two hundred and twenty-five dollars, towards the "fund," and one hundred and fifty-one dollars towards the "annuity." The report to be presented to you, at your present communication, will exhibit a contribution of one hundred and twenty-two dollars to the "fund," and one hundred and thirty-four dollars to the "annuity." The total amount of the fund is therefore one thou-

sand four hundred and sixty dollars and fifty cents, (\$1,460 50,) which has been credited against the original indebtedness of eight thousand dollars, (8,000.) The total amount received for the annuity, is four hundred and twenty-one dollars and ninety cents, (421 90,) which has been paid over, pursuant to the resolution of this Grand Lodge, to P. G. Sire Wildey. And this is all that the Order has done, in this cause, in three long years. The honorable object which the Grand Lodge of 1848 had in view, has been defeated by this unlooked for lukewarmness on the part of the fraternity. That object, as the proceedings show upon their face, was not only to bring about the redemption of his estate from the claims of the Grand Lodge of the United States, but to afford him the comforts of an easy life for the remainder of his days. The Grand Lodge of the United States, in the general judgment of her members, went as far as it was proper for her to go, in remitting all claim for interest on her advance, and in allowing P. G. Sire Wildey to receive the rents and profits of the property, without accounting to her treasury therefor. But this income is a pittance unequal to his absolute necessities. The annuity, small at first, and annually dwindling, has afforded him no substantial assistance. In his old age, he is once more "naked to his enemies," want and distress.

My brothers, this should not be. For very pride we should not allow this state of things to continue longer. This venerable man has spent his life in our service. He has labored for Odd Fellowship, in season and out of season. He has worn out his strength in bearing burdens for us. No stately monument, rising above his ruins, no swelling anthems over his insanimate dust, no labored recitation, by posthumous panegyric, of his self-denying labors, his unhesitating sacrifices, his noble deeds of charity, will bring back to the children of *his* love, when he is gone, this golden opportunity to show their gratitude. In him we behold personified, the early history of our beloved fraternity. Around him cluster all those recollections, which, with each passing year, gather to themselves more and more of that melancholy interest which clings to far gone times. His pilgrimage here cannot be much longer protracted. Will not his children smoothe his downward path? I pray you to give this subject your attention, my brothers. Examine it by the bright light of our exalted principles. Search out the errors

in your former action, and sound, if you can, once more the great deep of the Order. Let not our records carry down to an indignant future, the proof that he, whom we have solemnly acknowledged as the founder and father of American Odd Fellowship was suffered, in the dim twilight of his life, to grope his way, uncomforted, to the grave.

Representatives, the term for which I was elected to the distinguished station of chief executive officer of our Order, is now almost complete. Yet a few sands to fall and this post of honorable duty, which has known me so long, shall know me no more. The serried ranks of the fraternity, from which, some five years ago, I was called to begin my labors in this body, will open to receive me back. Within those years have been crowded evidences of the esteem and confidence of this dignified assemblage, which have reduced my heart to perpetual bondage. I cannot look back upon the days and nights which I have spent in these Halls, without emotions of that deep seated pleasure which partakes the character of pain. Familiar faces, from accustomed seats, smile up to me, now, as long ago they smiled, but when I turn my eyes elsewhere, I look in vain for the forms of others who were my constant yoke fellows in the field of labor. Death has been sparing in his blows, but the shifting scenes of life have broken up our fair fellowship. These are the only memories of sorrow which stir my soul on this occasion. I have probed my heart to discover any traces of those austere feelings which service in such bodies so often engenders, and I thank God. I have probed in vain. I put off the harness of office with my heart brimming full of friendship for all whom I have ever met under the shadow of this great tent, and overflowing with gratitude to this exalted body for the confidence it has so often manifested, and the honors it has so plentifully bestowed. And in the portion of my life which is yet to come, be that portion long or short, my aspirations for the prosperity and increasing usefulness of my well beloved Order, shall ascend in unbroken succession to that eternal source whence we have borrowed the great principles of our brotherhood.

I cannot take leave of you without a few words of fraternal counsel. The times in which we act are times of restless motion. The age to which we belong is the transition age. The foundations of society are heaving upwards. Science is peopling the earth with new creations. Art is disinterring her old

renown. Grim antiquity is giving up its buried lore. The fair features of the youthful present are wrinking with struggles to bring back all the conquests of the ancient past. The old law of progress has been re-enacted, and is sweeping the world. The glorious contagion you, yourselves, have caught, my brothers. Your honorable ambition stimulates you to advance, farther and yet farther, the standard of our Order. God speed you in the good work! But, I beseech you, "make haste, slowly." Make your fires glow with seven fold heat, and submit all proffered gold to the fierce trial of the crucible. Remember in your heart of hearts, that all changes are not reforms, and that all movement is not progress. Chain down with adamant that portion of your legacy which has passed the ordeal. Scatter to the winds whatever your judgment, deliberately, yes, even, painfully, matured, shall report to you as worthless. But, in all coming time, guard well those great features of our time consecrated institution, which have preserved their beauty and integrity, through all mutations of circumstance and fortune. And, as the parting admonition of one, whose counsels derive importance, chiefly, from the position which you have assigned to their author, but in the solemn language of the inspired king, I charge you—"remove not the ancient landmarks which your fathers have set."

ROBERT H. GRIFFIN.

#### GRAND SECRETARY'S REPORT.

*To the R. W. Grand Lodge of the U. States :*

The twenty-sixth annual return of the period of session of the R. W. Grand Lodge of the United States, imposes upon the undersigned, in obedience to the law regulating the office of Corresponding Secretary, the duty of presenting a detailed report of the operations of that office during the fiscal year, which terminated on the 30th June, 1851. At no time since the undersigned has had the honor of occupying the office has he had greater pleasure in presenting his annual report, in view of the universal harmony and general prosperity which prevails throughout the jurisdiction, the evidence of which will abundantly appear from the details herewith submitted. The subjoined resolutions of the adjourned session of 1849, and of the annual session of 1850, define the several duties charged upon the Corresponding Secretary during the recess. \* \* \* \*

The 1st and 2nd resolutions have been literally complied with, and the further report of the undersigned, together with that of the Grand Sire, will indicate the precise amount disbursed under the directions of the second resolution, and the amount of the stocks of the Grand Lodge which it became necessary to dispose of, to enable the Treasurer to meet the demand for the per diem and mileage of the adjourned session of 1849, and of the annual session of 1850. In obedience to the 3d resolution, the undersigned has invariably required cash payments for all supplies ordered during the past year, except in extreme cases, where Grand officers have assured me that payment would be made so soon as their respective Grand bodies assembled and ordered such payments. This exception was rendered unavoidable from the urgent necessity for the supplies, and the absence of power in the Grand officers to draw from their respective treasuries without specific appropriations. In all such cases, however, payment will doubtless be made before or during your session. With a view to put all the Grand bodies in possession of the law on the subject, and of the penalty imposed for a continuance of the arrearage, he transmitted, in obedience to the requisition of the fourth resolution, a circular letter to each State Grand body, immediately after the close of the last session, containing a copy of the third resolution, together with a detailed statement of their respective accounts with the Grand Lodge of the U. States; a copy of which is herewith submitted.

It is a source of great pleasure to report, that most if not all of the State Grand bodies, which withheld at the last session, payment of the assessment levied under the per diem and mileage law, upon the ground of its unconstitutionality, have, although under protest, made payment into the treasury of the respective sums due by them. It is much to be regretted that this conformity to the law was thus long deferred, since the delay has produced no other practical result than the forced sale of valuable stocks, belonging to the Order at large, to meet the embarrassment in which the Grand Lodge was involved at the last session, for want of these funds to discharge the mileage and per diem due to the Grand Representatives. The loss always incident to forced sales, was peculiarly heavy, on the sale of the Ohio six per cent. stock, disposed of by the Grand Lodge, to meet that liability. The amount sold was sixty-four shares Ohio six per cent., redeemable in 1860,

which produced at Cincinnati nett \$6,464, when on the same day, 18th September, 1850, at the New York stock board, the sum of \$6,912, for the same amount of stock was offered and refused—in other words, the stock was sold for \$101 per share, when it was worth \$105. The loss thus forced upon the Grand Lodge of the United States, by the compulsory sale, caused by the non-payment of the assessment, does not stop here; but the accruing interest, at six per centum for one year, up to your present session, is to be added, being \$384, making the aggregate sacrifice little less than \$1000. Under these circumstances the undersigned considered the interest justly due, by the non-paying Grand bodies, and, although he has not demanded it, yet respectfully submits the question to your judgment. It does appear to him to be a plain proposition, that if the principal was due, the withholding of it necessarily imposes the duty of making good, in some degree, the heavy loss thus superinduced.

During the recess the authority delegated to the Corresponding Secretary, has been exercised by that officer in providing such supplies as became necessary to meet the demands of the Order. These consist of three thousand Charge and Degree books, five hundred Odes, two hundred Diplomas, fifty thousand Cards, and one thousand circulars—all of which have been paid for. It became necessary, also, in consequence of the wearing out of the old permanent card plate, to substitute a new one, which was procured as nearly alike the old as it was practicable to obtain it, at the reduced cost of one hundred and twenty-five dollars.

The 6th, 7th, and 8th resolutions, confide an important trust to the Corresponding Secretary, involving as the authority conferred does, a very laborious and responsible charge. They direct a revision of the Journal of the Grand Lodge of the United States from the institution of that body, and the exclusion therefrom of all extraneous and irrelevant matter; also a minute examination of the whole work, running through 2,000 pages octavo, with a view to the correction of clerical and typographical errors. Superadded to which they require the revision and re-arrangement of the index of each volume, itself a work of no ordinary magnitude, and demanding, to be properly executed, not only much patient labor, but a talent so peculiarly appropriate to the task as to be extremely difficult to meet with. In view of the importance of this sub-

ject, the Grand Lodge, in the 9th resolution, conferred the authority upon the undersigned of employing such aid as he might deem necessary. I did not hesitate at once to avail myself of the privilege conferred by the resolution, believing that the magnitude of the cost of the work, and its great value to the Order, alike required that no means should be left unemployed to meet the expectation as to the character of the book, which the resolutions clearly indicated. It was apparent to me, from the tenor of the resolutions, that the Grand Lodge contemplated the production of a much improved edition of the Journal, and I felt assured that, although a book corresponding to the expectation expressed in the order, would involve a very considerable outlay, yet the cost of a work of such a character would very promptly be reimbursed, if properly digested, and its production were committed to competent hands. After mature reflection I adopted the following plan of operation: First—I made a thorough examination of the work myself, and excluded from it all such matter as formed no part of the text, excepting only such marginal notes as had reference to the conceded history and progress of the Order, and were verified by the records. All other matter, consisting of annotations, commentaries, and criticisms upon the text, I considered irrelevant and extraneous, and rejected. These I regarded as the mere individual opinions and partialities of judgment of the original compilers and publishers of the work, who had exercised the right to record such opinions, whilst the book was their private property, but which in a work designed to record only the acts of the Grand Lodge itself, were wholly inappropriate. In the second place, the subject of a general index to the entire work caused me no little difficulty. A proper index is justly regarded as a key to a book which unlocks at a moment every subject of inquiry, and thus saves the labor of a research which occupies much time, and is often fruitless. In addition to which an index, to be valuable, should concentrate and condense subjects, and at the same time present them in the entirety in which they have been reported, considered and ultimately decided upon. Entertaining this opinion of the proper character of an index, I reached the conclusion that it should be so arranged as to answer the double purpose of a guide to the detailed contents of the work, and of a copious digest of the laws and decisions of the Grand Lodge of the United States,

and thus supercede the necessity of publishing new editions of the digest from time to time, inasmuch as the work thus produced would supply a model for the index of the Journals of all future sessions of the Grand Lodge of the United States, to which the Corresponding Secretary could easily conform. I was aware that an index in an analytical form, such as had suggested itself to my mind, would be a work of much patient labor; and I looked around among the brotherhood for aid in accomplishing this design with great solicitude. No appropriation having been made to defray the expense of such aid as was authorized, I could only fix my own estimate of the value of such a service in view of its difficulty of performance, and of its great value, if performed according to my expectation. I accordingly opened a correspondence with Bro. W. W. Moore, of the District of Columbia, Grand Sire elect, inviting him to take charge of the republication of the Journal and the preparation of the index, upon the plan which I had arranged, suggesting to him my own opinions of the compensation which ought to be allowed, but leaving that question to be determined by the Grand Lodge at its present session, when that body would be fully possessed of information as to the time and talents the faithful and competent execution of such a work would require. To this invitation, Bro. Moore, with much reluctance, and upon my earnest request, at length yielded, and has entered upon the execution of the task with his accustomed zeal and industry. I am very sure that I need offer no explanation of the reasons which influenced me in making this selection, for the eminent fitness of Bro. Moore for such an office will be apparent to all who know him.

Due notice was given to the brotherhood for proposals for the printing and binding, a copy of which is annexed. and upon receipt of the various propositions, they were transmitted to Bro. Grand Master J. M. H. Brunet, chairman of the committee on Printing, from whom the undersigned received an order, dated 8th January, 1851, awarding the contracts for printing and binding to Bro. James Young, of Baltimore. I have to regret that notwithstanding our most earnest efforts we have not been able to complete the work in time for your present session, but confidently expect to have it ready for sale about the commencement of the year 1852.

We would recommend, however, that authority be given the executive officers to pub-

lish the work in three volumes, instead of two volumes, as originally designed. The Journals down to and including the session of 1850, it is now found, will make some eighteen hundred pages, exclusive of the index. To form only two volumes of this bulk of matter, would render them inconvenient and unwieldy. It is therefore suggested that it would be much to the interest of the Order to add the Journal of the present session, so as to form the whole into three volumes, of 750 to 800 pages each, and advance the price per sett to six dollars, which will be at the rate of two dollars per volume. The price now fixed for the work, under the erroneous impression that it would not exceed 1600 pages in all, is two and a half dollars per volume.

The correspondence of the year has been voluminous, an abstract of which, showing the progress and condition of the Order is subjoined.

**B. N. AMERICA.**—I regret sincerely to say that all correspondence with this sister jurisdiction has ceased, and that during the past year I have had no communication from that body.

**MICHIGAN.**—The Order continues to advance with a healthful step in Michigan. The increase of Lodges and membership has been commensurate with the former progress of the Order in the State.

**VERMONT.**—The active movement given to the Order in Vermont during the first two years after its introduction within the State, has been somewhat checked, yet Odd Fellowship is nowhere more prosperous.

**MAINE.**—The report from this jurisdiction indicates a healthy condition of the Order.

**MASSACHUSETTS.**—Odd Fellowship having pretty well covered the State after its revival in Massachusetts, nothing more seems to be left for its officers than the maintenance of its acquisitions and the preservation of its general prosperity. Its average strength continues.

**NEW HAMPSHIRE.**—I have great pleasure to report, that from recent advices from P.G. Rep. S. H. Parker, of New Hampshire, who has ever evinced the deepest interest in the welfare of the Order, the progress of our Order in New Hampshire, though slow, has been of a steady and regular increase ever since it has been established within her borders. Four new Lodges and one new Encampment have been chartered within the last year, and the character and stability of the Order has advanced in every respect.

**RHODE ISLAND.**—The correspondence of the year with this jurisdiction indicates a general prosperity, although there has been a slight decrease of membership.

**CONNECTICUT.**—Odd Fellowship in Connecticut is in a highly prosperous condition.

**NEW YORK.**—In both jurisdictions of the Order within this State the Order has increased, although in a much larger degree in the Northern division. The Southern jurisdiction preserves a condition of general prosperity, and has advanced with a step, if not so rapid as that of her neighbor, by no means less steadily or healthfully.

**PENNSYLVANIA.**—This vast jurisdiction of the Order does not seem to abate in its vigorous and diffusive growth throughout its entire limits. Odd Fellowship may now be said to have planted its standard in every considerable town and village in the State. The Lodges number five hundred, with a constituency of fifty thousand. The annual report of the State has been received with the accustomed promptitude of Bro. Wm. Curtis, the efficient Grand Secretary.

**NEW JERSEY.**—All is prosperous in this State.

**DELAWARE.**—The annual report of Delaware, made as usual in time, exhibits a steady advance of the Order within its limits.

**MARYLAND.**—The Order in Maryland continues to increase, if not so rapidly as in some of the other States, still not less solidly or faithfully to the Union. The number of Lodges now reach seventy-eight.

**DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA.**—Odd Fellowship maintains its average strength in this jurisdiction, and enjoys entire harmony.

**VIRGINIA.**—The Order in the old dominion was never in a more healthy and prosperous condition. I am advised by the efficient Grand Master of the State, Bro. Brunet, "that in addition to five new Lodges authorized at the last session of the Grand Lodge, he has granted a dispensation for another, all of which are located at points desirable both for efficiency and success."

**NORTH CAROLINA.**—In this jurisdiction the Order maintains a healthful condition, gradually advancing in both departments, and preserves the most perfect harmony in its administration.

**SOUTH CAROLINA.**—The annual report of South Carolina shows a gradual increase and a prosperous state of Odd Fellowship within its borders.

**GEORGIA.**—Odd Fellowship continues its

onward progress in this State, and exhibits a most gratifying picture of prosperity.

FLORIDA.—The Grand Lodge of this State has been organized in Florida, under the most auspicious circumstances, by G. Marshal H. A. Crane, a report of which has been received and is herewith annexed.

MISSISSIPPI.—I am indebted to Bro. Dicks, the much valued Grand Secretary of this jurisdiction, for a continuance of interesting correspondence. Odd Fellowship prospers in all its departments in this State, and is on the advance.

ALABAMA.—Our Order advances in Alabama and enjoys an elevated position.

LOUISIANA.—Odd Fellowship is working the most rapid and healthful progress in Louisiana. All former embarrassments have disappeared, and the career of the Order indicates that in a few years the Grand Lodge of this State will occupy the same relative position in the Order which its political and commercial importance entitle it to in the Federal Union. The increase of membership has been nearly four hundred.

MISSOURI.—The interesting correspondence of the efficient Grand Secretary of Missouri, Bro. Veitch, affords the most gratifying account of Odd Fellowship. Our Order is rapidly diffusing itself all over the State, and the increase of Lodges and membership continues.

ILLINOIS.—The awakened energies of the Order in this State, reported during the last two years, continues unabated, and Illinois is now among the strongest jurisdictions in the Order.

INDIANA.—The Lodges in this State now number ninety-seven, and the membership four thousand three hundred and ninety-seven, indicating the highest degree of prosperity, being an increase over the returns of the past year of nearly one thousand members.

OHIO.—The progress of the Order in this great State, has been commensurate with its career of the year before, evincing the highest degree of prosperity. To use the language of the efficient Grand Secretary Glenn, of that State, "new Lodges have multiplied, membership increases, and in all things Odd Fellowship keeps pace with the improvements and progress of our great State. We have never enjoyed greater harmony, for peace reigns throughout all our borders."

KENTUCKY.—Odd Fellowship occupies an elevated position in this distinguished commonwealth. The increase of Lodges and

membership continues to be rapid and healthful, the latter having reached five hundred and twenty-five since last report.

TENNESSEE.—The march of the Order in Tennessee is still onward, and the most gratifying prosperity and harmony prevails through all its departments.

ARKANSAS.—A new Encampment has been formed in this State during the year, which has entered upon its career under gratifying circumstances. The jurisdiction of the Grand Lodge also continues to be highly prosperous.

WISCONSIN.—The vast increase of the Order in this State, within a comparatively very short period since the introduction of Odd Fellowship within its borders, evinces the most sedulous devotion and zeal in the administration of its affairs. Its progress onward continues uninterruptedly. Increase of membership during the year 334.

IOWA.—The Order in Iowa has had a year of great prosperity since your last session. The membership now exceeds one thousand, entitling the State to two Representatives.

SANDWICH ISLANDS.—Information of a highly gratifying character has been received from Excelsior Lodge, No. 1, at Honolulu, per Bro. Rich. A. Thorpe, Secretary of the Lodge. I have also the pleasure of communicating an interesting letter from Bro. H. W. Crabb, resident of the Island, who enters into detail as to the difficulties and embarrassments which beset the Lodge in view of its distance from and inconvenient communication with the parent body. Of the Order, however, he says, "that the advance of Odd Fellowship has nevertheless been steady and progressive, both in numbers and respectability, and may be made still more so with care and attention." I commend this correspondence to the especial notice of the Grand Lodge, in the hope that an effort will be again made to awaken an interest in the Order in the United States, in behalf of our brethren in Honolulu, whose efforts in the cause of Odd Fellowship appear to be much restrained for want of the means of building a suitable Lodge room.

OREGON.—No Lodge is believed to exist in this Territory.

CALIFORNIA.—The report of California Lodge, No. 1, has been received. It numbers 83 members. Herewith I submit a resolution passed by the Lodge, asking a remission of dues.

MINNESOTA.—The Order in this Territory consists of three Lodges, located at St. Paul's,

St. Anthony's, and Still Water, and one Camp at St. Paul's, instituted during the recess. The Lodges are in a highly prosperous condition. The Camp warrant was entrusted to that indefatigable Odd Fellow, D. D. G. Sire Potts, to whose care this Territory has been assigned.

**NEW MEXICO.**—An application was received for a warrant for a subordinate Lodge, to be located at Santa Fe, New Mexico. A special deputation was issued to Bro. Jos. D. Ellis, to the care of G. Secretary Veitch, of St. Louis, Mo., together with a warrant for the organization of the Lodge. No return has yet been received from the Deputy.

Immediately after the receipt of the revised Journal from the hands of the printer, it was distributed in the proportions prescribed by law, and no complaints whatever reached this office of the non-arrival of the same.

The Constitutions and By-Laws of State and Subordinate bodies, received during the recess, together with the Journal of proceedings of such Grand bodies as have transmitted the same to this office, are herewith submitted, to which I respectfully invite your especial attention.

Warrants have been issued since your adjournment, in conformity to law, and with the approbation of the Grand Sire, for a Grand Lodge at Tallahassee, Florida; for a subordinate Lodge at Santa Fe, New Mexico; for subordinate Encampments at Brownsville and San Augustine, Texas; Camden, Arkansas; St. Paul's, Minnesota.

As required by the several laws regulating this department, the following statement exhibits "the receipts of this office, from what source, and for what object," during the fiscal year 1850, '51. A supplementary table will be submitted during the session, showing the further receipts of the Corresponding Secretary from the termination of the fiscal year up to the first day of the annual session, inclusive. The several amounts, in obedience to the provision on that subject, have been paid into the treasury, vouchers for which accompany this report. \* \* \*

The entire funds in the treasury at the last session, together with the Ohio six per cent., amounting to \$6,007, was absorbed in the discharge of the per diem and mileage accruing under the law of 1849. The receipts of the past fiscal year fall materially short of the estimate of the committee on Finance, based upon the new rate of prices levied upon supplies. This deficit arises in part from an er-

ror in estimating \$4,500 for representative tax, being for ninety representatives at \$50 each. This item of revenue depends upon the adoption of the pending amendment to the constitution, proposing such an increase, and, if adopted, can only be estimated in the future, not in any contingency entering into the receipts of this year. This deficit amounts alone to \$2,700, superadded to which the enhanced prices fixed for supplies, and cash payments have had the effect materially to lessen the demand. The current receipts into the treasury, since the last annual report, were as follows:

Total for Warrants	-	-	\$163 95
" Balance	-	-	4,193 00
" Dues	-	-	450 50
" Odes	-	-	269 77
" Diplomas	-	-	232 00
" Rep. Tax	-	-	1,124 00
" Miscellaneous	-	-	1,953 08
" Assessm't Tax	-	-	170 05
" Books	-	-	1,990 98
" Cards	-	-	2,929 65
Total	-	-	\$13,477 86

In addition to which, a large amount of revenue, consisting of the heretofore accumulating balances, and the withheld assessment tax, will flow into the treasury after the close of this report, by reason of the compulsory law of last session, which will probably qualify the Grand Lodge to discharge the per diem and mileage dues of the present session, should the estimate of the committee on Finance, of revenue from the sources designated by them, fail to meet that object. When the entire receipts are in, delayed beyond the time prescribed by law for their payment, as they always are, the undersigned will present a supplementary report, exhibiting the whole balance in the treasury, and from what sources, after which the Grand Lodge will be qualified to determine in what respect the revenue laws need amendment, if any, and whether the existing per diem and mileage law, which operates as a heavy drain upon the treasury, ought not to be repealed, and the former system be returned to. It is my duty in closing this report to suggest that an appropriation of not less than \$3000 should be made to defray the expense incident to the republication of the journals.

#### SUPPLEMENTARY REPORT.

The entire receipts for the year, it will be seen, amount to \$23,670.16. Of this amount the sum of \$14,426.86, being for balances,

assessment tax and miscellaneous fund, forms no part of the legitimate revenue of the year, which therefore subtracted will leave the amount of \$9,243.30 as the appropriate receipts arising under the finance laws of the last session. The amount estimated by the committee on Finance was \$16,200; the amount received, \$9,243.30; deficit, \$6,956.70.

It will be seen, therefore, that the finance system devised, if the mileage and per diem law is continued, will not realize the estimate of the committee, and that some other plan must be suggested. There will doubtless be a considerable surplus after discharging all the liabilities of the session, which the undersigned respectfully suggests should be set apart for the purpose of replacing the Ohio Stock fund, expended at the last session in payment of the per diem and mileage dues. The entire indebtedness of State Grand Lodges has now been discharged, and but a moderate amount remains due by Grand Encampments, a statement of which is herewith annexed. I also subjoin a statement of amount due by D.D.G. Sires, and other special officers of this body.

The usual annual tabular statement of the progress of the Order, in so far as returns have been made, is also annexed, but in consequence of the failure of several Grand bodies to report, it was wholly useless to foot up the columns, inasmuch as it would exhibit no result as to the entire work of the Order. These returns, it is hoped, will be in hand in time for the revised Journal, when a correct exhibit may be made upon this subject.

The invested fund of the Grand Lodge consists of—

Maryland six per cents.,	-	-	\$2,800 00
Wildest Loan	-	-	6,661 60

\$9,461 50

All of which is respectfully submitted,  
JAS. L. RIDGELY,  
Cor. Secretary.

HOPEFULNESS.—True hope is based on the energy of character. A strong mind always hopes, and has always cause to hope, because it knows the mutability of human affairs, and how slight a circumstance may change the whole course of human events. Such a spirit, too, rests upon itself; it is not confined to partial views, or to one particular object. And if at last all should be lost, it has saved itself—its own integrity and worth.

## PROCEEDINGS OF THE G.L.U.S.

We have received, through the kindness of our Grand Lodge Representatives, and Grand Messenger CHAMBERLAIN, of Baltimore, the printed daily Journal of the Grand Lodge of the United States, for which we return our sincere thanks.

Much of the legislation was of a local character. All that is of general interest to the Order we shall endeavor to embrace in the abstract which follows.

All the officers were present at the opening of the session on the morning of the 15th of September. The pay-roll shows that eighty-nine Grand Representatives were in attendance, being a larger number than attended any previous session. Shortly after the organization, the Grand Officers elect were installed as follows:

WILLIAM W. MOORE, of D. of C., M. W. Grand Sire.

HERMAN L. PAGE, of Wisconsin, R. W. Deputy Grand Sire.

JAMES L. RIDGELY, of Md., R. W. Grand Secretary.

ANDREW E. WARNER, of Md., R. W. Grand Treasurer.

The Grand Sire then made the following appointments, which were approved:

JUNIUS M. WILLEY, of Conn., Grand Chaplain.

JOHN SESSFORD, of D. of C., Grand Marshal.

JOHN E. CHAMBERLAIN, of Md., Grand Messenger.

S. H. LEWYT, of Md., Grand Guardian.

The Grand Sire then addressed the Grand Lodge as follows:

BROTHERS: The first impulse of my heart on entering upon the duties of the high station to which your favor has called me, is to express, though it be done in language very feeble compared with the sincerity with which it is uttered, the profound sense of obligation with which I am impressed by the distinction thus conferred. From a want of recent practice in the exercise of the functions of a presiding officer, I sensibly feel that I shall require, as I am sure I shall receive, much indulgence at your hands, especially in the discharge of the duties of this chair, during the despatch of the mass of business which is ne-



cessarily pressed upon our very brief sessions. For any deficiency in this or any other respect, I bespeak your kindest indulgence, assuring you at the same time that I shall endeavor to discharge all the duties committed to me with integrity and impartiality.

Neither law nor precedent would justify me, at this moment, in suggesting any measure for your consideration. The annual report of my immediate predecessor, together with those of his associates in the executive department, will afford a clear and comprehensive view of the existing condition of the Order, as well as indicate its present wants, so far as they may have become manifest by experience in the administrative duties of those officers. On the facts and intimations thus laid before you, it will be your province to base appropriate legislation, and my duty cordially to second every effort that shall be promotive of the interests of the Fraternity. The Representatives, however, should constantly bear in remembrance the important fact, that into their keeping is mainly committed the preservation of this body for dignity and decorum in its proceedings; and, also, that on them exclusively devolves the enactment of our laws. For every act which, in its operation, shall exert a beneficial influence, they alone will be entitled to the credit; while, on the other hand, they will incur all the responsibility for such as may prove unpopular or prejudicial in their effect. That you will perform your duties with a careful regard for the present welfare and permanent prosperity of an institution that is endeared to us all for its healthful morality and beneficent deeds, the Order has the fullest assurance in the experience of the past, which has abundantly attested the wisdom and fidelity of your acts.

The customary resolution of thanks to P. G. S. GRIFFIN was unanimously adopted, and his portrait ordered to be procured. [The G. L. has the portraits of all the Past Grand Sires.]

#### AMENDMENTS TO THE CONSTITUTION.

The amendments proposed to the Constitution, at the last session, amounting to a large number, were considered, and with the exception of two or three, were indefinitely postponed or rejected. The following were adopted:

Giving Grand Lodges and Encampments power to fill vacancies in the office of Grand

Representative that may occur during a recess, in such manner as they may prescribe by law.

Increasing the Representative tax from twenty to fifty dollars. [Heretofore every State Grand body paid to the G.L.U.S. twenty dollars for every Grand Representative to which they were entitled. Hereafter they must pay fifty dollars for each.]

#### OHIO CODE OF LAWS.

The committee on Appeals made the following report, which was adopted:

The committee on Appeals, to whom was referred the appeal of Alfred Davis, from the action of the Grand Lodge of Ohio, in enacting a code of general laws and rules of order for the government of its subordinates, would ask leave to report—that the appeal implies that the Grand Lodge of Ohio has refused to allow its subordinates to enact a code of by-laws for their government.

The committee do not so understand the case, but on the contrary, the Grand Lodge of Ohio has fixed the minimum amount to be paid by its subordinates for benefits, dues, &c., leaving it for the subordinates to provide by law for any specific sum above those rates. That the Grand Lodges possess the power to enact laws for the government of their subordinates is laid down in the Digest, page 45, article 2d, section 2d. That subordinate Lodges have the power to make by-laws for their own internal government is also to be found in the Digest, page 47, article 3d, section 2d. The committee offer the following resolution:

*Resolved*, That the appeal of Alfred Davis be not sustained.

#### PAYING BENEFITS, &c., TO CALIFORNIANS.

Rep. SENTER of N. H., offered the following resolution:

*Resolved*, That subordinate Lodges have the right to refuse their members visiting cards, and to decline accepting their dues, or paying them benefits, when they purpose a temporary residence in California, or in any other place in which a change in their ordinary occupation would increase the risk of life and death.

The resolution was referred to the Legislative committee, who made the foregoing report, which was adopted:

The Legislative committee to whom was referred the resolution offered by Rep. Senter,

of N. H., have had the same under consideration, and beg leave to report:

That, after the most careful consideration, they have been unable to discover any argument in favor of its adoption. On the contrary, this committee are unanimously of the opinion that subordinate Lodges most clearly have no right to refuse their members visiting cards, to decline accepting their dues, or refuse to pay them benefits, for the reasons assigned by the resolution. For, should the right be conceded to a subordinate Lodge to lay these restrictions upon members going to California, it could not be refused in the case of a member going to a neighboring county or State—the consequence of which would be to annihilate at once the primary objects of the Order. They therefore recommend the adoption of the following resolution:

*Resolved*, That the resolution offered by Rep. Senter, of N. H., be and the same is hereby rejected.

#### LADIES' DEGREE.

The committee appointed at the session of 1850, to report a Degree for the wives and daughters of age of Scarlet Degree members, made a report, which was discussed and finally adopted by a vote of 47 ayes to 37 noes. [All the votes from Ohio were in the affirmative — Rep. McLain giving the two votes of the Grand Encampment. The Degree is to be called the “Daughters of Rebecca,” and is said to be very beautiful — even the brightest gem in the work of Odd Fellowship, being intended to impart to the wives and daughters of Odd Fellows an understanding of the duties and obligations their husbands and fathers owe to the Order. The Degree will be published in a book, and sold to Grand Lodges at \$1.00 per copy. All Scarlet members are entitled to the Degree.]

#### THE ENCAMPMENT BRANCH.

Several attempts were made to raise a committee to enquire into the expediency of merging the Encampment branch of the Order into the subordinate Lodges; but we believe all failed, and no action was had thereon.

#### SIX MONTHS TERM.

The Legislative committee made the following report, which was adopted:

The Legislative committee, to whom was

referred the resolutions of the Grand Lodge of Southern New York, relative to restoring the three months term of office to subordinate Lodges, have had the same under consideration, and beg leave to report that they deem further legislation upon the subject entirely inexpedient.

If your committee had encountered a shadow of a doubt in coming to the conclusion they have, upon this subject, it would have been entirely removed by recurring to the repeated action of this Grand Lodge upon the same subject.

The six months term was introduced into the Order at the communication of 1846, upon a report upon the subject by the committee on the State of the Order—an ably constituted committee.

The subject was again brought before the Grand Lodge in 1847, and thoroughly discussed in the report of the committee on the State of the Order; at the head of which was our Worthy Past Grand Sire Griffin. The Lodge refused to rescind their former action.

In 1848 this Grand Lodge was again called upon to reconsider this subject. With more patience than could reasonably have been expected, the subject was committed to the committee on the State of the Order, reported upon, and maturely considered. The Lodge was unable, however, to perceive any reason for restoring the short term.

It was reasonable to hope that after so many adjudications upon the subject, we should not have been again called upon soon to go over the same ground. The hope would have been a vain one. The communication of 1849 was not allowed to pass without undergoing the infliction of its immediate predecessors. Despairing of a favorable report from the committee on the State of the Order, it was thought advisable by the friends of the measure to try the Legislative committee. But the result could not be varied. The committee were inexorable, and the measure was again sent to its short repose.

It could hardly be believed, that after such repeated and decisive rejection by this Grand body, its stability of legislation could have been so little respected, as the infliction upon it again of the consideration of this subject necessarily proves. The committee cannot reconcile the pertinacity with which this matter is pressed upon our deliberation, with the deference justly due to the grave character of this R. W. Grand Lodge. It cuts off the hope that should be so reasonably anticipated

of a settled acquiescence by the Order at large in its deliberate resolves.

A subject three times referred to the committee on the State of the Order, differently and ably constituted, twice to the Legislative committee, and by each unanimously disapproved, and at each several times likewise rejected by the Lodge, ought, one would suppose, be suffered to rest in peace. It should, at least, raise a doubt as to its acceptability to the Order at large. Your committee, therefore, dare entertain the hope that this is the last communication for several years to come, that we shall be disturbed by the restless wanderings of the ghost of the three months term. Requiescat in pace. They therefore report the following resolution:

*Resolved*, That it is inexpedient to shorten the present terms of office in the subordinate Lodges.

#### MOVABLE GRAND BODIES.

The Legislative committee made the following report, which was adopted, ayes 61, noes 21 — [the four Representatives from Ohio voting in the affirmative:]

The Legislative committee, to whom was referred the resolution of Rep. Narine, of N. J., in the following words, to wit:

*Resolved*, That all Grand Lodges and Grand Encampments shall have the power and privilege to determine in their constitutions and by-laws where their sessions shall be held, Have had the same under consideration, and beg leave to report that, in their opinion, the adoption of the resolution, or one of similar import, would eminently contribute to the peace and prosperity of the Order at large.

Your committee can perceive no sufficient reason for the restrictions now placed upon State Grand bodies, relative to the places of their annual communications. The subject seems properly to devolve upon the respective State bodies themselves, who are certainly better qualified to judge of the proper times and places for their annual meetings than this Grand Lodge. They therefore recommend the adoption of the resolution.

#### SANDWICH ISLANDS.

Resolutions were adopted directing the Grand Sire, Grand Secretary and Grand Treasurer, to procure and forward to Excelsior Lodge, No. 1, Honolulu, Sandwich Islands, the frame and materials for erecting an Odd Fellow's Hall, at an expense not exceeding

\$2,000, the same to remain the property of the G.L.U.S until paid for. Also, requesting the various Grand Masters to issue a notice to their Lodges, requesting a contribution of one dollar from each, the same to be transmitted to the Grand Secretary of the G.L.U.S., to be appropriated to the payment of debts due by Excelsior Lodge, No. 1, and if a surplus remains, the same to be used by said Lodge for the relief of traveling Brothers in those distant Islands.

P. G. S. THOMAS WILDEY.

The special committee, to which was referred so much of the Grand Sire's report as related to the Wildey fund and annuity, made a report, but we cannot find in the proceedings that it was adopted. We see it stated in some of the newspapers that the report and resolutions were adopted. The following is an extract, and the resolutions:

The committee have sought information relative to the pecuniary affairs of P. G. Sire Wildey, and find his condition indeed deplorable. By his confidence in his brethren of the Order, and by his devotion to, and exertions in, the cause of Odd Fellowship, the little accumulations of his life time have disappeared, and in his old age he is found by us almost penniless. The policy, the interest, the character of the Order as a benevolent institution, imperatively demand that the founder of that Order should not be permitted in his declining days to become an object for the cold charities of the world, while a numerous, youthful and vigorous band, his offspring, possess the ability to provide for his necessities.

The appeal to the Order at large having failed, some new method must now be devised. That this failure has occurred, not through any want of sympathy or interest in the body of the Order, but from the difficulty of reaching such numbers extended over so great a space of country, is the belief of the committee. And the opinion is confidently entertained that any method which will allow all of the subordinate Lodges to contribute their quota will be gladly welcomed, as affording the Order at large the means to repay this filial debt. This may be done, the committee think, by an annual appropriation by each Grand Lodge. An appropriation of \$40 yearly, by each Grand Lodge, will afford a sum of about \$1000, the least amount on which this aged man can be reputably supported.

The committee recommend the adoption of the appended resolutions.

*Resolved*, That the Grand Corresponding Secretary be and he is hereby instructed to address a circular letter to each Grand Master under this jurisdiction, to refer the subject of the foregoing report to their respective Grand Lodges.

*Resolved*, That the members of this body be respectfully urged, at as early a date as possible, to endeavor to obtain from the respective Grand Lodges of which they are members, an annual appropriation of forty dollars, to continue during the life of P. G. Sire Thomas Wildey, and to be applied to his support.

#### GRAND LODGE OF OHIO.

Rep. Beebe, of the Grand Lodge of Ohio, offered the following:

WHEREAS, the Grand Lodge of Ohio, at its last annual communication did, by a vote of said Lodge, change the location of said Grand Lodge from Cincinnati to Columbus, in pursuance of the resolution of this body at its last communication, therefore,

*Resolved*, That this Grand Lodge approve of the action of the Grand Lodge of Ohio in changing the location of said Grand Lodge from Cincinnati to Columbus, and that the charter of said Grand Lodge be altered accordingly.

Rep. Williams, of the Grand Encampment of Ohio, moved to amend as follows:

*Resolved*, That all State Grand bodies have power to so amend their charters, or constitutions, that at each annual session, they may determine where the succeeding session shall be held.

The resolution and amendment were both laid on the table; and Rep. Beebe's resolution was subsequently taken up and adopted.

#### CONVENTIONS OF ODD FELLOWS.

The Legislative committee made the following report, which was adopted:

The Legislative committee, to whom was referred the following resolution, to wit:

*Resolved*, That State Grand Lodges be, and they are hereby directed to prohibit subordinate Lodges, under their jurisdiction, from assembling in convention for the purpose of legislating on any subject, without having first obtained the consent of their Grand bodies,

Beg leave respectfully to report, that to them

the idea of Lodges of Odd Fellows descending to meet in convention, as such, for political or other purposes, is new, and they regard it as a gross departure from the spirit and intentions of the Order. Such conventions are, in the opinion of your committee, calculated to direct the attention of the uninitiated to the Order, and excite remarks calculated to bring the Order into disrepute and discredit among all law-loving and law-abiding citizens, and should be, in the opinion of your committee, discontinued and disallowed by this Right Worthy body.

Odd Fellowship is better promoted, in the opinion of your committee, by attending its Lodge meetings, than by co-mingling in the strifes and contests for office, which are too often the generators of heart burnings, bickerings and discord among men, uncongenial to that Friendship, Love and Truth, which, like humility in the christian's crown, is the brightest gem in the diadem of an Odd Fellow.

Your committee, therefore, recommend that all such assemblies in the Order, as such, be discontinued and discountenanced by the several State Grand bodies, and hereby recommend the enactment of said resolution.

#### SUBORDINATE LODGES CAN MAKE THEIR OWN BY-LAWS.

Rep. Williams, of Ohio, offered the following resolution, which was referred to the committee on the State of the Order:

*Resolved*, That it is the duty of each State Grand body to adopt general laws for the government of subordinates within their jurisdiction, but that all subordinates have the inherent right of making local by-laws for their own government.

The said committee made the following report, which was adopted:

The committee on the State of the Order, to whom was referred the resolution of Rep. Williams of Ohio, relative to the adoption by State Grand bodies of general laws for the government of subordinates, report, that this subject appropriately belongs to the direction of the several State Grand bodies. As legislative heads within their jurisdictions, the local wants of their subordinates should be their guide upon the subject. In the language of the Digest, section 1, article 3, page 47, subordinates "have no legislative power whatever except to make by-laws for their own internal government."

Original.

## WHAT GOOD DOES IT DO?

I have often heard the question asked, what good does Odd Fellowship do? Of what real benefit is it to our race? I shall not attempt the task of portraying all the good which the institution, or its principles, does or can do, for its operations appear in such a variety of phases, it would be an undertaking of very great magnitude. My object at present is simply to relate an incident which fell under my own personal observation, and in which I was, in fact, a partial actor. The incident made a deep and favorable impression on my mind at the time, being young in Odd Fellowship, as well as in years, and having been educated with strong prejudices against all secret associations.

Early in the spring of 1848, having business in St Louis, I took passage in one of the fast running packets plying between Nashville, Tenn., and that city. It happened that I got on board about the dinner hour, and having appeased my appetite at the well furnished table, I seated myself at the hall stove, for the purpose of enjoying its comfortable warmth while smoking a fragrant Havana and taking a physiognomical and phrenological survey of my fellow passengers. But a few moments elapsed ere I had discovered in a portly looking, middle aged gentleman, whose singularly benevolent countenance had attracted my attention before, a brother of our Order. He took a vacant chair by my side, and we each soon satisfied himself that the other was a member, in regular standing, of both branches of the Independent Order. A very pleasant conversation of an hour or so followed, which served to enliven the tedium of the voyage. And here let me pause to remark that it is one of the most beautiful features of Odd Fellowship, that it causes those who an hour before knew not of each other's existence, not only to talk and to act, but to *feel* as though they were BROTHERS.

In the course of the afternoon, when the passengers had grown weary of smoking and talking, tables and cards were called for, and several groups applied themselves to the vitiating amusement of playing euchre, and in drinking. My new found brother and myself, having no taste for either participating in, or looking at such amusements (!) arose and walked towards the other end of the gentlemen's cabin, where we found a group of four young men, ranged round a card table. They

seemed very much excited; and as there were several empty tumblers standing beside them on a waiter, it was very evident where a part at least of their excitement came from. My friend, whose name I had learned was Moore, pointed out one of them to me—one of the noblest looking young men I ever saw, with a very intelligent countenance, bearing the unmistakable stamps of the only true aristocracy, that of principle, mind and education—with the remark that he had accidentally heard the young man say, a short time before, that he was an Odd Fellow.

"If he is," said I, "he has strangely forgotten the leading principles and commands of our Order."

"Suppose," replied Bro. Moore, "we try him and see; if he is a brother, we may be of service to him."

I assented, and we passed on and paused, one on each side of the table, so that the object of our solicitude was between us. He appeared to be half intoxicated already, and laboring under high mental excitement. He had again vociferously called for fresh tumblers of punch; and while waiting for his partner to deal the cards, he chanced to turn his eye towards Bro. Moore, who immediately gave that sign of caution which no good Odd Fellow ever gives without sufficient cause, and no Covenant brother can receive without emotion. Instantly the young man's face flashed crimson, and then the blood receded until he became as pale as death; his lips quivered, his breast heaved as if torn by the most violent emotions. As if to escape the sight of one who had attempted to arrest him in his mad career, he turned his head quickly in the opposite direction. I was prepared for this movement, and the moment his eye was turned towards me, I repeated the faithful sign of warning. Instantly he started from his chair and swearing he would play no more, he snatched up his hat and hurried to his state room. His companions appeared greatly astonished at his conduct; but, attributing it to natural eccentricity, sudden indisposition, or intoxication, (this last they referred to with a brutal, unfeeling laugh,) they soon supplied his place with another, and went on with their game.

Bro. Moore and myself then walked forward and ascended to the top of the boat, for the purpose of inhaling the fresh air, and enjoying the prospect furnished by the rocky and cedar clad cliffs of Missouri on the left, and the level but exceedingly fertile plains of

the American bottom of Illinois on the right. After promenading the roof of the boat for some time, we seated ourselves near the stern, where we had remained but a short time, when the young man for whom the turn affairs had taken had created a deep interest in the breast of each of us, came up. Immediately on seeing us, he approached, and grasping a hand of each, he exclaimed with an earnestness that I shall never forget,

"Brothers, in God's name, I believe you are the instruments of saving me from the drunkard's doom. I have frequently been warned, before, of the danger I was in; but never was appealed to in the manner you have done it this day. In the calm solitude of my state room, I have sworn before God to never indulge in intoxicating drinks again; and I feel a strength within me to keep the resolution which I never felt before. I shall feel eternally indebted to you, and if you will grant me a hearing, I will give you a brief sketch of my life, which will afford you some idea of the great service you have rendered me."

We both assured him that we would be very much pleased to hear any thing connected with the history of one of our fraternity, to whom there was any probability that we had been or could be useful. He then seated himself beside us, and having shown us his traveling card, from which we learned that his name was Charles F. Horton, and that he had been initiated and yet held membership in one of the oldest subordinate Lodges in Tennessee. We will give his narrative in his own words:

"I am the son of a wealthy planter in one of the oldest counties in Tennessee. Being an only son, every attention was bestowed upon my rearing and my education. In fact, the only real fault my father could be said to have, was over indulgence to myself and to my two younger sisters, who had been, almost in infancy, deprived of a mother's fond and tender care. My father being possessed of abundant wealth, and designing that I should succeed him in the possession and proprietorship of his extensive plantation, gave me an excellent classical education in one of the most celebrated eastern colleges—where I graduated some two years since with all the honors of the institution—but did not have me prepared to enter upon the duties of any profession or business.

After my return from college, my father, who has always superintended the business

of the plantation in person, placed all of my time at my own disposal, and supplied me plentifully with money, remarking that he must allow me to enjoy myself now, for that I would have business cares enough when he grew so old as to make it necessary to transfer the business to my hands. This mistaken policy he pursued for some time, until from mere want of something with which to occupy my time and attention, I became associated with many young bloods of the neighboring towns and cities, whose habits were not as regular as they should have been. By and by, slowly and by almost insensible degrees, I acquired their habits, and got to swearing, disregarding the Sabbath, and partaking of the fascinating wine cup. I also became slightly addicted to betting on horse-races, a very popular and fashionable amusement in the section of country where I lived.

"When my father discovered the course I was pursuing, he took me roundly to task for it, and remonstrated with me rather too severely, I sometimes think; but I fully believe that if I had had anything else with which to occupy my time and attention, I could and would have reformed. But from very *ennui*, I was driven to seek relief in actual vice.

"Again I reformed—resolved and re-resolved, that I would not only cease from my excesses, but that I would keep aloof from my boon companions and entirely out of the way of temptation. But having no useful occupation to employ myself at, I could not, or at least I did not keep my resolution. My friends all remonstrated with me, and I often tried, or thought I tried to reform, but I found it more and more difficult at every attempt. At last I grew so dissipated that my father determined, as a last resort, to remove me entirely from my old associates and former haunts, and try what effect a change of scene would have upon me.

"Accordingly, a few weeks since, having ascertained that I had no objection to the arrangement, he furnished me with letters to an early friend of his, who is now a judge of the circuit court in the northern part of Missouri, recommending that I should spend a couple of years with him in the study of law. Previous to leaving home, I visited my Lodge which was some twenty-five miles from my father's residence, and which I had joined through the influence of a classmate soon after I left College, and obtained a visiting card for one year. As I lived so remote from my Lodge, I had been able to attend its meetings

but a few times — barely often enough to obtain all the degrees. If I could have attended the meetings of the Lodge regularly, I do not doubt but that it would have exercised a controlling influence over my bad habits, if, indeed, it had ever suffered me to contract them.

“Supplied with my card, letters of introduction and an abundance of spending money by my still indulgent father, I took an affectionate leave of my family and friends, and with a full determination to forsake all my bad habits at once and forever. This resolution I kept religiously during my stay of a fortnight in Nashville, and until I had embarked on the boat. Here, being annoyed by my old and inveterate enemy *ennui*, I finally got to playing euchre with some of the passengers — merely for pastime. My companions finally proposed to play for “something to drink,” which I refused, alleging that I never drank. They then insisted we should play for lemonade and cigars, “just to make the game interesting.” To this I at length assented: and, the bar keeper having mixed some wine with the lemonade, it revived my slumbering appetite for something stronger. Since then I have been partially intoxicated all the time, until your fraternal warning to-day, completely sobered me. What would have become of me, let loose upon a world so full of temptations to the young without the restraints of a father's authority, or the gentle influences of a sister's love, I shudder to think of. But, thanks to the noble principles of Odd Fellowship, which I hope have not found a barren soil in my bosom, I feel now as if I had strength given me to break entirely off from my old habits of idleness and dissipation. In the name of God I have sworn to never drink another drop, and by his help I hope to keep the resolution.”

We thanked Bro. Horton for the confidence he reposed in us, and the pleasure he had given us by his interesting narrative; and Bro. Moore took occasion very opportunely and yet unobtrusively to give our young friend some very excellent and seasonable advice in relation to his future course.

From that time until we reached St. Louis, my new made young friend and myself — who were about the same age, were inseparable; and the more I knew of him, the more I saw to admire in his lofty intellect and noble disposition. When we reached the Mound City we remained several days together; and as he was a stranger there I took it upon myself

to ‘show him the elephant.’ We visited several of the Lodges, with the beautiful work of which he was highly delighted. At length we separated with mutual feelings of regret, each for his respective destination, promising to correspond, which we have regularly done since.

For two years he remained in his northern home, and then returned south, where he is now fast becoming an eminent practitioner at the bar, and one of the first men in the part of the State where he resides. And what is still better, he is now the joy and pride of his family and friends, who once feared, and with too much reason, that he was in the downward road to inevitable ruin.

How much good were the secrets of Odd Fellowship instrumental in effecting in this instance? Who can tell?

B.J.F.H.

Original.

## THOU ART AWAY.

BY MISS M. E. WILSON.

And thou art away 'mid the isles of the sea,  
Where the breath of light zephyr gently is blowing;  
Where the nightingale's song floats wildly and free,  
And the beams of a bright sun forever are glowing!

Where the orange and citron together entwine  
Their long glossy leaves and soft fragrant flowers;  
Where the pomegranate, rose, and lemon and vine,  
Bloom in the grottoes, the levellest bowers.

Methinks I now see thee o'er fair Nevis tread —  
That emerald bright — that gem of the deep;  
On whose white glittering shores soft perfumes are shed,  
And spirit-toned shells their murmurings keep

No shadow is there, and music is straying [trees,  
Where sweetness comes up from the pomegranate  
And the bright silver fountains in gladness are playing,  
Amid the young blossoms and whispering leaves.

And oh! thou art glad in that sweet land of love,  
Where winter comes not with its chill and its blight;  
But the blue sky forever is cloudless above,  
And the flowers beneath forever are bright.

MAYSVILLE, KY.

INGRATITUDE.— Of all vices, ingratitude, generally speaking, confers most disgrace on the culprit. Seneca places this vice immediately after theft, manslaughter, sacrilege and treachery. There are four descriptions of ungrateful persons. The first denies that he has received a favor; the second suppresses and conceals the benefit; the third retains no remembrance of the kindness; the fourth, who is the worst of all, conceives a hatred for his benefactor, because he is conscious that he is under an obligation to him.

## WHO ARE ODD FELLOWS ?

To become an Odd Fellow there is something more necessary than entering the portals of a Lodge, and *promising* to fulfill the duties enjoined in the initiatory service. If a knowledge of the signs by which brothers are known to each other, a weekly allowance in case of sickness, and funeral benefits, were the only advantages of becoming an Odd Fellow — if there were no duties to be performed by Lodges and brothers, except such as relate to financial affairs, then would our beloved Order be shorn of its chief adornments, and levelled to the condition of a selfish calculating, insurance association, and such an one as could not be recommended even for that, for it will be observed by examining the report of the several Grand Lodges, that not one-half the contributions of members are applied to the relief of distress. But there are other more holy and ennobling features which commend the institution to the warmest sympathies of the benevolent and the good. By frequent meetings in our Lodges, where peace and good-will should always reign supreme, where the cares and perplexities of life are forgotten, and brethren unite in friendly greetings, the affections are warmed and man forgets selfishness, and remembers that he is a creature of Providence, bound by the laws of sympathy to do unto others as he would they should do unto him. Such is the main object of Odd Fellowship, to divide the cares and double the joys of our existence. He is an Odd Fellow who does no wrong, who helps the distressed, encourages virtue, restrains vice, and does all that is within his power to advance the happiness of his fellow mortals. He is a true Odd Fellow who administers to the sick, feeds the hungry, clothes the naked, instructs the ignorant, and communes with the just — who hates crime, yet would spare the criminal; would reform, not crush the vicious. And above all, that man is a worthy Odd Fellow, who is always found battling for the oppressed. Tyranny's arm was never strengthened by the sinews of an Odd Fellow. Oppression's victories never received his shout of applause. He never slanders, nor does he listen to the defamer's tongue without rebuking the assassin of character. He seeks not to elevate himself by the downfall of others — he scorns deception, and abhors low base insinuations — he grants the measure he would have meted out to him. He stands by the bed of sickness and distress,

pours the oil of consolation into the wounded spirit, and ceases not his efforts to do good. He asks not applause, is not vain, boasts not, and seeks not undue pre-eminence before his fellows. Sorrow's tears excite his compassion, and call forth his exertions in its behalf; but envious expressions of hate raises his feelings of disgust, and he withdraws from its presence. His sympathies are all with the humble, the virtuous, the truthful — his antipathies against the arrogant, the vicious and the false. We often hear it said: 'I do not see that Odd Fellows are any better than those who are not of your Order, for — belongs to the Order, and he never assists his needy brethren, and he deceives and wrongs his neighbors.' We say nay, he is not an Odd Fellow; he has broken his vows and cannot be of the fraternity; his name may be upon the books of a Lodge; he may know the signs and even join in the work of the Order, so far as outward appearances indicate; but his heart is locked up in his own bosom, his sympathies are in his pocket, and conscience has no control over his acts. Some proclaim aloud their *superior* devotion to the cause, boast of their attainments, and seek to win the approbation of a thoughtless world; but their voices are as sounding brass and tinkling cymbals, signifying nothing. True greatness never boasts of its deeds. The value of diamonds are understood from the lustre proceeding from them in silence, while the louder a bell may ring the farther will it be known it is base metal that is sounding. The true Odd Fellow may be known by his bright, noble deeds, and not from vain boasting of his extraordinary worth. Let a high and holy purpose animate each breast, and it will yield its own reward. The just in chains and in prison are far happier than the tyrants whose fetters they wear. The debtor in rags, and houseless, has enjoyments unknown to him who riots in wealth, while his heart is sealed against the cries of distress. Honest poverty debases no man, but ill-gotten wealth sinks him below the brute. Let each member of our fraternity remember that the eyes of the world are upon us, and let their conduct be such that they may be likened to diamonds, so that when the question is asked, who are Odd Fellows? the answer may be, those who deal justly, and seek to do good.

[Banner of the Union.]

To wipe all tears from off all faces is a task too hard for mortals; but to alleviate misfortunes is within the most limited power.



Original.

## CELEBRATION AT GALLIPOLIS, O.

BRO. GLENN — According to a request, I will endeavor to give you an account of our celebration, which come off on the fourth of September. This celebration was delayed for a long time in consequence of an ill brother.

Ariel Lodge, No. 156, instituted by yourself, on the 17th day of May, 1850, has been working hard ever since its creation, but its labors have been altogether within its own walls, until lately. The 4th was set apart as the day for our celebration. Bro. GEO. S. WEAVER, of Marietta, was engaged to deliver an address on the occasion, which he did in a way altogether worthy of the glorious cause of Odd Fellowship, which he has espoused.

The Lodge assembled at their new Hall, at one o'clock, P. M., and proceeded in regalia to the Presbyterian church, where a BIBLE was presented by Miss EMILY DROUILLARD, to the Lodge, in behalf of the donors, who are a number of ladies of Gallipolis. Miss Drouillard presented the Bible in a very neat and appropriate address, which had a double charm, coming as it did from a lady possessing both beauty and grace; thus placing the great foundation of our beloved Order before us, illustrating that great truth that where the Bible is, there is woman's confidence and esteem, and nowhere more clearly exemplified than in the earnestness in which Miss Emily presented the Word of God to the members of Ariel Lodge. The Bible was received on behalf of the Lodge by Bro. WEAVER, in a neat and complimentary manner.

At night, the ladies of Gallipolis gave a pic nic at the Odd Fellow's Hall, which was well attended and well enjoyed by all, both ladies and gentlemen, if a cheerful countenance is any index of the same; and at a late hour the company returned to their homes, well pleased with what they heard and seen of Odd Fellowship during the day. As this has been the first opportunity, which this community have had, to witness the harmonious workings of our fraternal Order, it left a good impression; one which will not soon be obliterated.

But while we were exemplifying the beauties of Odd Fellowship in its social aspect, another and more solemn duty was awaiting us on the morrow; our worthy brother, ALPHEUS

MARTIN, whom the brothers of his Lodge had been watching and consoling during a long spell of consumption, breathed his last, at his father-in-law's, fourteen miles from his Lodge; but neither the distance, nor the fatigues of the previous day, nor yet the attractions of a public turn out of the Temple of Honor in this city, could deter the brotherhood from that last and solemn duty, "bury the dead."

They consigned Bro. Martin to the grave, and read at his resting place the soul-inspiring service of the Order; and after partaking of a sumptuous dinner prepared for the Odd Fellows, by the family, we returned to our Lodge, to be regularly dismissed.

Yours in F., L. & T. Y.M.F.

The following are the addresses — beautiful, eloquent and appropriate — delivered on the foregoing occasion. With pleasure, we transcribe them to our pages.

On presenting the Bible, Miss DROUILLARD spoke as follows:

SIR — In behalf of the ladies of Gallipolis, I present this Bible to the Lodge of Odd Fellows, which you here represent. May you take it for your guide; 'it will be a lamp to your feet and a light to your path.' It is a priceless treasure, and its sacred pages should be read with feelings of grateful remembrance to our merciful Benefactor. It is a fountain of intelligence from which all may draw, in the hour of trial, comfort and consolation. Among the numerous benevolent institutions of our happy land, yours stands as one, to scatter blessings in the pathway of the lonely widow and helpless orphan. Its principles are founded upon the truths of this gospel, and long, long may it stand, and increase under the guidance of Him who is the widow's God. I would say in behalf of the ladies, you have our warmest wishes for your prosperity, and, with your glorious motto, 'Friendship, Love and Truth,' you can march forward with an approving conscience, in the path of duty. It is our prayer that the smile of heaven may rest upon you, and when all earthly things shall fade, your hopes being placed upon this book, you may 'be permitted to pass through the gates into the Everlasting City.'

REPLY OF BRO. G. S. WEAVER.

LADY — It is with pleasure that in behalf of Ariel Lodge of the Independent Order of Odd Fellows, I accept from you this sacred

memento of your high regard for our noble institution — an institution devoted to the cultivation of morality and virtue, and the practice of friendship and charity. For two reasons do we regard this gift as invaluable. It is of itself a priceless treasure in value, past all expression, past all comparison. It is the ocean of eternal truth, the source of celestial wisdom, the expression of infinite love. To every true Odd Fellow it is inexpressibly dear, as containing the principles on which rests securely the noble fabric of his cherished institution. The Bible is our guide — our chart of life. In it is written our great fundamental law of Friendship, Love and Truth. On its golden pages is inscribed our highest duties. From it we learn our lessons of wisdom and goodness. To it we turn as our lamp of life. Yes, the Bible, the holy Bible, the Word of God, pledge of our Father's love, rock of imperishable truth, ark of safety, shining orb of light in the firmament of earth, glittering gateway of life — this heaven-inspired volume of infinite love, is dear, very dear, to every genuine Odd Fellow. No gift could be richer. No other pledge of esteem so sacred and honored. But, if possible, it is rendered more so by the giver. It is WOMAN'S gift. From the hand of earth's best type of heaven we receive it. How natural, how appropriate; man's guardian angel, with the Bible in her hand, pledges her esteem for his fraternal compact on this holy word of divine truth and love. With this for our guide and her for our guardian, we cannot fail of great good. Sure are we that God will ever smile upon his two best gifts to man, WOMAN and the BIBLE.

Good lady, for yourself, and those in whose behalf you are here, accept the thanks of those who love you, for this full and honored expression of your regard for us and our institution.

No interest is worth securing at the expense of one's character for truth. They who rely on stratagem and double dealing to accomplish what cannot be effected by honest means may have success for a time, but, 'in the upshot and issue of things,' their lies will overthrow them, and the overthrow will be final. In the highway of truth there are no pit-falls. He who falls in this road will rise again; yea, God will reach down from heaven his own Almighty arm and lift him up; but he who stumbles in the by paths of hypocrisy and falsehood falls to rise no more.

Original.

## I THINK OF THEE.

BY TE WACO.

*Inscribed to Miss M. R. S. of Nashville, Tenn.*

I think of thee in twilight hours,  
When weary Nature's calm and still;  
When gentle zephyrs kiss the flow'rs,  
And sweet is heard the tinkling rill.  
When Luna sheen her vigils keep,  
In mildness o'er earth, sky and sea,  
And all the world is wrapt in sleep;  
'T is then I think of none but thee.

I think of thee when I awake,  
At midnight's dark and dreamy hour;  
When stars are mirrored in the lake,  
And dews are sparkling on the flow'rs.  
I think of thee when morn's first light  
Steals softly over land and sea,  
And clothes the earth in beauties bright —  
I think of thee — I think of thee.

I think of thee when angels bright,  
In meekness look from spheres above,  
And bathe the good in streams of light,  
From fountains deep of holy love.  
When fragrant gales sweep gently by,  
A heav'n-like voice they bear to me,  
That seems to come from climes on high,  
And tells me still to think of thee.

And O! my heart with rapture fills,  
As speaks that sweet and gentle voice —  
Each fibre of my frame it thrills,  
And makes my very soul rejoice.  
It moves the waters of my soul,  
As fragrant winds the summer sea —  
As broad and deeply do they roll,  
Those joyous thoughts, dear one, of thee.

I'll ever think — I'll ne'er forget —  
Of you my kindest thoughts shall be,  
And when my heart does fondly beat,  
'T will beat for thee, and *only* thee.  
O! I will ever breathe thy name,  
With joy ecstatic wild and free!  
My love is an undying flame —  
My soul's one living thought of thee.  
*Washington, Pa.*

## A SISTER'S LOVE.

More constant than the evening star  
Which wildly beams above;  
Than diadem — oh, dearer far,  
A sister's gentle love!

Brighter than dew-drops on the rose,  
Than nature's smile more gay;  
A living fount which ever flows,  
Steeped in love's purest ray.

Gem of the heart! — life's gift divine,  
Bequeathed us from above;  
Glad offering at affection's shrine —  
A sister's holy love!

## THE QUERIST ANSWERED.

BY BRO. B. B. HALLECK.

It has been well remarked that 'a child can ask questions which a man cannot answer,' and there are some persons who appear to think that they can silence any Odd Fellow by asking questions. We shall attempt to answer a few of the most popular and puzzling queries that are proposed at the present day, for the ostensible purpose of bringing our beloved Order into disrepute.

*First.* 'If your institution is as benevolent as you profess, why need you be so secret about it?' We answer, our benevolent acts are not secret; babes and sucklings lisp our praises in the public streets; we are seen around the dim taper of the midnight lamp, where the sick and the dying are tossed on beds of anguish and misery; we march in proud phalanx, at broad noon-day, to the graves of our departed brethren, in the great thoroughfares of the dense city. The sojourner in a strange land, far from his native hills, alone, almost unpitied and unnoticed, away from his loved ones, far from the domestic hearth where the little ones cluster around the father, calls on us to bestow the necessary means to waft him to his wife and children. There is no secrecy in this matter. The hills and valleys ring with the sound of our good deeds; they are talked of by the wayside, whispered in the enemy's camp, printed in the newspapers, sung in nursery songs, confessed by the old, rejoiced in by the young, and echoed from Montauk to Cape Sable with the voice of a trumpet. Does the querist mean to insinuate that we are *not benevolent* — that we do no good, *because we have secrets*? If so, let him set the seal of condemnation on christianity herself, whose birthplace is heaven, and whose life blood is *benevolence*! The Saviour said, 'It is not given you to *know* the times and seasons which the Father has put in his own power;' an apostle says, 'great is the *mystery* of godliness,' &c. We know not *the time of the end*, unless we are rash enough to pretend to determine what Christ said *he* did not know, neither the *angels in heaven*. Now because there are times and seasons, influences and powers, plans and purposes connected with christianity which are *secret*, shall we condemn it? No. Then withhold thy curse from our Order.

*Second.* 'Why do you arrogate to yourselves to do what belongs alone to christianity. Can

you expect to reform and reclaim the world and thus supersede the operations of the christian system?' Answer. We have never attempted to put one stumbling block in the way of christianity, nor have we essayed to remove her bulwarks and pull down her palaces, to set up our own. We bow with implicit faith and obedience at her altars, and our object is to aid her on in her conquests and build up her Zion. There is a moral power in poetry, in music, in romance, and eloquence. They have a resistless, formidable power, and he who cannot be moved by them 'is fit for treason, stratagems and spoils;' but shall we arraign all our poets and musicians and novelists for meddling in matters that belong alone to christianity? Shall we say, they have no business with the soul, the moral affections, because christianity has a greater power than they? Is there any danger that these will supersede the efficacy and the controlling influences of gospel truth so far as to defeat and neutralize it? No. Then do not charge Odd Fellowship with this high-handed arrogance.

*Third.* 'Of what great use are your mighty secrets? What *good* do they effect, and may they not lead to alarming *evils*?' We answer, the same cautiousness, the same self-defence, and the same measures, in *fact* if not in *form*, are employed by other societies as well as our own. The widow's benevolent society, the orphan, the lunatic, the samaritan, &c., &c. Institutions do not contemplate a promiscuous and universal distribution of their funds; they are limited to a certain class of the helpless and unfortunate children of humanity; and they have certain methods by which to guard their strong box from the hand of impostors. This may be a written, certified piece of parchment, or it may be a simple word. 'Budget,' or 'mum,' we care not, so that the counterfeit may be distinguished from the genuine. Here is the use of our secrets. If an enemy or spy knew the watchword as well as the sentinel at his post, the citadel might be stormed, and made an easy prey. As to the danger that our secrets will lead to alarming evils, there is just about as much danger that all the heads of families in this great republic will rise up 'en masse' and dissolve the Union, because there are *family secrets*, as there is that Odd Fellows will do so, because of their secrets.

*Fourth.* 'Do dot the duties of Odd Fellowship, their frequent meetings, their late hours, interfere with the obligations of fathers and husbands?' Once every week, we should

think, not very extravagant; people can attend religious meetings, political meetings, and temperance meetings and parties of pleasure, much oftener than this, without incurring the imputation of neglecting their families and social obligations. As to 'late hours,' it is not a fact, as a general thing, that Lodge meetings are prolonged to an unseasonable and improper hour. Moreover, it may be asked in turn, is it not the duty of the husband and father to provide against the reverses of fortune, to secure friends for his widow and orphans, should he be taken away from earthly scenes and duties? He is doing these in the performance of his Lodge duties.

*Fifth.* 'But after all, have you, in fact, any more true benevolence than an insurance company? Will you pay anything after the policy is run out?' Grant, if you please, that by paying a certain sum quarterly, a member is entitled to a specified sum per week during his sickness, (should he be taken sick,) is *money all that he gets?* It is, in an insurance company transaction. But it is not so in a Lodge of Odd Fellows. The members of an insurance company will not go and save your goods and dwelling from the flames, or condole with you for your loss, only as their own safety is concerned. But what hope of reward is there, what selfish principle is exercised in the midnight watchings, the encouraging words, the sympathising offices, the frequent visits that the fraternity render to their sick brethren? You may say with the same propriety a church is an insurance company, for the members pay their minister, expecting to receive his pastoral counsel, and the sympathies and attentions of the brethren. Indeed, what has any society to boast of more than an insurance office, whose members help to make the fund by which they are aided in the hour of want and sorrow? There is this difference, we trust: the one is instituted to aid the distressed, to ameliorate the condition of humanity; the other to *make money*.

*Sixth.* 'Are there not some bad men in the Order?' Answer. I suppose there are. It would be very remarkable that there should not be one among some twenty-eight or thirty thousand, when the Saviour himself among his chosen '*twelve*' had a Judas and a Peter! If the Order is to be condemned because it has had bad men in it, then let us shut up our churches, for there are bad men there. We deplore the fact as much as any one, that our 'garments are defiled,' and that unsuitable men have crept in to seek an asylum at our

altars; but this is no more an argument against us, than it is against the light of heaven, that *reptiles can see*, and that the base enjoy its radiance and its beauty. We may ask, in reference to the best institutions under heaven, 'Are there not bad men in them?' If the query is designed to condemn any one for this feature, it must make sweeping work and condemn the whole. Brethren, let us put to silence all questioners by doing our duty faithfully, fearlessly, and in the spirit of 'Friendship, Love and Truth.' May heaven preserves us from moral pollution; and fidelity and virtue inscribe on our inner sanctuary, 'eternal vigilance.'

**POLITENESS.**—Politeness is and ought to be a habit so confirmed, that we exercise it instinctively—without consideration, without attention, without effort as it were; this is the very essence of the sort of politeness I am thinking of. It takes it out of the category of the virtues, it is true, but it places it in that of the qualities; and, in some matters good qualities are almost as valuable, almost more valuable, than if they still continued among the virtues—and this of politeness, in my opinion, is one.

By virtues, I mean acts which are performed with a certain difficulty, under the sense of responsibility to duty, under the self-discipline of right principle; by qualities I mean what is spontaneous, such as natural sweetness of temper—natural intrepidity; others are the result of habit, and end by being a second nature; by being so called. Gentleness of tone and manner—attention to conventional proprieties—to people's little wants and feelings are of these. This same politeness being a sort of summary of such. I will end this little didactic digression by advising those who have the rearing of the young in their hands, carefully to form them in matters of this description, so that they shall attain habits—so that the delicacy of their perceptions, the gentleness of their tones and gestures, the propriety of their dress, the politeness of their manners, shall become spontaneous acts done without reference to self, as things of course. By which means, not only much that is disagreeable to others may be avoided, and much that is amiable be attained, but a great deal of reference to self is in after life escaped; and temptations to the faults of vanity—pride—envious comparisons with our neighbors, and the feebleness of self-distrust very considerably diminished.

# The Ark.

ALEX. E. GLENN, Editor.

## GRAND LODGE OF THE U. STATES.

We publish in this number the most important transactions of this body, at its late session. We understand that its deliberations, throughout, were characterized with great good feeling and harmony.

The reports of the Grand Sire and the Grand Secretary, will be found in the preceding pages. These papers are always looked for with interest, and we give them entire, except the tables in the Grand Secretary's report. The Grand Sire's report will be admired more for its array of words than for any special detail; but the Grand Secretary's report gives details always full of interest to the Order. It is, indeed, *the* document of the session; and no brother will rise from its perusal without feeling proud of the onward march of the Order, its prosperity, and harmony.

With a single exception, we have no objection to make to the enactments of the late session; and we do not object specially to that. We allude to the permission granted to State Grand bodies to provide in their constitutions and by-laws, where their sessions shall be held, giving them power to move from place to place. This is in opposition to all preceding legislation on that subject; and was carried by a very large majority—61 to 21. We of course yield to the law, and are ready to abide by it. If the inconveniences result, which we have anticipated, it will be repealed—if not, then let it remain. We cannot *disregard* the law. We look upon it as a triumph of Northern New York. That Grand Lodge takes its own course, and brings the G.L.U.S to terms.

The appeal of the Grand Sire, the report of the committee, and the action of the Grand Lodge, places the pecuniary condition of P. G. S. Wildey before the Order, and appeals feelingly to its charity in behalf of its venerable founder, and we have no doubt there

will be a generous response. In regard to this matter, there is one thing never made known to the Order, and in all our inquiries we have never been able to ascertain the facts. How was it that Father Wildey was reduced from competence to his present state? It is said that it was by no fault of his own. Is there any thing about it, then, that should be concealed? The Order, we think, when appealed to for relief, should know *for why*. And another thing: where is the Order in Baltimore? It would seem from the documents that Father Wildey is in a state bordering on want and suffering, which we can hardly credit, for we have no idea that his own Lodge, or the Order in Baltimore, or the Grand Lodge of Maryland, would permit such a thing. Certainly not; and yet look at the picture as set forth by the Grand Sire, and in the report of the committee. There is a bad precedent to be established in the case; yet notwithstanding, we hope the Order will step forth, and assist at once in affording comfort and peace to the declining years of Father Wildey.

The six months' term was again before the Grand Lodge, and we hope every brother will read the report of the committee in regard to it. Will the Grand Lodge of Southern New York still think that the Order is *languishing* in consequence of the continuance of the six months' term? We think the report of the committee, and its adoption by the Grand Lodge, will put a quietus to this subject, and we shall see its ghost no more.

The adoption of the Ladies' Degree was the great act of the session, and it will be hailed with joy and pleasure by the masses of the Order. It is the crowning act of Odd Fellowship; and the Ladies will now be permitted to see some of the beauties of the Order. Thousands of them are in every way worthy, and entitled to all the advantages of Odd Fellowship. We are surprised at the opposition it met with in the Grand Lodge, the vote on its adoption being 47 ayes to 37 noes. We understand that it will be given to the State Grand Lodges by their respective Representatives, and these bodies will order

the books containing the Degree for their subordinates.

We regret that all attempts to raise a committee to inquire into the propriety of abolishing Encampments, failed. In each instance where the subject was introduced, it was laid on the table, or voted down at once. Rep. Pindell, of Kentucky, whose Grand Encampment had instructed him to bring the subject before the G.L.U.S., offered the following resolution :

*Resolved*, That on the first day of the next annual communication of this Grand Lodge, a committee of five shall be appointed to take into consideration the propriety of abolishing the Grand Encampments, and merging the subordinate Encampments into the subordinate Lodges.

The vote on this resolution stood 36 ayes to 49 noes. Among the noes are twenty-one votes from Grand Encampments. We believe there are now some 26 or 28 Grand Encampments, having from 35 to 40 votes; and yet in the entire proceedings we find nothing whatever, in any manner affecting the Encampment branch, except the attempt to introduce measures looking towards their abolition. There never is any special legislation in regard to Encampments. There seems no necessity for any; and yet their Representatives are in the G.L.U.S., representing a great minority of the Order, having as much power as the Grand Lodges. Here is Ohio, for instance, with her 13,000 members in the jurisdiction of the Grand Lodge, with two Representatives, while the Grand Encampment, with less than 2,500 members, has the same voice in the G.L.U.S! This state of things, so obviously wrong, will not long continue. The spirit of reform and progression, now so rife in the Order, will reach it, and these Grand Encampments, originally self-constituted, will be abolished, and the Encampment degrees merged into the subordinate Lodges. The great masses of the Order favor it. It will be a vast improvement, and dispense with unnecessary expenses, and help to consolidate and simplify the work of the Order, and while it will render it less complex, will make it more beautiful.

The decision that subordinate Lodges can make their own by-laws, will be satisfactory

to Ohio, and will undoubtedly silence all opposition to the Code of Laws adopted by our Grand Lodge last January. It stands to reason and common sense that subordinates should have the right to make laws for their own internal government.

On motion by Rep. Chidsey, of Ohio, a resolution was adopted that brothers holding final cards from the Order in British North America, can be received in Lodges in the United States on the same footing as our own members.

We regret that the Constitution was not amended so as to provide for biennial sessions. We hope yet to see the G.L.U.S. follow in the footsteps of many of the States in regard to sessions of their legislative bodies.

We believe we have alluded to most matters of general interest. If, however, we discover that any thing has been omitted, we shall notice it hereafter.

RESIGNATION — APPOINTMENT. — A few days previous to the meeting of the Grand Lodge of the United States, Grand Representative RICHARD WILLIAMS, of Tiffin, one of the Representatives from the Grand Encampment of Ohio, resigned his office; and Grand Patriarch CHIDSEY appointed P.C.P. THOMAS J. McLAIN, of Warren, to fill the vacancy. The appointment was an excellent one, and we believe entirely satisfactory to the jurisdiction. Bro. McLain is a gentleman of character and ability, worthy of the place. He attended the session of the G.L.U.S., and we believe was present on every occasion when a vote by ayes and noes was taken.

REV. BRO. DOOLITTLE. — We regret to learn that this brother, for the last six years pastor of the Universalist church in this city, has resigned his charge, and is about to leave us. We understand he takes charge of a church in Philadelphia. During his stay here, he made many friends, and all regret his removal. Their good wishes attend him in his new location; and we can cordially commend him to the kindness and fraternal courtesies of the brotherhood.

## THE LADIES' DEGREE.

The Mirror of the Times contains the following article in reference to the Ladies' Degree, recently adopted, which is more satisfactory than any thing we have seen or heard on the subject. It will be interesting to our readers, and we take pleasure in copying it:

THE LADIES' DEGREE.—That there should have been any, the least opposition to the passage of a measure like this, divested as it is of the very appearance of wit, and from rising so many advantages to the Order, is indeed a matter of surprise, and not easily to be accounted for. This opposition was not to us unexpected, for we heard enough at Cincinnati last year, to prepare us to hear that the measure would meet with strong opposition from a certain quarter. We had strong faith, however, in the intelligence of the Grand Representatives, and therefore anticipated the triumphant passage of the measure. The vote of the Grand Lodge of the United States has proved that our views of the matter were not wrong. The vote approbating the report of the committee upon this subject is an indication of the high estimate that body placed upon it.

It is now a matter of law and fact that the wives of the scarlet members are entitled to the 'Ladies Degree.' To Rep. Colfax, of Indiana, the credit is due, for drawing up this valuable acquisition to the work of the Order. It is a composition of great merit, and will be appreciated by all who are capable of valuing what is truly sublime.

Upon the testimony of those who had heard the report read in the G.L. of the U.S. at its late session, we pronounced it the crowning excellence of the Order; since which time we have been permitted by the fraternal courtesy of G. Rep. Dibblee, to read the report ourself, and now from personal knowledge we can give it as our candid opinion that it is a masterly production—neat, chaste, appropriate and finished. We do not see that there is any thing redundant or deficient. In a word, the Order with this addition to its work is, so far as we can now see, perfect and entire, wanting nothing.

Heretofore, many of our brothers seemed to entertain invulnerable objections to the introduction of such a measure, and were slow to believe any practical good would come from it. The friends of the measure were, however, persevering in their efforts to make it a

fixed part of the ceremony of the Order, and have succeeded. The Ladies' Degree, to be called the "Daughters of Rebecca," is now adopted as part of our work, and around it is thrown the sanction of the highest tribunal of Odd Fellowship.

This degree will immortalize the name of Rep. Colfax, with the fair and lovely portion of the race. Ladies will now understand as well as ourselves the nature of the obligations and the value of the principles and objects of our Order. They will now appreciate the importance of our passwords and signs, and be able to recognize, and when necessary, command the protection and secure the aid of the fraternity.

We shall, in a subsequent number of our Mirror, show the particular advantage this degree will confer on our wives. At present we merely observe that this degree will be conferred only on the wives of *Scarlet members*. The reason for this is apparent. Every brother not having attained to this Degree will, as a matter of pure respect for his wife, avail himself of the first opportunity to obtain the Scarlet degree, that his wife may have the opportunity also of enjoying the privileges and securing the benefits of this elegant and pure degree.

Those ladies not being permitted to have it will understand that their husbands are but novitiates in the Order, or else are not clear of the books of the Lodge, and of course they will look after their husbands and see that they do not deprive them of their rights by their own apathy or negligence. Ladies whose husbands are not Odd Fellows, of course will know that duty to themselves point out the propriety of laying aside the objection they have so often urged, and now with their husbands enter our temple, surround the altar and receive from us our mysteries and secrets, and prove to the world what the Order now declares, they can preserve inviolate our safeguards and protections against imposition.

The Ladies' Degree, if we understand the matter, (and we have no doubt on this score,) does not "belong to every Scarlet member of the Order," unless he is clear of the books of his Lodge, nor is it to be obtained of the N. G. of the Lodge, but from those who may be designated and appointed by the proper authorities of each Grand Lodge. Nor is it to be conferred anywhere but in the Lodge room, in the presence of the Lodge, the ladies to be accompanied by their husbands. We might say more, but waive further remarks on this

subject than simply to add, it is not contemplated by the degree that ladies should form separate societies, hold regular meetings, and contribute weekly any sums to defray expenses growing out of such organizations. Every lady will be able, if necessity requires it, to make herself known to a Scarlet member of the Order, and receive protection and aid; and by a secret mode, known only to themselves, recognize any lady attaining to this degree.

#### INDIANA.

Our ever attentive brother, JOSEPH TODD, of Madison, sends us the following account of the institution of another Encampment in our sister State. "The work goes bravely on!"

I am again able to inform you of the addition of another Encampment to the list, making 29 in our State. On Tuesday last, September 20th, D.D. Grand Patriarch Thos. J. Robinson, accompanied by Pats. Gibson, Good, Toler and Clymer, proceeded to North Madison, and instituted Hill Encampment, No. 29, in regular form. After the institution the following Patriarchs were elected to fill the various offices, to wit: Wm. Wills, CP; Robt. Pyle, HP; B. W. Smith, Scribe; A. Harper, SW; G. W. White, JW; B. N. Lanham, Treasurer. Nine brothers were advanced to the Royal Purple Degree, and two others elected who were absent. The Camp starts under very favorable circumstances.

THE LADIES.—We learn with pleasure that several ladies are interesting themselves in procuring subscribers for the next volume of The Ark. It is, we believe, a general favorite with them, and when they go to work in its behalf, we think we shall have a largely increased list. We feel proud of their good opinion, and earnestly hope our magazine may continue to be worthy of their friendship. A lady in Kentucky, writes us as follows: "I like the last number of The Ark. I think your contributors reflect much credit upon themselves, as well as you. I am always gratified and pleased after having perused its contents." Such an endorsement is far more valuable to us than any certificate from any official source.

#### THE ARK FOR 1852.

The ninth volume of The Ark will commence with January, 1852. We find the cash system to work so well, that we shall continue our determination to demand advance payment. It is best for both subscriber and publisher, and we give this early notice that all who wish to continue The Ark — (and we expect *all* our good paying subscribers to continue) — may know our determination in time. We have nothing to say in regard to the future, only that our best endeavors shall be used to make The Ark worthy of the patronage of Odd Fellows. We desire brothers to examine our magazine, and decide for themselves as to its merits.

#### PREMIUMS.

We do not wish our brothers who often kindly consent to act as local agents, to labor for nothing; and as an inducement for them to obtain subscribers, and as a small compensation for their labor, we offer the following premiums:

To the brother who will send us the largest number of subscribers for volume 9, we will present an elegant Past Grand's or Encampment Regalia, worth \$25.00, or other Regalia, to the amount of \$25.00, as the brother may designate.

To the brother who will send us the second largest list of subscribers for volume 9, we will present a Regalia, such as he may designate, worth fifteen dollars.

To every brother who will send us twenty-five subscribers for volume 9, we will present a copy of the Odd Fellow's Offering for 1852. This volume is spoken of as the most splendid of any number yet issued, and makes a beautiful present. The retail price is \$2.50.

To every brother who will send us nine subscribers, we will send a copy of The Ark for 1852.

To any brother sending us five subscribers, we will send a copy of the Digest of the Laws of the Grand Lodge of the United States.

The price of The Ark is one dollar per annum, and in every case the cash must accompany the subscription. The lists must be sent in by the first of January, or mailed to us by that day.



### "THE STATE OF THE ORDER."

From the annual report of the Grand Secretary of the Grand Lodge of the United States, made to that body at its late session, we make the following synopsis, showing the condition of the Order in the jurisdiction at the close of the fiscal year ending on the 30th of June, 1851. Our columns will not permit us to give more detail. We may state that during the year there were thirty-one thousand initiations. The number of Lodges is about two thousand seven hundred; number of members one hundred and ninety thousand.

Lodges.	No. of Lodges.	Revenue of subordinate Lodges.	Contributing mem'rs.	Total amount of relief.
Maryland.....	70	\$82,425 63	10,787	\$53,560 78
Massachusetts..	138	45,541 32	9,701	26,847 75
S. New York....	198	147,145 00	19,877	73,189 06
Pennsylvania....	445	221,595 73	42,394	102,769 29
Dist. of Col.....	13	26,930 63	1,195	3,810 83
Ohio.....	185	86,005 45	12,644	27,314 98
Louisiana.....	30	34,595 02	2,435	10,222 29
New Jersey.....	103	48,386 68	7,808	19,690 80
Kentucky.....	80	34,482 85	3,862	9,464 60
Virginia.....	100	35,965 16	6,280	13,978 28
Indiana.....	94	53,602 84	4,307	12,978 59
Mississippi.....	44	17,660 80	1,634	2,364 96
Missouri.....	45	20,132 39	2,278	9,366 95
Illinois.....	94	20,409 38	4,035	4,030 64
Alabama.....	40	18,742 04	1,675	2,560 78
Connecticut.....	72	34,655 96	6,143	13,309 95
S. Carolina.....	19	14,117 22	1,361	6,495 41
Tennessee.....	70	28,397 24	2,595	3,480 95
Georgia.....	42	13,878 55	1,743	4,068 14
Maine.....	61	13,132 06	4,492	8,406 13
Rhode Island....	15	7,657 92	1,321	3,013 52
Michigan.....	56	18,810 23	3,223	5,432 51
Wisconsin.....	53	15,131 97	2,620	4,438 88
Iowa.....	30	3,916 13	1,066	12,360 86
Arkansas.....	6	1,448 33	280	188 00
N. New York.....	405	155,958 52	25,559	48,057 64

The above statement does not include Vermont, Delaware, North Carolina, New Hampshire, Texas and Florida, from which no returns were received.

The progress and condition of the Order for the past year, as compared with the previous year is as follows —

	1850.	1851.
Lodges .....	2,354	2,633
Members.....	174,637	189,376
Initiations.....	31,332	30,920
Revenue.....	\$1,216,417	\$1,309,673
Relief.....	\$483,404	\$491,899

It is to be regretted that full returns were not received from all the Grand Lodges, so that a complete statement of the statistics of the Order could have been given. As it is, the progress and condition of the Order is truly gratifying, and is cheering to every Odd Fellow.

### NOMINATIONS FOR GRAND OFFICERS.

Under the new Constitution of the G.L. of Ohio, any P.G. may nominate candidates for Grand officers, by sending the names to the Grand Master during the month of September. The first nominations under the law have been made; and a goodly number there were. We believe over ninety nominations were made, and if one-half or three-fourths should decline, it will still leave a long proxy ticket for the P.G.'s. to select from. *Seventeen* of the nominees reside in Columbus, and not less than two for each office. We wish to state a fact or two in reference to the use of their names. But one P.G. in Columbus made any nominations, and he did not nominate a single citizen of Columbus, nor did he nominate a full ticket. Nor were there more than two aware of their being nominated. One of the nominees has been dead for several years, and was not a member of the Order in Ohio at the time of his death! Others are not eligible for the offices to which they are nominated. Now, who made the nominations at Columbus? and what was the object in making them? The person who made them did not know the P.G.'s., and his object is very manifest. It was to bring Columbus into disrepute — to make other nominees believe that Columbus wanted *all* the offices, and endeavor to create a bad feeling. This is all very plain. How easy it is for persons to render themselves ridiculous while trying to make others appear so! It was a smart business to nominate dead men, and those not eligible for office! Several of those nominated in different parts of the State, are not eligible. Was there an understanding any where that this long list of nominations should be made? If so, was it a reputable business for Odd Fellows?

KENTUCKY.—Bro. Francis C. Cowardin, of Pembroke, Ky., writes us as follows: Our Lodge, (Clark, No. 78,) was instituted last March; and it affords me pleasure to say that it has succeeded beyond my utmost expectations. We have now about thirty members. Our meeting night is Wednesday. The officers at present are G. N. Crockett, PG; Wm. F. Clark, NG; F. C. Cowardin, VG; R. C. Jameson, Sec'y.

EDEN LODGE, NO. 147.

WINCHESTER, Preble co., Ohio, }  
October, 13, 1851.

BRO. GLENN — Permit me to give you and through your valuable magazine, *The Ark*, to its numerous readers, a brief history of Eden Lodge, No. 147, I. O. O. F., located at this place. This Lodge was instituted February 26, 1850, by our late Grand Master, W. C. Earl, with five members.

Since its institution there has been initiated 33; taken in on card 1; one of our brothers has been called from among us by death; drawn card 2, which leaves our present number 36, and we think all good men and true. No strife or discord has ever affected our progress, but all is and has been harmony and peace. May it ever continue so!

We have just fitted up a new room, of convenient size, and have it neatly, comfortably and appropriately, but not extravagantly, furnished; and have yet a bonus in our treasury, whereby, if called upon, we may relieve distress.

Our Lodge meetings are well attended, and all seem to be engaged in, and desirous of, extending the glorious principles of our beloved Order. Nearly all who are eligible have advanced to the Scarlet degree; and I think I can safely say that if the Patriarchal Degrees were made a part of the subordinate work, or that we had an Encampment near us, half of our members at least would in a very short time be of the R. P. degree.

We endeavor by the faithful discharge of our several duties and obligations, and of the practice of the principles of peace, to declare to the world that we are Odd Fellows in deed and in truth; and that in our midst will ever be found a Lodge where a brother, sick or in distress, may find relief, and a tent where the weary may find rest.

A few numbers of *The Ark* are taken here, but we want by the commencement of the next volume to at least double our present subscription.

Fraternally yours,

WM. J. KELLY.

DAGUERREOTYPES.— If you want a perfect likeness, call on Bro. Winchester. He don't make any other kind. Bro. W. has pleasant rooms, a good stock of material, keeps pace with all improvements, and does not fail to make a perfect picture. Besides this he is a gentleman and a good citizen.

MISSOURI.

We are indebted to our esteemed brother, Grand Sec'y VEITCH, for the following synopsis of the Order in that State for the year ending 30th June last:

No. of working Lodges 46; initiations 374; contributing members 2278; revenue \$20,132 39; brothers relieved 238; widowed families relieved 92; brothers buried 37; total relief paid \$9,366 95. Several Lodges recently instituted no report due.

No. of Encampments 10; initiations 54; contributing members 283; revenue 1,171 05.

The Order in this State enjoys a good degree of prosperity and usefulness. The large emigration to California a year or so since, caused it to be weakened at some points, but it has again attained a healthy condition. The nine Lodges in the city of St. Louis are all noble bands of brothers, working well and harmoniously. Their beautiful Hall, at the corner of Fourth and Locust streets, in which six of their Lodges meet, is now undergoing some interior embellishments and improvements, which will render it still more convenient and attractive.

TEXAS.— We learn from the Huntsville Item of August 16th, that on Wednesday, the 13th of August, Walker Lodge, No. 16, I. O. O. F., was instituted at that place by D.D. G.M. Henry L. Rankin, of San Augustine. The officers installed are E. A. Harper, NG; Wm. Holman, VG; L. C. Rountree, Sec'y; P. J. Simons, Treas; F. Mersfelder, W; J. R. Smither, C; G. Robinson, IG; M. C. Moore, R.S. NG; P. Daugherty, R. S. VG.

The Item says— The Lodge was named in honor of our lamented Captain Samuel Walker, who was a member of the brotherhood, and fell in the late war with Mexico. We believe our county has been rather behind the times in not having a Lodge before this. There are no less than three in successful operation in Galveston, and of course eighteen in the State beside this. Our county, however, will soon make up for lost time, the new Lodge commencing under very favorable auspices.

Odd Fellowship languished for a few years in Texas, but in the hands of persevering brothers it has revived, and in no State is the prospect more cheering.

## THE GOLDEN RULE.

This paper on the 5th of July last, published as *editorial*, the following paragraph :

NEWS FROM THE ORDER.—The members of the Order, says the Conneautville (Ohio) Courier, met in that place on the 6th ult., to celebrate the institution of Conneautville Lodge, and had an interesting time.

In The Ark for September, we published the following paragraph :

The Golden Rule speaks of the Order at Conneautville, Ohio, celebrating the institution of Conneautville Lodge, at that place. We have no knowledge of any such Lodge in this State. It must be one of the Rule's *bogus* concerns.

This paragraph called out the following in the Golden Rule of the 13th of September :

Could not The Ark in its itching desire to falsely accuse the Golden Rule, find a better pretence than the Conneautville affair, where a paragraph properly credited is asserted to be an invention of the Rule. If our brother will trouble himself about the Rule, we hope he will buy a grammar, and read the fifth chapter of Acts.

Now for a chapter for the Golden Rule, and a piece of our mind about that concern. We never had an "itching desire to falsely accuse it," and will show that we have not done so. In the first place — there is no such town as Conneautville in Ohio — secondly, there is no such paper as the "Conneautville (Ohio) Courier" — thirdly, there is no such Lodge as Conneautville Lodge, in Ohio — fourthly, there was no such celebration as the Rule mentions, and fifthly, the paragraph was not properly credited. Now, where is the false accusation? Did the Rule, in its itching desire to give news to the Order, *manufacture* the statement? Until it shows that there is such a Lodge as "Conneautville," in Ohio, it must be supposed that the Rule is wrong. *Properly credited*, indeed! But the Rule was out of humor, because we corrected its statement, and evinces a very *snarlish* disposition. We used the word *bogus* in pleasantry, as the Rule had made a publication about *bogus* Lodges.

Did the Rule, in its *itching* desire to abuse and quarrel with the various publications of the Order, desire to abuse The Ark? We must think so, but we have given it no cause to *snarl* and *snap* as it has done.

But this Golden Rule! — this publication that continually prates that it gives more news of the Order than any other publication, boast-

ing almost every number of its Odd Fellowship, and publishing a certificate from a high official functionary, that it is "by far the best publication of the Order," and "beyond doubt the most efficient means of inter-communication with the Order" — what is it, we ask, but a *humbug*? What news does it give that it should be "the best publication of the Order?" The most part is local, the proceedings of the New York Grand Lodges, the names of officers of State Grand bodies, and subordinate Lodges. The best publication of the Order, indeed! Bah!

But it publishes the certificate of James L. Ridgely, Grand Secretary of the G.L. of the U.S., that the Golden Rule, in his judgment, "is by far the best publication of the Order." Now, we much mistake Bro. Ridgely, if he voluntarily said this, and intended that the Rule should parade it in its columns continually, to the disparagement of other publications. Certainly, he never intended any such thing. Yet this is what this Golden Rule does; and endeavors to injure other publications, by thus disparaging them with the Order. Shame upon *such* Odd Fellowship! Shame upon such practice of the true "*golden rule*!"

The whole course of the Golden Rule, since 1845, with editors, publishers and agents, has been *disreputable* towards its cotemporaries. In all its changes the same disreputable course has been followed, even in permitting agents to assert that it was buying up all the other publications of the Order.

But as to certificates, we can find as good men as the ranks of the Order can produce, that will certify the Rule to be a real *humbug*; and we can show that all other publications of the Order, with perhaps two exceptions, give more matter in relation to the Order than the Rule does. Every number of The Ark gives more matter than the 4 or 5 numbers of the Rule, issued in a month, and matter, too, of vastly more interest to the Order at large. And we could find enough of good Odd Fellows to certify to such a fact; and all its boastings in its own behalf, is the most bare-faced *gammon*, unworthy of honorable

men, and those professing the charity which our Order teaches, and engaged with others in endeavoring to promote a common cause.

But does the Rule men belong to the Order? It has been said they do not, and we have not noticed that it has been contradicted. What Lodge or Lodges, do they belong to? Are they in the same category with a former editor of that paper? Why not answer at once?

But enough for this time. The Rule may now pull out the vent-peg of its wrath, and shower down its abuse upon us as it did upon the Louisville Odd Fellow. We shall not regard it; we have grown tired of its attempts to injure all its cotemporaries, and will submit to it no longer. But we have commenced, and we intend showing up that *humbug* concern in its true colors.

THE TOKEN.—We always receive and read this paper with pleasure, and not, we hope, without profit. Bro. RUSSELL bestows much labor upon it, not only mentally but mechanically, and sends it out to the Order to let them judge of its merits. He publishes no certificates of its merit, nor is he ever *blowing* it as "the best publication of the Order;" and we believe he truly endeavors to practice the golden rule, "to do unto others as he would that others should do unto him."

We are pleased to see that Bro. Russell has obtained the aid of Bro. BUSHNELL and Miss WILSON, as correspondents. They will add to the interest of his columns.

The Token enters upon its third volume on the 9th inst. It is published weekly at Pittsburgh, by Bro. Alex. B. Russell, at \$2 a year. We hope he may obtain a large increase in his subscription list for the next volume. Bro. R. has our best wishes, and towards him and The Token, we extend the hand of cordial and fraternal fellowship.

IOWA.—Empire Lodge, No. 31, was instituted at Fort Madison, Lee county, in March last, and has prospered finely, numbering at present about 24 members, and the future appears encouraging.

TEMPLAR'S MAGAZINE.—This excellent periodical commenced its second volume in September, and we have received No. 2, of Vol. 2. It is most beautifully printed, and the matter of a superior order. We feel that we must spur up, or the Templar's Magazine will go ahead of The Ark in good looks. Yet we shall not complain. We hope it is most liberally patronized, and can say that if the Templars do not patronize it well, they do not understand the interests of their Order; nor do they recompense the Editor, Dr. Wadsworth, for his ability, and his untiring devotion to the cause. If you want any society or organization to prosper, you must patronize and circulate publications devoted to them. There is no mistake about this. We have seen it, and know it. The documents must be circulated.

The Templar's Magazine is just the size and shape of The Ark, published monthly at Cincinnati, Ohio, by Dr. J. Wadsworth. Price \$1.00 a year. Send for it immediately, and pay in advance.

MASONIC UNION.—This is the title of a magazine, published monthly at Auburn, N. Y., by Finlay M. King, and devoted to the interests of Freemasonry. It is ably conducted, neatly printed, and we can cheerfully commend it to the Masonic fraternity as worthy of their patronage. The price is \$1.00 per annum, and any one sending ten names receives a copy gratis. We will take pleasure in showing the work to any one desirous of examining it.

VISITOR'S REGISTER.—We can furnish the Lodges in Ohio, or elsewhere, with a neat and substantial book, with printed heads, properly ruled, and the name of the Lodge on the back, in gilt letters, in which to register the names of visiting brothers. In Ohio, there is a law, (on page 72 of the code of laws,) requiring Lodges to keep such a Register. The price is two dollars. The book cannot be sent by mail. Orders are respectfully solicited.

Our correspondents must bear with us. All will receive attention by and by.

**MORE OF IT.**—The Golden Rule of July 5, said "Wooster (Ohio) Lodge, No. 42, celebrated the 4th by a public festival," &c. Now Wooster Lodge had no such celebration. The Rule is dated the 5th, and was doubtless printed two days previous, so it received the *news* in advance of the telegraph! [Great paper that for *news*.]

And still more. The Rule of September 27th, says:

"Forsyth county, Ohio, has neither a rum shop, a prison, or a pauper."

It will be '*news* to the Order' in Ohio that there is a county named *Forsyth* in the State. The Rule should have given the proper credit.

✂ The Golden Rule of October 18th, contains *seven* articles or paragraphs taken from the October number of The Ark, only *one* of which is credited, the others being changed to appear as *original* in that paper! And in this way it obtains its *news* of the Order. It is not very long since that paper complained of The Ark for neglecting to credit a tale copied from it, and which was written for it a long time before the present proprietors had any connection with it.

**RESOLUTIONS OF RESPECT.**—We were under the necessity, several years since, of declining to publish the resolutions passed by Lodges on the decease of Brothers, for the reason that they begun to occupy too much space in our pages. We are frequently in receipt of such resolutions, and Lodges will understand from this why they are not published. Short obituary notices will always be published.

#### CAUTION.

Whereas, it is ascertained that a brother named *John Jackson*, is now traveling through Pennsylvania, and other adjacent States, obtaining money and relief on the credit of William Penn Lodge, No. 56, I. O. O. F., of the State of Ohio, all Lodges of the Order are hereby cautioned against rendering said *John Jackson* relief, upon the credit of Wm. Penn Lodge, No. 56, he having drawn a final card on the 8th of July last, and is therefore, no longer a member of the same.

By order of the Lodge,  
F. S. FOSTER, Per. Sec'y.

Cincinnati, September 16, 1851.

#### MARRIED.

At San Augustine, Texas, September 9, 1851, by the Rev. Henry Sansom, Bro. HENRY L. RANKIN, D.D.G.M. of Aies Lodge, No. 16, to Miss CHARLOTTE E. EDWARDS, both of that place.

At Zanesville, Ohio, September 17, 1851, by the Rev. Mr. Leonard, Bro. WILLIAM M. LAUGHLIN, of Moxahala Lodge, No. 144, to Miss MARY K. DRAKE, both of that city.

Near Columbus, Ohio, October 5, 1851, by the Rev. D. B. Cheney, Bro. JOHN J. HURLEY, of Central Lodge, No. 23, to Miss EMILY BERRY.

On the 14th of October, 1851, by the Rev. Mr. Carper, Bro. J. O. FISHER, P.G. of Amulet Lodge, No. 57, Fayette county, Ky., to Miss SUSAN E. MITCHELL, of Perry county, Ohio.

In Madison county, Ohio, October 7, 1851, by the Rev. Arza Bunn, Bro. WILLIAM M. JACKSON, of Madison Lodge, No. 70, to Miss MALINDA PETERSON, both of said county.

#### DIED.

At Denmark, Tenn., July 5, 1851, Bro. JOHN H. MERIWETHER, of Denmark Lodge, No. 35, and Morton Encampment, No. 17, in the 23d year of his age. [The Lodge passed resolutions expressive of their deep regret for the loss it sustained, and bearing high testimonials to the virtues and worth of the deceased.]

At Farmington, Iowa, July 23, 1851, Mrs. ELIZA J., consort of Bro. M. H. Cooley, P.G. of Wildey Lodge, No. 17, in the 37th year of her age. In the death of Mrs. C., our brother has been called to mourn the loss of a devoted and affectionate wife.

At Pleasant Valley, Belmont county, Ohio, September 9, 1851, Bro. OLIVER G. KINSEY, of Clement Lodge, No. 129, and Hebron Encampment, No. 49, aged 27 years.

At Cincinnati, September 10, 1851, ALBERT STONE, son of P.G. John Gould, of Magnolia Lodge, No. 83, and Eunice Ann Gould, aged 1 year, 2 months and 1 day.

At Vienna, Rush county, Ind., at her father's residence, September 21, 1851, Mrs. ELIZABETH J., consort of Bro. James M. Tuttle, P.G. of Wildey Lodge, No. 17, Farmington, Iowa, aged 22 years. Mrs. T. was, at her decease Presiding Sister elect of Star of Hope Union, No. 8, D. of T. She was amiable in her disposition, a devoted and affectionate wife, and a woman of unaffected piety, and had won the kind regard of all who knew her. Our brother's loss is a severe one, but we have the high consolation that death to her was but a translation to a better world.

At Columbus, Ohio, October 6, 1851, after a long illness, Mrs. MARY ANN, consort of Bro. James Milligan, P.G. of Columbus Lodge, No. 9, in the 34th year of her age. She was an amiable and pious woman, beloved by all her acquaintances, and has gone to her happy home in the spirit-land.

At Cincinnati, Ohio, October 22, 1851, JANE, only daughter of Bro. H. J. Brodie, M. D. of Magnolia Lodge, No. 83, and Mrs. Ann Brodie, aged nine years and four months.

# THE ARK.

VOL. 8.

DECEMBER, 1851.

No. 12.

## ODD FELLOWSHIP A PRACTICAL BUSINESS.

From an address delivered at Peoria, Ill., Sept. 20, 1851.

BY REV. BRO. A. CONSTANTINE BARRY,  
M. W. G. P. of the Grand Encampment of Wisconsin.

"None of us liveth to himself." Capacities have been given us for an unbounded career of benevolent action, and there are perhaps few individuals living whose hearts in some way or other have not been impressed with the fact, that the great purpose for which they are to live, is *to do good*. God created them for this very purpose, and in their individual and associate capacity they are bound not only to *desire* the welfare of all men, but to *labor* for the same, and by substantial acts to do good to all men so far as they have opportunity.

Proofs are multiplying around us continually that society is awaking to a proper sense of its responsibilities — that the living consciousness and conviction is pervading and agitating it, that it has something to do with the suffering, degradation, licentiousness and crime, that meets us every where, and flourishes under our inspection. It is beginning to feel that itself is in part to blame for the evils which beset it. The truth has struggled upward to the light, and declared itself in the ears and to the consciences of men, that these evils are not wholly spontaneous, and that society is in part chargeable with their existence.

It is the chief and essential glory of the present age, that it is one of lofty aim and warm and gushing charities — of true living and noble and dignified effort. It is developing a truer principle of action, and its spirit is arousing the human heart and human energies, and sending forth men and women on a mission of mercy to the desolate and dark places, to the abodes of want and woe, to the sanguinary battle-fields of this war-smitten earth, to where the bondman pines in his chain. And this spirit is embodying itself in the benevolent movements and associations of

the day, and through these is multiplying its blessed triumphs all over our land, and carrying light and joy to the benighted corners of our world.

I am led to remark that in these associations we have furnished us a powerful means of doing good. They unquestionably compose the great moral machinery by which the world is to be improved, elevated and blessed; and there is not one of us who may not, who ought not, and I think I may say, who will not, in some way or other, put forth his hand to keep this machinery in operation.

Among these associations I may be allowed to write down the institution of Odd Fellowship. It will hardly be denied by any who have known aught of its operations and effects, that it has exerted widely a benign influence, and aided powerfully in extending the arm of Brotherhood and Union. It has not only appropriated freely its vast treasures for the relief of the suffering and distressed, has not only cared for the sick, visited and cheered the widow in her bereavement, buried the dead, and educated the orphan, but it has been smiting with great power and blessed effect upon the high, thick walls which shut man away from intercourse and communion with his brother — those whose birth, condition, pursuits and creeds were diverse, it has brought into an intimate acquaintance with each other, and made of them friends and equals. Its constant endeavor has been to write the great Christian Law on human hearts, to engrave it upon the consciences of men, "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself."

It is not claimed for Odd Fellowship that it is Christianity, nor that it is equal with Christianity, nor that in any superior sense it is a Christian institution; only that it is an incorporation, a practical embodiment of great living principles, such as Christianity furnishes, which are to exert their conquering force, and their irresistible energy through human agents, through the united testimonies, the blessed deeds and the combined efforts of living men.

Only about thirty years ago, and Odd Fellowship, as an organized institution, was not known this side the Atlantic. In the Old World it had existed for a period unknown; but in this country, until within a recent date, it had neither a temple nor an altar. In 1819 an humble band of five Brothers became a self-instituted Lodge, and commenced holding meetings in the garret of an obscure hotel in the city of Baltimore. Thus was planted the seed, in an unpropitious spot, which has issued in an abundant harvest. It sprang up fresh and green in the sterile soil where it had been cast — and though the storm assailed it, and the element of human prejudice and passion warred against it, it continued to take deeper root, and to send out new and vigorous branches, and to shoot upward in a mightier growth. Almost unknown as was Odd Fellowship, a little time ago — or known only to be scorned, and ridiculed, and denounced — *look at it now!* It has spread itself throughout the land. In every portion of this broad, free country are its temples rising, and the increase of benevolent deeds accruing from off its altars.

It was once the case — it is so now among the unreflecting, the prejudiced and uninformed — that the name "*Odd Fellow*" was held as a by-word and a reproach; and the man who took upon himself this name — however worthy, however excellent his reputation — became at once an object for "the contempt of scorn's unmoving finger," and was denounced as dangerous, though in point of moral virtue he might weigh down scores of those who were most loud and bitter in their denunciations. Odd Fellowship was looked upon, and is now, by those who will not be convinced to the contrary, "as a merry-making affair, got up for convivial and Bacchanalian purposes; and though it claimed the title of a humane and benevolent institution, it was believed that this claim was set up as a cloak of hypocrisy, to conceal practices, which, if known, would meet the severest reprehension of a virtuous and intelligent people."

Odd Fellowship, wherever it gains a lodge-ment and a dwelling-place, is its own vindication from charges like these. It takes no man for its exponent, but in the principles of Friendship, Love and Truth, and in the practical application of these principles, you have its body and its life.

Society, in its present structure and arrangement, is out in rebellion against the law of universal Human Brotherhood. It denies, and attempts to maintain its denial, that we

are all brethren, and with its false customs, its *castes* and unnatural distinctions, shuts man away from communion with man, and kindred soul with kindred soul. Hence the need of an institution that will devote itself to the correction of this evil — that, taking its stand upon the broad ground of the unity of the human race, will smite with awful force and blessed effect on the antagonism, and falsehood, and selfishness of the world, and the strong and overmastering tendency of which shall be to bring men together upon the ground of Friendship and Union.

Such an institution do we believe Odd Fellowship to be. It brings men of every sect and party into a better acquaintance with each other, and the rough corners of prejudice are battered off, and the sharp features of hard-faced bigotry smoothed and softened: and those who saw no good, nor excellence, nor virtue in others, come to see how much real heart-goodness there is in those on whom they looked coldly, and whom they thought unworthy of, and beneath their notice.

In our Lodges men of all parties and creeds meet, not as opposers, not as disputants, but as friends and brothers, whose bond of union and whose work is *one*; and as they learn more of each other, they come to cherish toward one another stronger feelings of love and good will. While out in the world the line of demarcation between party and sects is broad and deep, and few persons cross it even for friendly communion. Here party distinctions and sectarian peculiarities are unknown, and shoulder to shoulder, and hand in hand, we stand upon the common ground furnished us in the great motto of our Order — FRIENDSHIP, LOVE and TRUTH.

I have said that Odd Fellowship takes no man for its exponent. It should be judged of, and approved or condemned, by its avowed principles alone. It has published these throughout the world — not an essential element in its organization has been kept back — its doctrines, and the least of the propositions in the articles of its comprehensive faith, have been scattered broadcast throughout all lands, and it has been asking of men to read, and to decide on the merits of these what was Odd Fellowship. Still, it is true, and the fact is not to be overlooked nor disregarded, that decisions more frequently will be based on the practical workings, and the results of the application of these principles and doctrines, and oftener still on the lives and deeds of the friendly order — by the reputations they in-

dividually and collectively sustain, and the characters they acquire. Yes, Brothers, the cause we have espoused, will be judged of by us; and the verdict of society with reference to the claims of our institution will be according to the exemplification and practical illustration we daily give of the principles we profess as Odd Fellows. We are the instruments through which it must develop itself—through which its power must be exerted, and its triumphs wrought, in the midst of the conflicts, and alienations, and wrongs of a revolted world. To bring out its great principles into living action is our business. The chief work of the Order lies not within the Lodge room—there is a demonstration of the spirit and of the power of Odd Fellowship to be made out in the midst of men, where selfishness comes in between human hearts and freezes up the warm currents of human feeling—where fraud wrings from the pale, weak hand of want its hard-earned penny—where the eye of pride looks upon the woes of poverty without a tear, and where oppression chains, and whips, and starves, and the widow and the orphan find few to help them.

Odd Fellowship is eminently practical. It is an incorporation of great living principles, such as the divine religion of Jesus Christ has furnished, which are to exert their conquering force, and their irresistible energy, through human agents—through the limited testimonies, the blessed deeds, and the combined efforts of living men. It is not enough that we give them room in our hearts, and utter them in eloquent words—in our lives, sanctified and influenced by them, they should find an utterance—not loud and harsh—but low and soft like the one sweet tone of love, rising, and swelling above the din and warfare of society, until the sounds of human strife shall cease, and the widow's cry and the orphan's moan shall give place to songs of joy.

Odd Fellowship occupies reform ground. It has come in to meet the almost universal denial of the truth of the unity of humanity, and to provide a remedy for the evils which have sprung up out of that denial. And therefore it occupies the field, and in the practical application of its principles is intended to cover the whole ground of a general social reform. And I trust I do not claim too much for the institution when I say that it is better adapted to carry forward such reform, and to write the law of Universal Brotherhood on human hearts, than any other human means or agency whatever. In saying this I do not

offer disrespect to other and kindred institutions. They are designed, the most of them, to operate in, and carry forward, special reforms, and their influences, and tendencies, and efforts are directed against a single form of evil. They are thus co-workers with our own—and they have done good—they will continue to do good, and to help forward the grand object which Odd Fellowship seeks to promote and attain. But what I am in duty bound to add is, that this institution covers the whole ground occupied by others, and when its own proper and legitimate work is done, these will have fulfilled their mission, and will pass away.

I have just asserted that Odd Fellowship occupies reform ground. There is so much in this age of excitement and humbug that passes current under the name of reform, that lest it might be thought that I claim for our institution that it sanctions the thousand and one *isms* that float like scum upon the surface of the community, I beg leave to define my position.

It will not be denied, we presume, that man was created for progress, and that God has implanted in the human soul a rational longing for higher attainments—for the enjoyment of that which at the present moment lies beyond its reach. It is because man was created for this progress, that one sees him struggling and battling with the evils which surround him, and ever looking earnestly forward, “through the long night of watching and tears,” for the morning of a better and happier day. Look now abroad in society and you shall see how that men are unsatisfied with their present condition, and are stretching forth their hands after some good which they believe is not far from them. There is an unusual stir and excitement—a hurrying to and fro—an incessant buzz in the great hive. All seems disorder and confusion; and if we look below this restlessness and agitation, we see only evil growing out of such a peculiar state of things. New and untried experiments are demanded—multitudes shout as some new banner is unfurled to the breeze promising rest and peace beneath its folds—and nothing exists by the consent or ordination of men, but that is subjected to the closest and keenest scrutiny and investigation. But there is reason down at the bottom of this after all. These are not the mere elements of moral and social rebellion, of anarchy and ruin, which we see. They are only the developments of a deep and universally prevailing dissatisfaction, which long has been strug-



gling in the human soul to reach the light and find for itself utterance. And it has not been created by the visions and dreamings of the fancy and the imagination — it has real and substantial cause, and is but the wrestling of the spirit which God has planted within man. Evils have grown to be enormous, and there is a desire and a disposition to be rid of them. There is a lifting up of hands, and an earnest supplication for a new order of things, and for the attainment of blessings not now enjoyed.

We do not say, nor would we represent that every thing connected with this excitement, and agitation is right of itself — that there is in it no tendency to evil. It would be strange indeed, if it were marked by no extravagance — no outbursts of wild and tumultuous feeling — no ultraism and no passion. As men become dissatisfied with their condition — as they look around upon the dark and forbidding aspect of the things that are, and forward to the future, and seem to catch glimpses of something brighter and better soon to be revealed through the prayers and efforts of such as they, how natural that the less cool and reflecting should be set on fire of enthusiasm and zeal, which should burn even to their finger ends, and that they should “sow in dreams, only to reap shadows.” Such is the case now. There is much growing out of this deep, universal excitement that we lament, and that all good men must deplore; but it is consequent only upon the transition state in which society is found to-day, and upon the career of beings born to *progress*!

It is here that we are called upon to distinguish between what is reform, and what is not. The Apostolic command may help us to do this — “Prove all things — hold fast that which is good.” The principle herein contained is, that all things should be tried, examined, tested — the good, that which endured a righteous test, hold fast — the bad, that which proved to be so on trial, thrown away. This principle lies at the foundation of all true reform — a principle both conservative and radical, and eminently christian withal.

There is much ultra-conservatism in our day, growing out of too great cautiousness and fear, because of the excitement and fanaticism abroad in society. I mean by this a conservatism that strives against the tendencies which the Infinite Father has implanted in every human soul, and against the manifestations of the truth written there by the hand which fashioned us, that we were created for progress, and that the same old paths are not given us

ever to walk in, nor the same old institutions and customs to adhere to. It would not have us prove any thing, but demands that we hold fast whatever is, whether safe or not, whether good or bad, whether adapted to the present age, the present condition of society or otherwise; and that we retain old customs, old theories, old habits, old laws, whether good, bad or indifferent. Its adopted principle is, to hold fast — to let nothing go. It loves the old, the venerable, and time-worn, because of their antiquity; and forgets all the while in its blind and indiscriminating adoration of the dead Past, that on the principle it has adopted, the world had never emerged from the darkness of barbarism into the light of civilization — had never escaped from the bondage and woes of the one, and been lifted up to an enjoyment of the pardon and blessings of the other.

Often this conservatism of which I speak is the offspring of selfishness, of the spirit of which it largely partakes. It has selected for itself some comfortable corner in the midst of this cold and unfriendly world, has gathered a plentiful supply of the good things of life, and quietly folded its arms to rest; and in this snug and comfortable position it would remain, and slumber, and dream, and have no stir, no warfare against vice and evil. It dislikes being disturbed. It loathes effort, and shrinks from any application of muscles and sinews. It looks out from its secure retreat, and sees how many thousands suffer because of the faults and oppressions of society — it hears the cries of those whose wrongs are many and grievous, and the groans of those who writhe and bleed beneath the oppressor's lash — yet it has no head to plan, no heart to feel, no hand to strike for the rescue of these, the poor, miserable, down-trodden, and perishing children of a common father. Speak of reforming any abuses, of rooting out any evils, of taking another step in the upward path, and its ready and stereotyped reply is, that society is as near right as you can get it, and there is no need of this agitation. We do not believe the doctrine — we will not subscribe to such a proposition. Neither do we believe that we cannot prove all things — that we cannot “abandon the outward and look for eternal principles” — that we cannot lay hold of old errors and wrongs and put them away — that we cannot deviate from the old beaten paths and make certain advancement, without sacrificing whatever of social good we possess, whatever of righteousness we have wrought out, in the great interests of life and this hu-

man world. The idea is too irrational and absurd for a full-grown man to entertain. He who entertains it has not listened to that voice which speaks with divine authority in his own soul, and which pleads for Progress—PROGRESS TO-DAY, TO-MORROW, FOREVER!

We believe that all advancement, all progress hitherto has been obediently made. And to "go on," is still the mission of humanity. It is not to be content to-morrow with the destiny of to-day—it is not to lay aside its instruments of toil, as though it had attained all good, and there was nothing to seek, nothing to battle for beyond its present condition. There are hands that beckon us, and sweet voices that call us upward to prouder heights than we have yet attained, amid sublimer mysteries than have yet been revealed.

Let it not be supposed, that, while we are to make advancement, and by prayer and by effort to lift ourselves up the steep of Progress, we are to abandon all and everything that belongs to the past, and to cast indiscriminately away the good and the bad. This we are not to do, for in such a case we would have nothing to build upon—nothing upon which we might rear the new and better fabric. Whatever is excellent, and fitting, and pure of the past, that we should take along with us, and incorporate it with the good, the useful, and the wisely adapted of the present. But while an ultra-conservatism would have no taking down and re-building, and would have us satisfied with whatever is, radicalism, which is rife in the land, would sweep forever off from the face of the earth, every existing institution, law, custom, principle and doctrine; it would leave not a landmark of the past, not a broken column, nor an inscription, nor a letter, nor a footprint even, by which we might trace the journeyings of humanity through its pilgrimage of six thousand years. And this it would do, by way of ridding society and the world, of the false, the oppressive, and that which is the source of misery and tears. What madness is this! To reject everything, the good with the bad, the right with the wrong, the true with the false; to tear down without re-assembling the fitting material in a new and more beautiful edifice—would be an outrage upon common sense, and a gross violation of every principle upon which we are to proceed.

We know there is much that needs to be put away—many errors and corruptions that need to be purged out—that in the State and

in society there are wrongs of which they should be cleansed. But along with these, we know, too, there is much goodness, much truth—much that is excellent, and of the highest practical importance to the human race. This should not be doomed to destruction in common with the rest. But while we seek to destroy that which is bad, we should hold fast the good, and make such an application of it as our circumstances and condition require. This is the Christian command, and our only safety lies in obedience.

Intemperance has been proven a most ruinous and destructive evil. Perhaps no one evil has so cursed individuals and communities as this. Its very history is written in blood and tears. It has quenched in darkness and grief the light of smiles and joy in happy homes—has severed the strongest bonds of love and kindred—has desecrated the altar of the living God—has checked the progress of religion and truth—and rolled an ocean of crime, and pauperism, and woe over the face of human society! But he who would throw down the whole social fabric because this evil exists, could only be thought insane. This would be to consign the good and the bad to the same fate, and consequently would be a high-handed violation of that righteous principle upon which all true reform is based and carried forward.

Again, the test has been applied to slavery, and that found to be an evil. It is generally acknowledged to be such. But the man who would carry destruction, and bloodshed, and flame into the State, and pull down the very pillars of the same by way of destroying slavery, would be about as consistent as the physician who should cut off a patient's head in order to bleed him. And yet there are those who seem to know of no other way. To purge away a wrong—to scourge out a vice—to work out an evil—they would pull down and burn, and involve the good and the bad, the true and the false, in one common ruin. They would make an universal holocaust of the things of earth. The weapons of war, and the implements of peace—the good deeds of virtue, and the bad deeds of vice—the wisdom of the sage, and the folly of the foolish—the pure and the lofty in thought and deed, and the mean and despicable in human action—the basis of christianity, and the dumb idol of heathenism—those would it cast together into the fire, by way of purifying this human world of its corruptions, and ushering in the golden age of promise.

Ultra-conservatism is preferable to this mad folly. Better that all things remain as they are — wrongs unredressed, evils unrebuked, woes unalleviated, and tears unwiped away — than that the earth should be swept and blackened by a ruin so utter. Between those two extremes lies the mission-path of reform — the mission-path of Odd Fellowship.

This brings me back to the point whence I started, and to the position I had assumed, that Odd Fellowship occupies reform ground. I have defined what I mean by this, and that is the demand which this institution has come in to meet and answer. And will it be denied that it is intended to cover this ground, and to meet this demand? Will it be said that the mission and the work of Odd Fellowship are other than I have represented them to be? Will it be seriously answered by a Brother — one who has looked into its designs, and who has lent a listening ear to the great lessons it inculcates — that it is not a reform institution, and that hence it has no work to perform, no duties to discharge, with reference to the evils, and vices, and woes of society, and of the Human Brotherhood at large? I believe not! It certainly has a design, and would you have it less lofty, benevolent and holy, than I have represented it? Even though it imposes upon each of you additional and most solemn responsibilities? No, you would not. And each of you, when you were admitted within the inner veil of Odd Fellowship, were cautioned against regarding the institution as a mere protective and beneficial one, — an error quite too common, even among Odd Fellows, despite the caution. You were taught that it occupied higher ground; that its aims were loftier; that it had a work infinitely beyond the mere pecuniary assistance it rendered its members; that it sought to extend the bonds of its affiliation and union, until it has linked together in amity and peace, the nations, kindreds and families of the earth; when there shall be but one law, and that shall be the law of Universal Brotherhood. And how shall this mighty friendship be wrought out and achieved, save by the efforts and the noble deeds of those who have taken upon themselves the vows of FRIENDSHIP, LOVE and TRUTH? save by an array of strong men, who shall issue from temples consecrated to Benevolence and Charity, to wage their stern warfare against the selfishness, and wrong, and fraud, and oppression of the world, and to rescue the poor, perishing victims of their violence and cruelty? It cannot, unassisted and alone, push its way

through the thick ranks of its foes, and prevail against hatred, and strife, and alienation, and falsehood, and raze the high walls and unbar the thick iron gates which shut man away from his brother, and heart from communion with heart. The strong arm and the determined human soul are called forth. Here is a demand for the application of muscle and sinew, and of the mightier powers of living, speaking men; and by those, under God, must its conquests be achieved, and the crown of ultimate triumph obtained?

I would have it impressed on your minds, my brethren, and never be forgotten, that to be an Odd Fellow *means something*. I would have it seen, that in uniting ourselves to this great fraternity, we have assumed responsibilities that are of no light and trifling nature. Look round upon, consider the impressive mottoes which you have adopted, and which are before your eyes whenever you meet, and tell me if you are not bound to be better men because of your connection with the Order. If these be not all a sham and a mockery, they point you to the election you have made, and to the broad fields of moral effort which stretch out before you, and as living voices reminding you of the duties you owe to God, yourselves, and your fellow men. They tell you that Odd Fellowship is not a mere speculative theory, a combination of signs, passwords and grips — a creature of tinsel and ornament, of emblems and insignia — but a work for the hands, a life to be lived. There is no proper and just conception of it, where this is not seen, understood and felt; and we fail in being Odd Fellows just so far as we fail in giving practical utterance to the principles written upon our walls, and which are inculcated through the medium of emblems and symbols, which, with us, have a deep signification and meaning.

Be it ours, therefore, to carry forward this work — to live this life. And whatever may be the secrets we will not unlock to the gaze of an idle curiosity, let it be no secret that we have aided in the progress of human society; that we have fought well and nobly for suffering and down-trodden humanity; that we have visited the sick, relieved the distressed, comforted the widow, buried the dead, and educated the orphan; and that the world is better for our institution, and for our being Odd Fellows.

LADIES, what shall I say to you? what need I say more than I have said, to convince you that there is nothing degrading to your hus-

bands, your fathers, your brothers, and friends in Odd Fellowship? Whatever may be your conception of its secrets, and however low a place they may hold in your estimation, it is not for you to condemn an institution whose grand object is the relief of suffering and sorrow, and which makes the most benevolent provision for the widow and her fatherless children. It has claims not only upon your earnest consideration, but upon the affections of every female heart. It watches by the sick couch of your loved ones, as you yourselves would watch; it follows them to the grave, and bedews that grave with tears. It will be found, with its tender words and its offices of love, at the sick bed of your husband, your father, your brother, your child; it will be with them when they come to die, will apply the cooling water to the parched and fevered lips, will wipe the cold damp from the pallid brow, and close the eyes in their last sleep with a brother's hand. And when it has assisted you in burying your dead from your sight, it will turn away from the sepulchre to bestow its attention and its care upon the living. You may be among strangers, far away from relatives and kindred, and yet you shall not want for sympathy or friends; there will be those to weep with you in your afflictions, and willing hands to administer to your every necessity. This consideration alone is sufficient to procure for it your favor. You are not shut out—your sex nowhere are shut out from a participation in its substantial benefits. True, you do not enter our Lodges, and take part in their deliberations and proceedings. But you are not thus debarred because any thing is there transacted which would call the slightest blush of shame to the cheek, or that angels might not look down upon and approve; but because it would be out of *place*, as in other associations of men, of which your sex never become members.

May we not, then, safely count on your hearty co-operation with us in promoting the objects and the interests of our institution? Warn us, if you please, when we stray from the principles of "Friendship, Love and Truth;" smile your approval when they find an illustration in our conduct, and thus aid us, as you have by your presence on this occasion, in our endeavors to benefit our fellow men, to wipe away tears, and to bind up the broken hearted.

If I possessed the artist's genius and skill, Ladies and Brethren, I would paint for you a picture, one of living realities which I have

sketched in my own mind. My canvass prepared, and pencil and pallet in hand, I would paint here a market-place, with places of trade, and ships from every clime, and men should be seen hurrying to and fro with anxious faces, and jostling one another, and trampling down such as had fallen. I would have dishonesty and fraud doing their own appropriate work, and as an apt delineation would transfer to the canvass the story of the man who fell among thieves, only I would have no good Samaritan. And all this should be a representation of the traffic and selfishness of the world. Here I would paint a great heart, and I would gash it with knives, and thrust it through with arrows, and I would fasten the fangs of serpents upon it, and tear it with the beaks of vultures, and it should be all swollen with agony, and great, red drops of suffering and woe should ooze from it, and fall to the ground. And near by I would paint a widow in her weeds, and at her side two orphan children. And they should be bound in sadness, and wasted to skeletons by grief and want. Above this group, there should be a massive thunder cloud, dark as night, and from it the red lightning should leap and flash. And there should be men hurrying by, but they should all be priests and scribes, and there should be no human eye to pity, no human hand to relieve. Here I would paint three cherubs; their beauty should be divine, and a radiant glory should encircle their heads. I would hang the sweetest lutes upon their lips, and in their outstretched hands should be gifts of healing and consolation. And upon it I would paint a temple magnificent as Solomon's, and eternal sunshine should rest upon, and linger around its every column, and tower, and spire. Around it, and within its walls of strength, should be throngs of human beings, and joy and gladness should be written upon every countenance. A hundred fountains should be playing and flashing in the sun, and a thousand harps of gold should fling their glad minstrelsy on the air. And I would paint crowds going up to this temple, and asking for an entrance into its gates. And I would represent the three cherubs as returning, leading the widow and her fatherless children, and bearing that torn and bleeding human heart, now bound up. And then, to finish my picture, and make the reality complete, I would write in letters of gold upon the portals of this temple,

FRIENDSHIP, LOVE and TRUTH!

Original.

## TWILIGHT MUSINGS.

BY MRS. M. L. GARDINER.

Since time begun, eve has succeeded day,  
 Bringing the quiet hour I love so well;  
 And with it, memories of the pleasant past.  
 Remembrance wakes as busy day declines.  
 As evening draws her sable curtains round,  
 Comes in the stars, as one by one they peep  
 Like old familiar faces, clothed in smiles.  
 Like spirits of our loved ones, they appear,  
 So high, so pure, so holy, as they gleam  
 In the blue ether, looking kindly down,  
 Watching our movements, whispering words of love,  
 Of consolation, to the wounded soul.

Beautiful star! that meetest first my gaze,  
 As from my lonely window forth I look —  
 Beautiful orb! what knowest thou of HIM  
 Who yesterday was here? — by day and night  
 My counsellor, my guide, my light, my love?

Dwells he in thee, fair orb? Does he look down?  
 Does he behold me as I fondly gaze  
 Upon thy twinkling beams? Let me converse  
 With thee as with a friend, and ask thee where  
 Those happy spirits soar, from time, from care,  
 From sin and woe released? Where do they range?  
 Are they in heaven or air? floating or fixed?  
 Do they behold the dear ones lingering here?  
 See they the tears that dim the mourner's eye?  
 Know they the anguish which the bosom feels?

Fain would I know. I listen for the sounds  
 I fancy near, and almost catch a glimpse  
 Of golden harps. I see bright winged forms  
 Descending thro' the air. I hear the strains  
 Of heavenly lyres! Mysterious melodies  
 Float o'er me, like the music of the spheres,  
 Calming conflicting thoughts.

Beautiful star!  
 Thou speakest not to me, but thy mild rays  
 A secret joy impart, a thrill divine —  
 Open, as 't were, a window in the skies,  
 Thro' which I see the loved of other days,  
 Clothed in immortal youth, and beautiful!

Oh, come again, mild orb, as day declines  
 And hold communion with my widowed heart.  
 There's wisdom in thy light. The stars are words,  
 Hieroglyphics, which the christian reads  
 And understands, but which the unrenewed  
 Knows nothing of. Oh, wondrous words!  
 By revelation taught, by God inscribed!  
 A literature divine, surpassing earth's.

Learn then, ye lovers of the beautiful,  
 A language new, if never learned before.  
 Express the glowing numbers of your minds  
 In Heaven's pure dialect, and thus inspire  
 The hearts of those who read with higher views,  
 With greater, nobler, holier thoughts of God.

There's wisdom in the stars. They lead to heaven.  
 They lift the spirit up, teach it its dignity —

Teach it to live to God — to live to Him  
 Who made and placed them in the deep blue sky,  
 Bright beauties of their glorious Architect?

The sorrowing mind delights to talk with them,  
 And through them look away to brighter scenes  
 Where skies no night e'er wear, where sun and moon  
 And their attendant train are lost amid  
 The splendors of a light Eternity  
 Enkindles.

Sag Harbor, New York.

## THE BROKEN-HEARTED.

BY GEO. D. PRENTICE.

I have seen the infant sinking down like a  
 stricken flower to the grave — the strong man  
 fiercely breathing out his soul upon the battle  
 field — the miserable convict standing upon  
 the scaffold with a deep curse upon his lips.  
 I have viewed death in all its forms of dark-  
 ness and vengeance, with a tearless eye; but  
 I never could look upon a young and lovely  
 woman fading away from this earth, in beau-  
 tiful and uncomplaining melancholy, without  
 feeling the very fountain of life turned to  
 tears and dust. Death is always terrible;  
 but when a form of angel beauty is passing  
 off to the silent land of sleepers, the heart  
 feels that something lovely is ceasing from ex-  
 istence, and broods with a sense of utter deso-  
 lation over the lonely thoughts that come up  
 like spectres from the grave to haunt our mus-  
 ings.

Some years ago I took up my residence for  
 a few weeks in a country village in the east-  
 ern part of New England. Soon after my ar-  
 rival I become acquainted with a lovely girl,  
 apparently about seventeen years of age. She  
 had lost the idol of her heart's love, and the  
 shadows of deep and holy memories were res-  
 ting like the wing of death upon her brow. I  
 met her in the presence of the social and  
 the mirthful. She was, indeed, a creature to  
 be worshipped — her brow was garlanded by  
 the young year's sweetest flowers; her au-  
 burn locks were hanging beautiful and low  
 upon her bosom, and she moved through the  
 crowd with such a floating, unearthly grace,  
 that the bewildered gazer looked almost to  
 see her fade into the air, like the creation of  
 some pleasant dream. She seemed cheerful,  
 and even gay; yet I saw that her gaiety was  
 but the mockery of her feelings. She smiled,  
 but there was nothing in her smile which told  
 that its mournful beauty was but the bright  
 reflection of a tear; and her eyelids at times  
 closed heavily down as if struggling to re-

press the tide of agony that was bursting up from the heart's urn. She looked as if she could have left the scene of festivity, and gone out beneath the quiet stars and laid her forehead down upon the fresh green earth, and poured out her stricken soul, gush after gush, till it mingled with the eternal fountain of life and purity.

Days and weeks passed on, and this sweet girl gave to me her confidence, and I became to her as a brother. The smile upon her lips was faint; the purple veins upon her cheek grew visible, and the cadences of her voice became daily more and more weak and tremulous. On a quiet evening in June I wandered out with her in the open air. It was then that she told me the tale of her passion, and of the blight that had come down like a mildew upon her life. Love had been a portion of her existence. Its tendrils had wound around her heart in its earliest years; and when they were rent away, they left a wound which flowed till all the springs of her soul were blood. "I am passing away," said she, "and it should be so. The winds have gone over my life, and the bright buds of hope, the sweet blossoms of passions, are scattered down, and lie withered in the dust. And yet I cannot go down to the tomb without a tear. It is agonizing to leave my friends, it is very hard to bid farewell to those scenes with which I have held communion from my childhood, and which from day to day have caught the color of my life, and sympathised with its joys and sorrows. That little grave whither I have so often strayed with my buried love, and where, at times, even now the sweet tones of his voice seem to come stealing around me, till the whole air is one intense and painful melody: that pensive star in which my fancy can still picture his form looking down upon me and beckoning me to his own bright home; every flower, and tree, and rivulet on which our eyes had been bent, in mutual response, and bore witness to our early love has become, dear to me, and I cannot, without a sigh, close my eyes upon them forever."

\* \* \* \* \*

I have lately heard that the beautiful girl of whom I have spoken is dead. The close of her life was calm as the falling of a quiet stream — gentle as the sinking of the breeze that lingers for a time around a bed of withered roses, and then dies, as it were, from sweetness.

It cannot be that earth is man's only abiding place. It cannot be that our life is a

bubble, cast up by the ocean of eternity to float a moment on the wave, and then sink into deep darkness and nothingness. Else, why is it that aspirations which leap like angels from the temples of our hearts, are forever wandering about unsatisfied? Why is it that the rainbow and clouds come over us with a beauty which is not of earth, and then pass off to leave us to muse on their faded loveliness? Why is it that the stars which hold their festival around the midnight throne, are set so far above the grasp of our limited faculties — forever mocking us with their unapproachable glory? And finally, why is it that the bright forms of human beauty are presented to our view, and then taken from us, leaving the thousand streams of our affection to flow back in cold and Alpine torrents upon our hearts? We are born for a higher destiny than that of earth.

There is a realm where the rainbow never fades — where the stars will spread out before us like the isles that slumber on the ocean; and where the beautiful beings that here pass before us like visions, will stay in our presence forever. Bright creature of our dreams, in that realm I shall see thee again! Even now thy lost image is sometimes with me. In the mysterious silence of midnight, when the streams are glowing in the light of the many stars, that image comes floating upon the beam that lingers around my pillow, and stands before me in its pale, dim loveliness, till its own quiet spirit sinks like a spell from Heaven upon my thoughts, and the grief of years is turned to the dreams of blessedness and peace.



**FRIENDSHIP.**—How tenderly falls upon the ear the name of friend. Around that word the finer sympathies of the heart love to cluster. It speaks of happiness and hope. It tells of the magic charm that entwines itself around the feelings and links them one to another. Amid the gay chaunt of life's early joys, it brings the sweetest note, and the music of that word spreads a balmy solace over the heart blighted and seared by sorrow and affliction. When woe presses heavily on the soul, and trouble and misery makes earth look dark and dreary, and almost sickens the heart to all temporal delight, the thought that another feels for and sympathises with us, cheers the drooping spirit, pours balm into the wounded feelings, and gives fortitude and comfort.—*The Token.*

Original.

## THE PHILANTHROPIST.

Who is yon aged man, half bent with the weight of years, driving his way through the angry storm? What zeal he manifests, and how determined he seems to prosecute his journey! What object can call him forth in such a day as this? Surely he must be some poor, forlorn creature, without house or home, cast out upon the world to perish with hunger and the inclemency of such bitter weather. Perhaps he is some wretched outcast whose life has been one continued course of crime and iniquity — his hands, perchance, imbrued in the blood of his fellow man, and the curses of all men resting upon his head. Again, may he not be one who by change of fortune has been tossed from affluence to beggary — who, by the cruel adversities of unforeseen and unavoidable events, has been compelled to relinquish a life of luxury and ease, for one of weariness and want? May not this be his affliction, in a time, too, when least able to withstand it, just in the decline of life, when about to enjoy the fruits of his early industry, when his mental and physical energies begin to lag, leaving him no hope of ever again reinstating himself in his former condition? Yes, he has left his home of peace and plenty, his family and his fireside, for a rambling, wandering life. He has left his kindred and friends, for the association of strangers and enemies. He has changed his bed of ease for a pallet of straw. He has given up the society of the great, the grand, and the learned, for that of the mean, the low, and the illiterate. He has left the virtuous to seek out the poor, the afflicted, the abandoned, and the base; he is struggling now with the elements that war around him, to view the sufferings of his fellow mortals, to learn their vices, to enter the filthiest and most loathsome hovels, to hear the agonizing cries of widows and orphans for bread; to witness famished thousands die in all the horrors and hideousness of starvation; to clank the chains that manacle the limbs of the inmates of dark and dreary dungeons; to witness the torture of that conscience buried in crime; to hear the horrid imprecations of fiends in form human! Who, then, is he? What motive could have prompted him thus to change? Is it merely to gratify a curiosity, or is it for some sinister purpose? Oh, no! he has sacrificed his all for this mission; it is for the love he bears to mankind, to learn their condition, the causes

of their sufferings and misery, that he may the better strike at the roots of these evils, and rid mankind of them; 'tis to unloose the shackles which have bound them, body and soul, to the deluding phantoms of their passions; to pull the scales from off their eyes, that they may no longer walk blindly into ruin. He is a philanthropist just on the eve of a life spent in the service of mankind; the sufferings of the distressed have been mitigated by his efforts; the criminal in whose soul rankled the most horrid feelings, the bitterest hate, the blackest and direst thoughts, rendered fiendish by close confinement and brutal treatment, has been softened into tears, made to see the extent of his infamy, to look within and view the horrid mass of iniquity enveloped in his own heart, there to witness the writhings of an eternal spirit struggling to free itself from the filthy shackles that a life of abomination has thrown around it, all through the untiring zeal of the philanthropist. By his efforts the principles of christianity have been proclaimed in the most secret glen and sequestered spot; death has thus been stripped of his terrors; the grave disrobed of its hideousness, and eternity of its mysteries. Ask that poor, degraded mortal, standing upon the confines of eternity, the executioner by his side tremblingly whispering, "But another moment, and you must die," — ask him why, though on his head is the blood of his victims, he meets his doom with calmness and composure — why this solemn, fervent prayer from a heart steeped in iniquity — why this expectation of mercy from Heaven, when he has shown no mercy on earth — why this marvellous expression upon his countenance, this supernatural light, when about to pay the awful tribute of death upon the gibbet, for the death of another. Has a winged messenger from Heaven been sent to proclaim mercy even for him, if he will but seek it? What cherub has torn the ghastly spectacle of the bloody victim from his haunted vision, and closed his ears against the curses of these ghostly visitants? Who has unriveted the chains of his passions, which for years have bound him to their dictation? What kind spirit has wrenched him body and soul from the huge grasp of Satan, and led him on in the path of mercy and of love? See! he points to the philanthropist! He it was, when incarcerated in yon gloomy prison, loaded with chains, and writhing under the curses of men — he it was that sought me, that took me by the hand, and uttered a

friendly word. He it was that bid me be of good cheer, that taught me how to repent, that pointed out to me the star of hope gleaming through the gratings of my cell. He it was that first shot a ray of light through my darkened soul. He it was —

The half uttered words die in his throat ; his time has come : he dangles between the heavens and the earth, a victim to his own bad passions, a penitent man, in the very act of blessing his benefactor, the philanthropist.

Listen ! Why those joyous sounds from within that hovel, where poverty and wretchedness reign ? The philanthropist has been there. The widow's sorrows are assuaged ; her aching, heavy heart made light ; her wants supplied ; the tender orphan's cry for bread is answered ; the friendless has found a friend. Hark ! Sounds break in upon the ear once more. It is the sound of solemn prayer — thanks offered up to Almighty God for sending one on earth who has rescued from a drunkard's grave, a life of crime, a felon's doom, her young and affectionate husband, the parent of her darling child ! See that young man of lofty intellect and noble mien ! With what earnestness he shakes the hand of the venerable old man, whilst, with flushed cheek, eyes filled with tears, and with trembling voice, he calls him his friend, benefactor, preserver. Who art thou, young man, that you thus address me ? Know you me not ? I am he who but a few years since was a poor orphan child, wandering the streets of this town, homeless and friendless, surrounded by temptations and just inured into crime. 'Twas you that checked my course, pulled the scales from off my eyes, and rescued me from impending ruin. Yes ; when I was naked you clothed me ; hungry, you gave me food ; when an outcast, you took me in. Fortune has since smiled upon me ; health, wealth and contentment, with their whole retinue of blessings, are all mine. Yet unto you am I indebted for all. Then discharge the debt, and render all men indebted unto thee, by dedicating thy fortunes to ameliorate the condition of those around you. Fortunes had I once ; they have all fled ; yet have I never wanted. These hoary locks, this withered brow and tottering frame, tell fourscore years and ten — the cold, damp hand of death has been laid upon me ; and, believe me, I have yet to see the righteous forsaken, or their children beg for bread. God loves him who loves mankind, and gives bountifully unto him who contributes largely to their wants.

Go where you will — in the asylum, in the prison, in the garret of misery, and in the vault of despair, in the mansion and in the hovel — philanthropy has scattered broadcast the seeds of its blessings, which have sprung up bearing fruit sixty and an hundred fold. Crime, misery and want all dissipate before its influence, like dew before the morning sun. Oh ! philanthropy, philanthropy, freighted with treasures invaluable — fraught with blessings that alone can dispel the many evils mankind is now sweltering under — unburden thyself ; stretch forth thy hands and touch those who are withering for want of thy blessings ; then will songs of praise and prayer from lips that ne'er before lisped a sentence of devout praise, rend the air, and the hearts of millions that have long lain dormant, leap with joy ; angels smile, and hymn their sacred lyres to thy realms of bliss, and unborn generations perpetuate thy glory !

*Attica, Ind.*

A. J. H.

THE MAN OF TRUTH. — It requires stern integrity and high moral courage to withstand the temptations of worldly policy and selfishness. "To be honest, as the world goes, is to be one picked out of a thousand." Our will must be conformed to the high principles of immutable justice, or personal integrity cannot be maintained.

"He that walketh uprightly walketh surely ; but he that perverteth his ways shall be known." All persons must encounter difficulties ; to overcome them is the prerogative of the pure and just. They who enter the furnace in faithfulness to themselves and the highest virtue, shall not miss the form of the fourth in the flames, but shall come forth unharmed, as the Babylonish captives were delivered from the infinitely greater calamity of apostacy. For turning aside from the true and safe path, Jacob was chastened to the end of his days. Peter was openly rebuked. Judas and Annanias are left on record, beacons as powerful in their doom as they should be powerful to warn. Man in his best state is weak, and needs to pray with David, "let my heart be sound in thy statute, that I may not be ashamed. I will walk in mine integrity ; redeem me and be merciful to me."

Integrity is a lofty virtue — one that is a prime element in every trustworthy character. Solomon says, "A faithful witness will not lie ; but a false witness will utter lies." A true man is moved neither by smiles nor frowns, neither pecuniary gain nor personal obloquy, to swerve from truth.



Original.

## THE ORDER IN OHIO.

BY GRAND WARDEN WILLIAM F. SLATER.

BRO. GLENN—I have gathered from the proceedings of the Grand Lodge of Ohio the following statistics, and if you think they will be of any interest to your readers, you may publish them.

Ohio Lodge, No. 1, the pioneer of the Order in Ohio, was instituted Dec. 23, 1830, by DGM Paul of Penn., under a charter granted by the Grand Lodge of the United States, and Bro. Paul was constituted a G. Representative to represent said Lodge in the Grand Lodge of the United States. The petitioners for the charter were C. Haskin, Nath. Estling, J. Brice, J. W. Holt, T. Brelsford and J. Gill.

1832—Jan. 2, the Past Grands met at the corner of Main and Fourth streets, Cincinnati, and organized a Grand Lodge of the *Order of Independent Odd Fellows*, from a charter granted by the Grand Lodge of the United States, on the application of N. Estling, J. Joseph, R. G. Chivens, J. Holt, and J. W. Brice, by electing R. G. Chivens, GM; Samuel Peel, DGM; J. G. Joseph, GW; Samuel Cobb, GS; Jacob W. Holt, GCon; Wm. West, GT. The above, six members in all, comprised the whole G. Lodge. Samuel Cobb and Jacob W. Holt are still working members of the Order in Ohio. Washington Lodge, No. 2, and Cincinnati, No. 3, were instituted this year by the Grand Lodge. The price of Degrees were fixed, First and Covenant \$3 00; Second and Remembrance \$2 50; and Third \$3 00. The work of the Order as used in Pennsylvania, was adopted for Ohio. Hiram Marks was the first Past Grand admitted by a resolution. The stove was rented for the summer, and \$1 50 obtained for it. Truly a good example for those who have a tendency to extravagance at this day. Aug. 16, D. C. Stewart was elected GM; Sam'l Peel, DGM; Samuel Cobb, GS. At this meeting Bro. Chivens was suspended, and he was afterwards expelled for good cause.

1833—Samuel Cobb was elected GM; J. W. Brice, DGM; Samuel Yorke AtLee, GS; who, together with the other officers, were duly installed by Grand Sire Thomas Wildey, Feb. 2d, and the Grand Lodge organized by qualifying the members in due form. Past Grand James L. Ridgely, of

Maryland, was appointed proxy Representative to the Grand Lodge of the U. States. Franklin Lodge, No. 4, and Montgomery Lodge, No. 5, were instituted this year.

1834—S. Y. AtLee was elected GM; Lincefield Sharp, DGM; M. R. Southard, GS. James L. Ridgely was continued G. Representative. No Lodge was instituted this year.

1835—Samuel Peel, GM; M. R. Southard, DGM; D. A. Sanders, GS. Henry S. Sanderson, of Maryland, was constituted proxy Grand Representative. The Grand Lodge of the U. States directed the Grand Lodge of Ohio to change the title to "Independent Order of Odd Fellows," and G. Rep. Ridgely protested, which protest was approved by the Grand Lodge of Ohio.

1836—M. R. Southard, GM; David A. Sanders, DGM; Wm. H. Ross, GS. No Grand Representative appointed. Jefferson Lodge, No. 6, was instituted this year.

1837—Wm. H. Ross, GM; Josiah J. Stratton, DGM; Rupert R. Andrews, GS. PG Isaac Hefley, of Ohio Lodge, No. 1, was elected Grand Representative, being the first regular Representative from the membership in Ohio. PG Hefley is still a working member of our Order.

1838—R. R. Andrews, GM; Israel S. Dodge, DGM; C. J. W. Smith, GS. J. L. Ridgely, of Maryland, was constituted proxy G. Representative. Charity Lodge, No. 7, was instituted.

1839—David Churchill, GM; Milton N. McLean, DGM; John Frazer, GS. J. L. Ridgely was continued G. Representative. Piqua Lodge, No. 8, and Columbus, No. 9, were instituted.

1840—Isaac Hefley, GM; C. Walker, DGM; John C. Hill, GS. J. L. Ridgely and A. I. W. Jackson, of Maryland, were elected Grand Representatives. The title of the Grand Lodge was changed this year to the present one. Wayne Lodge, No. 10, was instituted.

1841—John Frazer, GM; Chas. Thomas, DGM; Thomas Sherlock, GS. J. L. Ridgely was continued, and PG Mark P. Taylor of Cincinnati Lodge, No. 3, was elected Grand Representative.

1842—Charles Thomas, GM; Thomas Sherlock, DGM; Samuel W. Corwin, GS. GM Thomas Grand Representative, and PG Howell Hopkins, of Penn., was constituted his associate. Warren Lodge, No. 11, and

all the Lodges up to and including No. 16, were instituted.

1843 — Thomas Sherlock, GM; Samuel W. Corwin, DGM; H. N. Clark, GS. GM Sherlock was Grand Representative. Hamilton Lodge, No. 17, and all the Lodges up to and including No. 24, were instituted.

1844 — Sam'l W. Corwin, GM; H. N. Clark, DGM; D. T. Snelbaker, GS. Subsequently these officers resigned, and H. N. Clark was elected GM; D. T. Snelbaker, DGM; Isaac Hefley, GRS; Albert G. Day, GCS. GM Clark was G. Representative. Erie Lodge, No. 27, and all the Lodges up to and including No. 34, were instituted.

1845 — D. T. Snelbaker, GM; A. G. Day, DGM; Isaac Hefley, GRS; Thomas Spooner, GCS. GM Snelbaker was Grand Representative. Seneca Lodge, No. 35, and all the Lodges up to and including No. 53, were instituted.

1846 — A. G. Day, GM; T. Spooner, DGM; Isaac Hefley, GRS; W. B. Chapman, GCS. GM Day and Alex. E. Glenn were Grand Representatives. All the Lodges from No. 54 to No. 75, were instituted.

1847 — Thos. Spooner, GM; Edson B. Olds, DGM; Isaac Hefley, GRS; H. N. Clark, GRS. GM Spooner and Wm B. Kerlin were Grand Representatives. The six months term commenced this year. All the Lodges from No. 76 to No. 97, were instituted.

1848 — Edson B. Olds, GM; Elias Favorite, DGM; Isaac Hefley, GRS; H. N. Clark, GCS. Thos. Spooner and Richard Green were Grand Representatives. Semi annual sessions of the Grand Lodge were adopted, and the general Representative system enacted, to take effect at the annual session of 1849. All the Lodges from No. 98 to No. 125, were instituted.

1849 — Alex. E. Glenn, GM; Thomas C. McEwen, DGM; Isaac Hefley, G.S., the office of GCS being abolished. E. B. Olds was elected G. Representative, Richard Green holding over. Lodges from No. 126 to No. 141, were instituted.

1850 — Wm. C. Earl, GM; W. G. Neilson, DGM; Alex. E. Glenn, GS. H. Y. Beebe was elected Grand Representative, and E. B. Olds held over. Subsequently Rep. Olds resigned, and T. C. McEwen was appointed by the Grand Master to fill the vacancy. In this year annual sessions of the Grand Lodge were adopted, and the

representative system was changed to a representation of numbers by districts, commencing January 1851. Lodges from No. 142 to No. 173, were instituted.

1851 — Samuel Craighead, GM; Spencer Shears, DGM; Alex. E. Glenn, GS. Wm. Chidsey was elected Grand Representative, Rep. Beebe holding over. Lodges from No. 174, to No. 189, were instituted.

I believe Ohio has never furnished but one officer of the Grand Lodge of the U.S. PGM Sherlock has filled the chair of Grand Sire, with great credit to himself and honor to the Order. [PGM Hefley was appointed Grand Marshal of the Grand Lodge of the United States, by Grand Sire Kennedy, in 1841, but the proceedings do not show that he ever served.]

Of the Past Grand Masters there appears but fourteen on the list in 1850. They are as follows, in the Order of seniority :

Samuel Cobb of Ohio Lodge, No.	1.
Samuel Peel of Wm. Penn	56.
M. R. Southard, Cincinnati	3.
David Churchill,	3.
Isaac Hefley, Ohio	1.
John Frazer,	1.
Charles Thomas,	1.
Thomas Sherlock,	1.
H. N. Clark, Eagle	100.
David T. Snelbaker, Cincinnati	3.
Thomas Spooner, Eagle	100.
Edson B. Olds, Columbia	32.
Alex. E. Glenn, Central	23.
Wm. C. Earl, Sippo	48.

Of the others I am uninformed, except of the death of our much esteemed and lamented PGM Albert G. Day, which occurred in September, 1849.

[Marine Ruffner of Magnolia Lodge, No. 83, and Daniel G. Fitch of Buckeye, No. 47, are recognized as Past Grand Masters in Ohio—the former having served as G. Master in Mississippi, and the latter in New Jersey.]

There are many matters in the proceedings that are of interest, and might be referred to, but I have not the time to do it.

Fraternally yours,

WM. F. SLATER.

SATIETY.—Whenever we drink too deeply of pleasure we are sure to find a sediment at the bottom of the cup, which embitters the draught we have quaffed with so much avidity.

Original.

## WINTER.

BY MRS. B. G. BUSHNELL.

The smiles of the summer no longer are glowing,  
And dead are the blossoms which hang from the tree;  
And dark from the mountains the streamlet is flowing,  
And frozen the dew-drops that spangle the lea.

But the tempest of winter may strip every flower,  
And rife the verdure of garden and grove;  
We heed not the storm, though around us it lower,  
While the heart is devoted to Friendship and Love.

Dear social affections of Eden still breathing,  
Thy magic can teach every landscape to bloom;  
The bare waving branches with branches unwreathing,  
And bide them the tints of fresh roses assume.

Then what though no verdure embellish the bower,  
Nor strains of sweet melody gladden the grove,  
We fear thee not, Winter—we'll baffle thy power,  
While the heart is devoted to Friendship and Love.

BENEVOLENCE OF ODD FELLOWSHIP—  
OBJECTIONS ANSWERED.

BY BRO. W. D. PORTER.

As a benevolent institution, Odd Fellowship is admirably organized, both with a view to moral cultivation and the relief of physical evil. It proceeds upon the great principle of *equality*, disregarding the artificial distinctions of society, and placing all its members upon one and the same level. The factitious advantages of birth, wealth and station, have no weight in its estimate of the man; personal worth being the only passport to its privileges. It is only by means of social communion on the footing of perfect freedom that confidence, sympathy, friendship, and all the finer feelings and affections of the soul can be brought into lively and healthful exercise. Our Order recognizes this principle, and seeks to make it practically available. In the Lodge-room we are *brothers*, always saluting each other by that title; nor are we suffered to throw off the obligations which flow from this relation, with the regalia in which we are clothed. Our duties toward each other in all the walks and transactions of life, are constantly impressed upon our minds by various modes of appeal and discipline—by precept, by example, and by pledges of deep and solemn sanction. The rites and ceremonies we employ, however idle they may be deemed by the uninitiated, have their hidden meaning, and are used as vehicles for the conveyance of useful instruction. The beautiful appliances of symbols, emblems and tokens, which appeal so powerfully to the senses and the

imagination, are also brought into requisition, as the means of impressing more vividly upon our hearts those lessons of duty and those teachings of wisdom, which, in palpable and picturesque forms, they are designed to body forth. Truth and virtue, in themselves most lovely, are thus rendered familiar to us as household things. The "*clasped hands*" admonish us of the strength and beauty of fraternal union. By the "*naked heart*," we are exhorted to sincerity of purpose, and ingenuousness in all our dealings. The "*triple links*" of "*Friendship, Love and Truth*" are held up to our view as the outward symbols of those moral elements which lie at the foundation of our Order, and which, we are taught, should enter into the character of every member of our community. A system of culture, founded as this is, in a deep knowledge of the philosophy of human nature, and addressed to that love of the beautiful and the good, which has its hidden residence in every human breast, cannot fail, so long as the constitution of man remains unchanged, to exercise the happiest influences on his character and condition.

Nor is any system [of benevolence more skilfully adapted to the daily wants and common casualties of life. It is in effect an association for mutual insurance and protection against the calamities to which all are exposed. Every variety of misfortune which may befall us, seems, as far as may be, to have been anticipated by its provisions. We may refer, by way of illustration, to its benefits in sickness; its grants of pecuniary aid to disabled or distressed members; its funeral donation; its perambulating relief (as it has been called) which enables a brother to travel for health or employment by the assistance of Lodges he may visit; and, what is better and nobler, and more sacred than all, its fund for the protection of the widows, and the education of the orphans of deceased members. Indeed, so multiform are its benevolences, and so prompt its application of them, that it may be said, almost without a figure of speech, to be supplied with *conductors* for the discovery of distress and the transmission of relief. To the end that its succor may always arrive in season, it is made our special duty to give information concerning any brother whom we may know to be sick or in distress. Immediately upon the receipt of such intelligence, an officer of the Lodge is required to visit him and ascertain his wants; to convey to him privately a specific weekly sum, which is

prescribed by rule ; and if need be, to appoint brothers who shall watch by his side at night and minister to his comfort. In this whole economy the utmost delicacy is consulted. There is no application for aid ; no canvassing of the case ; no vote in the Lodge upon its merits. Silently and without distinction, the "weekly benefit" is administered to every invalid of our Order, be he high or humble, rich or poor. Nor does it bring with it any sense of obligation — any feelings of humiliation. It is not a gift, but a right ; not a gratuity, but the return of a portion of that which he has laid up as a provision against this and similar emergencies : for our Order, like the cloud in the heavens, gives back from its bosom in gentle and refreshing showers, the sustenance it has drawn from its members. Thus are the advantages of medical aid, and the ministrings of friendly attention secured in time of need, to every member of our fraternity, in pursuance of the compact by which we are mutually bound. But should these prove unavailing, and that dread summons come to him, which sooner or later must come to all, we make provision for his decent burial, and, gathering around his grave in solemn array, mingle in the last sad offices which are rendered to humanity. Nor is this all. Should he have left behind him objects of affection which were dearer to him than life, and from which to part gave a keener pang to the bitterness of death, these too — the widow and the fatherless children — instead of being thrown upon the uncertain charities of the world, are visited by us in their affliction, and taught to lean upon the friendly arm of our Order in confidence for support.

Such is Odd Fellowship — such, though briefly and imperfectly sketched, the plan it presents for the moral amelioration and physical relief of mankind. By a combination of these two objects, it aspires to the highest form of human benevolence. It inculcates temperance, industry, good order, love of our country and obedience to her laws. Above all, it seeks to expand into an abiding brotherly love and an all-embracing charity, those instincts of natural affection which, however they may be stifled or perverted by the pursuits and jostlings of the world, are the law of our being, and in which its own foundations are deeply and firmly laid. Its mission is a high and holy one ; its triumphs are those of peace and good will among men ; its trophies, unlike the red ones of war, are the smile of the young orphan, the tear of gratitude that glis-

tens in the eye of her who sitteth in her desolation, and the blessings of countless thousands whose hearts have been gladdened by its ministration of comfort and hope.

A society, the purposes of which are such as I have described, it might reasonably be supposed, would have been suffered to hold the tenor of its way in peace and without interruption. But such has not been the good fortune of our Order. Ridicule has levelled at its outward observances her keen and polished shafts. Suspicion and prejudice — the brood of ignorance — have sought to alarm the fears of the credulous but well-meaning, by dark surmises concerning its hidden purposes and mysterious doings. But their efforts have utterly failed to arrest its onward career. With the courage of conscious rectitude, and the serene and tranquil power of truth, Odd Fellowship has moved steadily forward in the path of usefulness, overcoming all obstacles, subduing all opposition, and reaching at every step of its progress, from high to still higher achievements of good.

But there are still those who denounce our Order as a "secret association !" Of such, we would inquire, can there be no concealment without fraud, no mystery without a crime ? Has not every human bosom its own secret counsels into which the eager eye of curiosity is not suffered to gaze ? Are the sweet communings and the sacred confidences of friendship, of love, and of household faith — all, so many frauds and impositions upon the community ? Is there not mystery everywhere ; all around us and about us ; in the common air we breathe ; in the leaf that rustles in the breeze ; in the heavings of yon ocean, deep and without repose ; in yonder blue and broad expanse, now radiant with the one bright orb of day, and now with the myriad paler lights in which the night rejoices ? From *Him* that "dwelleth in secret," veiled in his own unspeakable glory, through all the intervening links of creation down to the meanest insect that creeps upon the face of the earth, is not all a marvel and a mystery ? It were charity at least, where nothing but good appears, to abstain from the suspicion of evil.

But wherein consists the "secrecy" of our Order ? Not in our *purposes* and *objects* ; for these are published to the world, as well as the means by which it is proposed to accomplish them. We acknowledge the right of the community to know the principles and aims of any association which may be organ-

ized in its midst. It is a right of self-protection, which is inherent in all society. But when, as in our case, these principles and aims are proclaimed and exposed to public scrutiny, that right is satisfied; and if they be legitimate and praiseworthy, there can be no further ground of just complaint. Nor is there any "secrecy" concerning the *persons* who compose our brotherhood. Their names are familiar to all; and in their worth, intelligence and public spirit: is the best guaranty to the community against unlawful designs and improper practices. We take no pledges and assume no obligations inconsistent with the duties, which as men and as citizens we owe to our country and to society. Any attempt to entrap us into such, would revolt our feelings of patriotism; and exciting indignation at the baseness of the artifice, would infallibly bring down upon the fraud and its authors certain detection and exposure. What more then does it concern the world to know? Whose rights are infringed, if we choose to throw a mantle of confidence, like that which protects the domestic hearth, around the counsels of our private meetings; if, seeing the charm which "secrecy" imparts, we think proper to avail ourselves of its agency—to enlist in our behalf its magic influences? We aim at no exclusiveness; we propose no test of faith or doctrine, political or religious. All who are worthy and willing may enter our mystic circle; all who can bring with them the credentials of a good name and an unblemished character, are invited to participate in that singular communion of feeling and interest which it is our happiness to cherish.

For one other purpose only is "secrecy" employed by us;—I mean for the purpose of *mutual recognition*. In this regard it is essential to our existence as a society. Our Order transcends the limits of State and National boundaries. It professes to recognize, to welcome and to relieve every brother, of whatever tongue or clime, who brings with him accredited proof of membership. That proof consists in the possession of certain words, signs and tokens, which form a universal language among its members, and which, to give them efficacy, must be strictly confined to the initiated. How else, than by some such test, could we distinguish the true brother from the counterfeit? how else guard our Lodges from the intrusion of unsympathizing strangers, and protect from the cupid-ity of imposters the fund which has been

raised by our mutual resources, and which is dedicated to our mutual relief? It may detract something from the charm of Odd Fellowship with the lovers of the marvellous, but it is due to candor and our own self-respect, to declare that our "secrecy" hath this extent and no more. It involves no danger, and invades no common right; it is the cohesive principle of our union—our legitimate and necessary means of self-preservation.

The true tests of the value of an institution, are the excellence of its ends, and the fidelity and success with which the proper means are applied to the attainment of those ends. By these, Odd Fellowship may safely submit to be tried. Its efficiency for the benevolent purposes of its institution, has been severely tested and triumphantly sustained. In that land from which we derive its present organization, its good effects have been admirably displayed in rescuing the poor and laboring classes, in times of public distress, from the fearful alternative of starvation on the one hand, and the humiliation of parish relief on the other. By way of illustration, it may be stated as a fact, which is authentically vouched, that in the single city of Leeds, out of 29,000 applications for relief to the Poor Law Guardians, not one was from an Odd Fellow. Nations, like individuals, have their days of calamity; and should these, in the mysterious orderings of Providence, ever bring their desolations upon our beloved country, an institution such as this would prove an asylum and a home, where thousands might take refuge from the ruins of disaster and want.

BE TRUE TO YOURSELF.—The story of the world, as well as the biography of those who have played a prominent part of its concerns, teach one great lesson, worthy of everlasting remembrance. It assures us that it matters but little what form of danger may assail a man, if he be true to himself. Poverty may lay its chilling hand upon him, and freeze up the fountain of his brightest hope; disappointments may meet him at every step; affliction may strike down those who are dearest to his heart; the breath of slander may attempt to sully his name and tarnish his reputation; still, let him be true to himself—let him maintain a stout heart and clear breast—and he will eventually outlive the storm. Let those who are struggling with "low birth and iron fortune," remember this truth, that no man can be destroyed by others without fault and weakness in himself.

## SOCIAL FEATURES OF ODD FELLOW-SHIP.

Every close observer of events as they transpire about him, whether an Odd Fellow or not, has seen long since that the institution of Odd Fellowship possessed a social feature worthy of the careful consideration of its friends or foes — but more worthy the consideration of its members than any body else. We believe a closer cultivation of our social faculties would be beneficial to ourselves, and to the world at large. We do not intend to advocate the exclusion from our social circles of all those who are not members of "secret societies" — as there are many men without the pale of these societies who are well calculated to adorn any situation in life — but we will strive for the purification of the social, and elevation of the moral standard among us ; because, verily, it is needed in many instances, and it is now time we were awakening to the importance of this matter. We all know that many of our best working members are, in some respects, sadly remiss in many of their duties as members of an organization like ours, which has for its avowed object the elevation of the human family. We would suggest that instead of spending our time at "fashionable saloons," where we learn no good, and can acquire much evil, we spend it in visiting our friends during the long winter evenings, and try to get up amongst us such a social feeling as will brighten life, and lighten the hearts of the weary by its genial smiles. There is no man who will say such a course is not preferable to squandering time at "public places of resort," (a soft name for hard places) which is of no benefit to our fellow men, their wives or children. Rather than give encouragement to those enticing palaces devoted to the worship of Bacchus, let us unite our efforts in the formation of libraries, filled with such books as will have a tendency to elevate and purify our own feelings, and help to befit for usefulness in life those who may come after us ; and then, truly, will our boasted social advantages and privileges as Odd Fellows begin to assume a desirable form, and a membership in our fraternity be courted by the wise and good. Odd Fellows are closely linked together, and should be particularly observant of their laws ; for upon this in a great measure depends our perpetuity and future glory as an instrumentality of good to mankind.

The duty and respectful deference paid to woman is one of the brightest gems in the

coronal of manhood ; and the fraternity of Odd Fellows should not be the hindmost in any work tending to the comfort of woman, and the acknowledgment of her rights. An old and intelligent brother of the Order, writing to us upon this subject, uses the following language : " We should seek to promote the comfort of our wives and daughters, and increase their happiness by widening the social circle among the 'better half' of the Order. Every true man feels a pride in promoting the happiness of the female sex, and it is an easy matter to tell whether a man's heart is in the right place or not, by his conduct towards woman." The adoption of the Ladies' Degree in Odd Fellowship, and the admission of the wives of our members into the councils of the Order, shows the disposition entertained towards woman, and the desire to admit her into full participation of the privileges and benefits to which she is so justly entitled. It should not be said that the institution of Odd Fellowship is behind the present age in anything tending to the promotion of happiness among mankind. Therefore, let us feel ourselves a band of brothers in every sense of the word, and show by our actions in all the social relations of life, that we deem our brother worthy of confidence and esteem ; and if we pursue a proper course in regard to the admission of members, we will soon have none in the Order that we need be ashamed of, or unwilling to introduce to the circle from which we draw our social joys. We cannot expect in a short time to make a paradise out of the world ; but we can do much towards it ; and Odd Fellows may be assured that when they do all in their power to promote social purity and intercourse, and contribute their influence towards the diffusion of temperance, morality, intelligence and religion, that they will not be among the least of the instrumentalities used to bring about the glory of the millenium. Ours is eminently a social society, and we should all look upon it as such, and labor earnestly for its purity and elevation. We should conduct ourselves, as members of the great social compact of the world, in such a manner as to avoid giving reproach to the name we bear, and in advancing and elevating ourselves as a social body, the hearty co-operation of all good, true women is greatly required. To them we look for the final triumph of everything that is good and worthy, and that has for an object the amelioration and elevation of the Human Family.—*The Token*.

## THE DUTIES OF AN ODD FELLOW.

I am afraid that this is a subject which a great many brothers do not understand, or, at least, fully appreciate. When they enter a Lodge, they perhaps treat the promises they make as matters of no moment, and think if they come nearly to the mark it will do. If an individual who is wishful to become a real Odd Fellow reflects for one moment on the beautiful and impressive charge, given him by the P.G., he will find that, to act as an Odd Fellow ought to act, is not a matter of such indifference, either to his own welfare or the credit of the Order.

As an Odd Fellow, he professes to set an example to his neighbors, and this, I have no hesitation in saying, he will do, if he does but adhere to the rules and principles of the Order. He is to be a man of temperance and sobriety, in the *true* meaning of the words — not to hate or despise the comforts and blessings that our Creator has kindly furnished us with, but to use them with moderation.

He is to be a man of *benevolence and charity*. Charitable in his actions as far as his means will allow him; not merely to his brethren, but to all who are distressed. He is to be charitable also in his thoughts; not think evil of his neighbors upon suspicion or report, or at all times to put the kindest construction possible upon all events and occurrences.

An Odd Fellow is expected to be a good citizen, in the real meaning of the word, conforming cheerfully to all the laws of the land; as a member of a Society which has peace and good order as one of its objects, he is bound to give due deference to their laws. In fine, it is the bounden duty of every man to obey the laws of the land; I care not what a man's politics may be, he may oppose the plan before it becomes a law, but when it has passed into a law, if he is a good citizen, as all Odd Fellows ought to be, he will then obey the law as a matter of course; and by thus acting, we as a body shall tend to the establishment of peace and good order, wherever an Odd Fellow's Lodge is formed, and it is almost impossible to fix limits to the influence of a well conducted Lodge. Take my own Lodge in point. We muster nearly one hundred and twenty in our ranks, each and every one of us have some friends and connections, with whom we have influence, and if they see that we are orderly and loyal, and strive to make them so, we must do good in some degree; and, what is more, we shall do credit to the Order as well.

Religion, of course, an Odd Fellow never interferes with, as far as regards his neighbor's creed. It has been said that Odd Fellows are nearly infidels. All I can say is, that those who say so, have not heard the beautiful but simple lectures which I, as an Odd Fellow, have heard, or they would not think so. It is true that our laws interfere with no creed or religion, because they consider *that* a subject between man and his Creator, and consider that all may be good, if honestly acted up to; and I think that if a man will but act up to the golden rule, "do unto others as you would wish them to do unto you," as well as obeying the commands of God as displayed in the Bible, which book Odd Fellows take as their guide, he will not go far wrong.

An Odd Fellow is expected to be a good neighbor, a good husband, and a good father, and a useful member of society in general.

As a good neighbor, he is peaceable and orderly; friendly to all both in his words and actions; and in the many kind offices which, as members of social life, we must be indebted to our neighbors, an Odd Fellow stands preminent; he is always among the first and most willing to assist a neighbor either in sickness, or distress of any kind, and thus obtains the good will and good word of all men, while at the same time he reflects credit on the Order to which he belongs.

As a good husband and a good father, his chief pleasure centres in his wife and children, and no enjoyment is complete unless shared with his family. As an Odd Fellow, he remembers the solemn vows he took at the altar, and since the hour he swore to love and cherish the wife of his choice, he has done so; and has made allowances for those little ebullitions of feeling to which woman from her nature and constitution is subject, and which man, the stronger and sterner mind, ought to look upon with feelings of kind pity, and not with anger; and these things a man will learn if he pays the attention which he ought to the beautiful lectures of our Order. As a father and a husband he has still further inducements to act up to the promises of temperance and sobriety which he made as an Odd Fellow, for he now feels that he has a wife and family dependent on his exertions for their daily bread, and if any feelings can make a man temperate and industrious, it is those which swell his heart, when he sees these objects so dear to him as a man. He is not one who with sullen unthankfulness will

refuse to enjoy the blessings and comforts which a merciful Creator has placed within his reach; but he enjoys them with moderation, and strives to have all his enjoyment and pleasure at home if possible, so that his wife and family may share with him, by which means his pleasure is doubled.

By acting in this way, he must become a useful member of society, and be respected and esteemed by all who know him.

I hope I have said sufficient to cause my brethren in the Order to remember the charges which they heard on their initiation.

### CHARITY.

There is scarcely a word in the English language that is more frequently misapprehended and perverted than the one which stands at the head of this article. With very many persons, its principal meaning seems to be understood to apply to the mere bestowing of a paltry copper upon a miserable beggar, who, with countenance wan and haggard, casts his imploring looks upon the multitude, and appeals to it for a trifle to appease his hunger. A moment's reflection will convince any one that, while this construction of the term is correct to a certain extent, true Charity has a much wider meaning, and comprehends more than barely alms-giving. The bestowment of a small pittance on the wretch who is pinched with want is often the result of *importunity*; for many persons, like the unjust judge who neither "feared God nor regarded man," will give a trifle to the miserable mendicant, with the hope of ridding themselves of his presence. But he who is actuated by the heavenly influence of Charity—who is deeply imbued with that spirit which not only "worketh no ill to its neighbor," but which is constantly striving to do that neighbor all possible good—is always pleased with any opportunity that may present itself for relieving the destitute. The man who has true charity looks upon the world of suffering humanity as the object of his regard and care; and so far as he has it in his power to relieve suffering, he performs the duty with pleasure.

Nor does Charity aim only at the alleviation of human misery. It strives also to *prevent* unhappiness. It watches with anxious eye the threatened ill, and throws up its protecting hand to avert the danger. It hesitates not to step aside from its ordinary course to warn the object of its care of any evil that may be by such friendly warning avoided. It throws its mantle over the faults and fail-

ings of humanity, and seeks to find excuses for those frailties, rather than to hold them up to the world's view, to the injury of mankind; for it considers that man is at best an erring being, and that as such he cannot avoid the failings incident to poor, weak human nature. In a word, Charity, if its impulses were faithfully regarded by mankind, would change this world of gloom and misery to a paradise—would lead many to follow that golden rule of doing to others "as he would wish others to do to him;" and thus might the whole human family become united in the bonds of Friendship and Truth.

Odd Fellows, in their collective capacity, possess this blessed principle of Charity in its widest sense. So does every Odd Fellow possess it in his individual capacity—if he do not, he is a living *liar* on the institution to which he claims affinity. The principles of this institution, and the precepts it invariably inculcates all tend to impress the mind with the necessity and importance of Charity. It is exhibited to the Odd Fellow in all its beauty; and when he is taught that Charity, or Love, is the main object of Odd Fellowship, he has proof before him at the same time to convince him of the fact.

It has, therefore, been well said, that Odd Fellowship "has for its corner stone *Charity*, the greatest of all the cardinal virtues;" and it might also be added, at the same time, that with such a foundation as Friendship, Love and Truth, no power on earth can check its rapidly growing influence. It will stand, as it has always stood, a monument of Benevolence, that will in future years be pointed out to the stranger with gratitude, as the most efficient and well-directed means of good to the human family that was ever devised by man. We hesitate not to say, and we have no doubt that every intelligent Odd Fellow will corroborate the assertion, that Charity and Odd Fellowship "are one and indivisible."

**DON'T GRUMBLE.**—He is silly that grumbles at every little mischance. Put the best foot forward, is an old and very good maxim. Don't run about, and tell acquaintances that you have been unfortunate. People do not like to have unfortunate men for acquaintances. Add to a vigorous determination a cheerful spirit; if reverses come, bear them like a philosopher, and get rid of them as soon as you can. Poverty is like a panther: look it steadily in the face, and it will turn from you.



## FORGIVE AND FORGET.

BY M. F. TUPPER.

When the streams of unkindness as bitter as gall,  
 Bubble up from the heart to the tongue,  
 And meekness is writhing in torment and thrall,  
 By the hands of ingratitude wrung—  
 In the heat of injustice, unwept and unfair,  
 While the anguish is festering yet,  
 None, none but an angel of God can declare  
 "I now can forgive and forget."

But, if the bad spirit is chased from the heart,  
 And the lips are in penitence steeped,  
 With the wrong so repented the wrath will depart,  
 Though scorn on injustice were heaped;  
 For the best compensation is paid for all ill  
 When the cheek with contrition is wet;  
 And every one feels it is possible still,  
 At once to forgive and forget.

To forget? It is hard for a man with a mind,  
 However his heart may forgive,  
 To blot out all dangers and perils behind,  
 And but for the future to live;  
 Then how shall it be? for at every turn  
 Recollection the spirit will fret,  
 And the ashes of injury smoulder and burn,  
 Though we strive to forgive and forget.

Oh, hearken! my tongue shall the riddle unseal,  
 And mind shall be partner with heart,  
 While thee to thyself I b'd conscience reveal,  
 And show thee how evil thou art;  
 Remember thy follies, thy sins, and—thy crimes,  
 How vast is that infinite debt!  
 Yet Mercy has seven by seventy times  
 Been swift to forgive and forget.

Brood not on insults or injuries old,  
 For thou art injurious too—  
 Count not the sum till the total is told,  
 For thou art unkind and untrue;  
 And if all thy harms are forgotten, forgiven,  
 Now mercy with justice is met;  
 Oh, who would not gladly take lessons of Heaven,  
 Nor learn to forgive and forget?

Yes, yes, let a man when his enemy weeps,  
 Be quick to receive him a friend;  
 For thus on his head in kindness he heaps  
 Hot coals—to refine and amend;  
 And hearts that are Christian more eagerly yearn,  
 As a nurse on her innocent pet,  
 Over lips that, once bitter, to penitence turn,  
 And whisper, forgive and forget.

## DISCIPLINE OF ODD FELLOWSHIP.

Human nature is formed of a material so frail in texture, that, however plausible may be its tenor for a time—unless bound by an adamant chain of resolution—temptation soon makes an inroad upon its territories, and wantonly destroys all its barriers, all its good intentions. It cannot, therefore, be surprising that in a fraternity of 200,000, let their designs be ever so pure, some means must be taken to exercise a spirit of consistency a-

mong them, having for its object the perpetuity of the cause and the benefit of each individual. Every human institution provides against departures from the purpose and spirit of its establishment. We see the Society of Friends—a fraternity whose antipathy to form is proverbial, where it can in the slightest case be dispensed with—even they have rules framed so as to protect its principles against the possibility of perversion. Every bill for the enclosure of a waste, or the construction of a railway, is marked by the suspicious prudence of mankind in dealing with their brethren. Now in scarcely any other case is there so great danger of innovation as in the case of Odd Fellowship—a tender plant in an ungenial soil. Hence our General Laws, hence our By-Laws; how they operate, the increasing prosperity of our Order shows. To prevent a general decay, we must put forcible restrictions upon a defaulter. We must have control somewhere. It is nothing but reasonable, therefore, that a government be formed, like that of the Grand Lodge of the United States, for the guidance of the whole, and the preserving a general and perpetual spirit of uniformity. If we are to remain a company of unflinching advocates in the cause of philanthropy, we must exact an unrelaxing discipline from all. The object to be kept in view is the purity of the Order, and the good of all who oppose its interests by a base perversion of its principles. Still we are to avoid all rashness, all hasty conclusions. Reproof should be administered where a disposition is shown to infringe upon a law, and that in a serious manner, "with great meekness and pity," and with *perfect impartiality*. Admonition will often bring an erring brother to contrition. St. Paul treats admirably upon this point, when writing to the church at Thessalonica: "Note that man, and have no company with him, that he may be ashamed. Yet count him not as an enemy, but admonish him as a brother." In every case of infraction the object should be to "restore" an offender, rather than to punish or expel him. We see, then, the necessity of not entirely abandoning those who err; they should be warned, and, if possible, convinced of their departure from rule, that they may be "restored in the spirit of meekness." Persons are placed in a very delicate situation who incur the censure of a Lodge, and ought to feel and know the dishonor and danger that fall, not only upon themselves, but upon the Order in particular; for the prejudice of the world

is strong, and many who "lie in wait for our halting" would rejoice at the prospect of our downfall.

Earnest adherence to rule is particularly necessary to Odd Fellowship. We must never allow discipline to be relaxed, as the number of cases, which may by such means require it, increase, and the Order must contain many who are indisposed to employ the goodly resoluteness. Hence, too, none save such as entertain a strict desire for the prosperity of the Order, can be expected to maintain a real discipline. Many "roots of bitterness" will spring up in Lodges, and we cannot expect to arrive at so desired a state of perfectness but some will be "found wanting;" for whereunto is the palace that foul things sometimes intrude not?

The time must eventually arrive when our elder brethren will be "gathered to their fathers," and the guidance of the Order devolve on the younger members. If, then, we indulge in odious petty differences now, we must bid farewell to the tranquility, content, and peace, exhibited and enjoyed to-day, and dread the anarchy, confusion, and turbulence, that will assuredly prevail to-morrow. "Can such things be, and overcome us like a summer's cloud, without our special wonder?" To obviate so dire an aspect in the perspective, so bitterly repugnant to the feelings of every true Odd Fellow, so utterly at variance with the purposes for which our praiseworthy institution was founded, let us, by our uniform adherence to its principles, evince a determination to secure unviolated, unsullied, without stain, and without alloy, the purity of Odd Fellowship in our own day.

A decided enforcement of discipline is necessary in the promotion of union among us, without which we may, as the numerous sands of a seabeach, lie in accidental proximity—in a seeming connectedness with each other—but, upon a less superficial observance, our manifold and important parts are wofully disjointed. We must exhibit a solidity of purpose and principles entirely connected. We must, like a mass of gold, uniformly allow all our parts and particles to adhere and combine; and so evince an ardent desire of resolution to fulfil the important duties we are called upon to perform in a manner that will reflect credit upon the Order, and convey satisfaction to ourselves. We must, by unity, not only constitute a great number, but a great ONE. We must be united in both common interests and reciprocal esteem.—*Text Book.*

THE SECRET. — BY BRO. J. L. ENOS.

Humility and meekness marked the early stages of Odd Fellowship. It aimed at little aside from mutual relief and gleefulness, but possessed the germs of greater and more distinct developments. From a feeble beginning it has arisen to such a power, that it has but to stretch forth its arm to make its influence vibrate from Plymouth to Prairie, or even from one boundary of civilization to the opposite. It watches not the health of its members alone; but Argus-like, it scans their morals and protects their virtue also.

It is now about to take a high stand in regard to the subject of EDUCATION. Libraries are being established, and that will be the means of opening the highway of knowledge to thousands who are too poor to supply themselves with such books as they would be glad to read, could they be brought into circumstances that would enable them to do so.

Forging continually the glorious chain of fraternity, it will bind the world in the strong band of brotherhood and peace. Soon the time will come in the history of our Order, when all the efforts of the enemies in this republic, and all who dare to lay sacrilegious hands on the unity of our republican institutions, will fall harmless, leaving our confederacy securely reposing on the lap of prosperous security.

Then is not Odd Fellowship well adapted to the peculiar institutions of our land? Its power has increased from the first, and is still moving on with a rapid progress. It will exist while thrones and empires rise and fall, and stretch the dusty scroll of fame to record its history.

Language may become obsolete, and the earth may be changed materially, and peace fly from civilized abodes; war may whiten the plains, hill-sides, and valleys, with the bones of mortals slain in the mad array of battle; ignorance may stalk forth in open day, and not hide its head for shame; yet, while MAN is to be found with MAN, enlivened with the principles of benevolence and charity, so long will the radiating smiles of Odd Fellowship bless the world; and while earth shall hold communion with heaven, so long shall this institution prosper and be the delight of all whose aim is the highest happiness for the greatest number. So long as humanity continues to be studied by man, the secret of our fraternal family will be "PROGRESS;" and it shall be hailed as an unerring monitor, prompting to deeds of mercy and offices of kindness.

# The Ark.

ALEX. E. GLENN, Editor.

## CLOSE OF THE EIGHTH VOLUME.

### A TALK WITH OUR PATRONS AND FRIENDS.

The present number completes the Eighth Volume of THE ARK, and we shall embrace the occasion to have a little familiar chat with our patrons and friends.

In January, 1844, we commenced the publication of The Ark as an experiment. We believed that the interests of the Order required a periodical to promulgate its principles, to enlighten the Brotherhood, and to disabuse the public mind in respect to the erroneous opinions entertained in regard to Odd Fellowship. We knew very well that for one, or two, or perhaps three years, it would not pay its way. The Order was then comparatively weak. Lodges multiplied slowly. In Ohio we had but twenty-four Lodges, with a membership scarce exceeding eighteen hundred. In the neighboring States, the Lodges and membership were still less. From the members alone was our patronage to come, and this could not be large. But we wrote our motto down—"PERSEVERE!" We determined to know no such word as "FAIL;" and for two years The Ark did not pay its way. We had a serious obstacle to encounter, and one that we have yet to contend with—so many had been imposed upon by subscribing for newspapers and magazines from the East, which had promised great things, and, after printing a number or two, failed, thus swindling subscribers out of their money, that numbers have refused to subscribe for any publication, fearing another swindle. But we have passed the point where any fear may be entertained of The Ark failing. We have published The Ark for eight years, never failing in a single number, *and never three days behind its regular issue.* And what is the fact, it is the only magazine ever commenced in the West or South that has lived so long. Many others, East and West, have been commenced, before and since The Ark,

that have failed, and many of them ending in swindling their subscribers. And even now, we know of but three magazines of any kind in the West, besides The Ark.

It requires energy, capital and perseverance to sustain Western periodicals. Our people have been very prone to look to the East for their Literature, and Eastern publishers have not failed to make mighty efforts to obtain subscribers in the West and South. They have puffed themselves far beyond the limits of common decency—made great promises, and sent out smooth-tongued and sharp-witted agents, who have perambulated the country, and in this way obtained a large circulation. And too many of them have put into the hands of the people the vilest and most pernicious trash, calculated to corrupt and vitiate the mind, instead of feeding it with wholesome and substantial Literature.

It is a fact, worthy of being pondered over, that Eastern people do not patronize Western Literature, or Western publications. While very many Eastern publications draw their almost entire support from the West, scarce a Western publication has a solitary subscriber East of the Alleghanies! Should this be so?

But we are pleased to record the fact that a change is taking place in the Western country, and with our other improvements and progress, the taste for correct reading, and the proper culture of the mind, is claiming great attention. And our people, too, discover that they have talent and ability among themselves which they will patronize. And it is right they should. They will not again be either imposed upon or swindled by publications or agents from abroad.

But to The Ark. It has succeeded quite as well as we expected. We feel very sure that no other publication ever had the same amount of patronage obtained in the same way. Our subscribers have been obtained without hire. Our subscription is a *voluntary* one—no one has been *hired* to sound its praise—no agent sent abroad to obtain subscribers by disparaging contemporary publications—but what has come to us has been the voluntary, free-will offering of the Brotherhood. And we are

proud of our patronage thus obtained — we prefer it as it is to three times the number obtained by great promises, teasing, coaxing, and speaking disrespectfully of kindred publications.

The Ark *has* lived, and it is now the oldest publication of the Order in the country. It has lived to see a vast and mighty increase in the Order; and we trust we shall not be thought obnoxious to egotism if we suggest that it has been a great help to the increase of the Order in Ohio, and wherever else it has circulated. In our own State, the Lodges have increased from twenty-four to one hundred and eighty-nine, and the membership from eighteen hundred to over thirteen thousand! And the increase all over the West and South has been in the same proportion — in some States perhaps greater. And so long as the public mind is kept enlightened, so long will the increase continue. How gratifying and cheering the retrospect! And what incentives and inducements to continue laboring to promote and extend the dominion of Odd Fellowship! When labor is crowned with such success, the laborer cannot become weary.

There is yet a great, broad field before us, and we shall continue to labor to extend a knowledge of our Order — of its principles and practices; and to keep the Brotherhood advised of its progress, and of all events of interest. We shall commence the new year with the best prospects, and the highest hopes. Many of our old friends have already sent us word that they intend sending us large lists of names, with the cash; and we expect good lists from places where we have heretofore had no subscribers. And all this is the kind and fraternal work of brothers and friends. We are all laboring in a good cause, and Brothers write us that they solicit subscribers, and endeavor to get a circulation for The Ark, believing it to be for the “good of the Order.” We assure all — patrons and friends — that we shall labor to make The Ark deserving of their good opinion and friendship.

We have no promises to make for the future. It shall be our aim to continue The

Ark in the same channel it has heretofore traversed; and endeavor to make it acceptable as heretofore to the Brotherhood. Our correspondents continually increase; and we expect many and valuable contributions for the next volume.

We intend to adopt the cash system, out and out; and if any of our old patrons fail to receive The Ark for next year, they will understand that it is because they have not ordered it, and sent their dollar. Many would perhaps pay when called upon; but we cannot send out a collector; nor do we expect our local agents to call on Brothers. It is the duty of Brothers to go to the agent and pay. We have lost too much by waiting for subscribers to pay, to risk any more. We could not get along in this way, and it is far better for all parties to pay in advance.

We expect a large increase in our list for the next volume; we know we will have it if Brothers will think of the matter. Many do not read any thing concerning Odd Fellowship. In many Lodges not a work on Odd Fellowship is taken. Of course the Brothers do not keep themselves posted about what is going on in the Order. We hold that every one who can, without injury to himself or family, ought to take a publication devoted to the Order. He can make his selection from among them; and let him take some one.

On this subject we would like to ask attention to an extract from an article in a late number of the Masonic Review, published at Cincinnati. Let all read it and apply it to Odd Fellowship and The Ark. It will apply with peculiar force to those Odd Fellows who read nothing on the subject of Odd Fellowship. The extract is as follows:

“Remember, brethren, if you wish to keep alive an interest in the Lodges, and desire Masonry to occupy an elevated position, you must read — you must induce others to read. There must be “line upon line, precept upon precept.” One thing we are assured of — all those brethren who are deeply imbued with the spirit of Masonry, will be anxious to take and read the Review; indeed our subscription books form the best thermometer of Masonic feeling and spirit in the Lodges where

it is patronized. In some Lodges the members never read any thing on the subject of Masonry. Any thing else will be read and patronised, but they can't afford to take a *Masonic* paper! Some miserable frothy sheet from abroad, full of love tales and sickening stuff, is sought with avidity, and scattered through the family to corrupt the minds and hearts of the young; while sound moral precepts and healthy instruction is cast aside—*can't afford it!* Such Masons are always deficient in their knowledges of the laws, usages, customs, principles, and history of the Order, and when put into a station of responsibility they discover their insufficiency. The Grand Master of Ohio remarked to us recently, that some Lodges certainly did not patronize the Review, or they would better understand the laws and usages of Masonry. He was correct."

In conclusion—our grateful thanks are due to those who have taken *The Ark* the present year, and paid for it; and to all those Brothers who have labored so well and faithfully to increase its circulation. We shall never forget them; and if it never shall come in our way to repay them, they may rest assured we shall not cease to remember their many kindnesses until we cease to exist.

**BRO. BARRY'S ADDRESS.**—We hope every one of our patrons will read the address of Rev. Bro. Barry, delivered at Peoria, Illinois. We have never published any thing better. It is worth hundreds of pages of French, Spanish and Italian translations, which so often grace publications claiming to be the great lights of our Order. We are indebted to our kind and attentive Brother, Rev. Wm. B. Linnell, for this address.

**OUR CORRESPONDENTS.**—We have several valuable and interesting communications on hand. Among these are two original stories—one from the pen of a new correspondent, and one from "A. J. H."—a writer who has added much interest to our pages. We have also on hand articles from Miss Wilson, Mrs. Bushnell, A. B. G., and others. Mrs. Gardiner—than whom no one is more welcome to our pages—will continue to furnish us an occasional article.

### BRADY LODGE, NO. 183.

We owe an apology to D.G.M. Shears, and to the members of the above Lodge, for not publishing a notice of its institution. Brother Shears' letter was mislaid.

Brady Lodge, No. 183, was instituted at Franklin Mills, Portage county, on the 10th of July, 1851, by Spencer Shears, D.G.M. of Ohio. The officers elected were Charles H. Kent, NG; J. C. B. Robinson, VG; D. L. Rockwell, Sec'y; Asa Douglass, Treasurer. Two gentlemen were initiated. The Lodge has a good room, and commenced with the best prospects for an excellent Lodge.

This Lodge is named in honor of Capt. Samuel Brady, a famous Indian fighter, who lived during the earlier times in the West. Brady was pursued by the Indians, and escaped from them by jumping over the Cuyahoga river at a point where it is quite narrow, and runs in a chasm, a short distance above the bridge, at Franklin Mills. The place is called *Brady's Leap*. There is a small sheet of water in the neighborhood, called *Brady's Lake*. In this Lake Brady jumped, and swimming under the roots of an oak, concealed himself, until the Indians, tired of searching for him, went their way.

### LADIES' DEGREE.

Many inquiries have been made of us in reference to the Ladies' Degree, especially as to the time when it will be received by the Lodges, and conferred upon the Ladies. We regret that we cannot give a satisfactory reply. The article in the last number of *The Ark*, on page 350, from the *Mirror of the Times*, gives more light on the subject than any thing else we have read or heard. The Degree is in the hands of our Grand Representatives. As we understand it, they will report it to our Grand Lodge, at its session next month, when the Grand Lodge will order the work, and make arrangements to supply the Lodges with books and instructions. We have heard that in some States the Degree is already being conferred, but we do not know by what means it has been introduced.

### THE DAYTON CELEBRATION.

We had the pleasure of looking in at the grand celebration at Dayton on the 28th of October. The circumstances were such that we could not participate in the ceremonies throughout, and left the city before their conclusion. It was altogether the grandest pageant of the kind we ever witnessed. We have Bro. Walter's address, and shall hereafter make some extracts from it.

The Dayton Empire, edited by P.G.M. Fitch, who was Grand Marshal on the occasion, gives the following interesting account of the celebration :

THE CELEBRATION.—The celebration in our city yesterday, by the Odd Fellows, was all that could have been anticipated or desired by those engaged in it. It was a demonstration worthy of the occasion, and highly creditable to the members of the Order in Dayton, by whom it was originated and carried out.

The delegations from the Cincinnati Lodges and Encampments presented a grand and imposing appearance. They were marshaled by P.G. Winchell, who deserves the highest credit for the admirable and efficient manner in which he discharged the important trust assigned him.

The delegations from the country Lodges, in connection with the Dayton Lodges, swelled the procession to from thirteen to fifteen hundred.

At 11 o'clock the procession was formed on Third street, the Dayton Lodges occupying the right of the line; the country Lodges came next; then came the Cincinnati Delegation; next the Encampments; next the officers of the Grand Encampment, the Orator and Chaplain, the officers of the Grand Lodge of Ohio—the Grand Master, S. Craighead, Esq., occupying the post of honor on the extreme left of the line.

After marching through the principal streets of the city, the procession proceeded to the place of meeting on the bank of the river, between First and Second streets, where the exercises were performed.

The address of I. N. Walter, the Orator of the day, was excellent and appropriate. It took a plain, practical, common sense view of the objects and principles of Odd Fellowship, and its claims to the countenance and co-operation of all good men. That portion of it which defined the peculiar duties and respon-

sibilities of the members of the Order, we regarded as well-timed and appropriate, and we trust did not fail to leave the salutary impression intended upon the minds of all who heard it.

The singing by the ladies and gentlemen of the choir, under the direction of Professor Turpin, was admired by all who heard it. The instrumental music by the bands, both at the ground and on the line of march, was very fine, and reflected the highest credit upon the several bands in attendance—the Newport Military Band, Phelps's Band of Cincinnati, the Eaton Band, and the Saxa Horns, of our own city.

The procession was the grand feature of the day, and attracted an immense throng of spectators as it moved through the streets. We have attended many similar celebrations, but we have never beheld a more beautiful and imposing display of the kind than that which took place yesterday.

Every thing connected with the celebration was conducted with the greatest harmony and precision, and we are gratified in being able to state that not a single accident occurred to mar the enjoyment and festivities of the day.

We were pleased to notice in the procession several brothers who hold distinguished positions in the Order. Among them were P.G.'s. Chidsey and Williams, Representatives to the Grand Lodge of the United States, the former of whom is also at present at the head of Patriarchal branch of the Order in Ohio.

DIRECTORY OF THE ORDER.—The publishers of the Golden Rule are about issuing a Directory, giving the names of the Lodges and Encampments, their location, and time of meeting, with other matters. A correct Directory of the Order is much needed, and we have no doubt such a work will meet with ready sale. See notice of it in this number.

The Directory in the Golden Rule is incorrect in saying our Grand Lodge meets in Cincinnati. It meets in Columbus. The Scribe of the Grand Encampment is not Foster, but Foote, and is plainly printed Foote.

EXPLANATION.—Owing to severe indisposition in our family, The Ark for November was not mailed to subscribers for a week or ten days after it was printed and ready for mailing. This is the first failure of the kind, and one, we trust, that will not again occur.

## THE ORDER IN NEW MEXICO.

## INTERESTING LETTER FROM BRO. J. GREINER.

We are under many obligations to Bro. Greiner, for the following very interesting letter:

SANTA FE, NEW MEXICO, }  
September 30, 1851. }

DEAR BRO. GLENN—I had the pleasure last evening of sending in my card, and being admitted to Montezuma Lodge, No. 1, I.O.O.F., and you may reckon I was both pleased and surprised at finding myself once more among the '*queer fellows*' in this land of '*Chile Colorado*' Frijoles, and '*Atoles*.'

This Lodge was instituted July 19, 1851, and already numbers nearly thirty members. The officers installed were H. L. Dickinson, NG; George H. Estes, VG; Robert Perry, Sec'y; J. Mercure, Treasurer.

The initiation fee is \$25.00; dues, \$18.00 per annum; degrees, \$28.00; benefits, \$5.00 per week.

The new regalia has just arrived, and is really beautiful. It will cost the Lodge \$250.00. Fitting up the Lodge room cost \$300.00, and the rent of room is \$30.00 per month. These extravagant prices may give you some idea of the prices in this country.

Nearly all the members are from different States, and you would be astonished at the precision with which they do up their work. Even the crack Lodges, No's. 9, 23, and 145, I think do not excel them. This, for a new Lodge, the members coming from every section of this great country, and just beginning to work together, is saying a great deal.

During the past week, great excitement has existed among the brethren on account of the brutal murder of Bro. Wm. C. Skinner, at Albuquerque, seventy miles below here, by some Mexicans. When the news arrived of his death, a special meeting was called, and a committee was appointed to take charge of the body, bring it here for burial if possible, and to prosecute the murderers. Every one feels as though he had indeed lost a brother, and no expense will be spared in paying the last sad tribute to his memory, and bringing his murderers to justice.

Bro. Skinner was one of the leading lawyers in the Territory; was a prominent member of the last legislature, and had done more to Americanize the Mexican population in which he lived, than any other man.

The Governor, the Chief Justice and Judges

of the Territory, and Attorney General, have all gone to Albuquerque to investigate the matter; and as the murderers are said to belong to the first Mexican families, we apprehend much difficulty before this melancholy affair is settled.

Arrangements are in progress to form an Encampment here; and another Lodge will soon be started at Albuquerque.

Yours in F., L. and T.,  
J. GREINER.

## LOUISIANA.

JEANERETT's, St. Mary's Par., La., }  
October 12, 1851. }

BRO. GLENN—Thinking that it will be a pleasure to you to hear how the Order is flourishing in this part of the State, as an old subscriber to The Ark, I take the liberty of acquainting you how the Order is flourishing in Attakapas, the South-western part of Louisiana.

St. Mary's Lodge, No. 20, at Franklin, St. Mary's parish, is in a prosperous condition, numbering at present one hundred and thirty contributing members, and among them the most true and energetic men of the parish.

Mount Sinai Encampment, No. 2, was instituted at the same place, on the 14th of March last. Its present officers are J. K. Johnson, CP; G. N. Seagrave, HP; Ralph Caffery, SW; Matthew Bell, JW; R. M. Sawyer, Scribe; G. R. Hankins, Treasurer.

New Iberia Lodge, No. 36, was instituted at New Iberia, St. Martin's parish, (twelve miles from this place,) on the 26th of September last, by D.D.G.M. Lyman of Franklin, on the application of five members, formerly of St. Mary's Lodge; and on the same day the following officers were elected and installed, viz: Harvey Hopkins, NG; J. W. Brannon, VG; Albert Heaton, Sec'y; John Denalcourt, Treasurer.

We number at present sixteen members. The brothers manifest a great deal of interest in the work of the Order, and promise to build up a Lodge that will be an ornament to the Order. We meet on Tuesday nights.

Yours in F., L. and T.,  
ALBERT HEATON.

## MISSOURI.

We have received from Grand Sec'y Veitch, the printed proceedings of the Grand Lodge of Missouri, at its annual session held in October last, and have been much interested in

looking over the same. The Order there continues to prosper, and all seems peace and harmony. A project is on foot to establish a seminary of learning at Glasgow. Resolutions were adopted granting forty dollars per annum to the Wilkey Annuity; and recommending the subordinates to contribute one dollar each to the relief of Excelsior Lodge, No. 1, Honolulu, Sandwich Islands. The following are the officers of the Grand Lodge elected for the current year:

Isaiah Forbes, St. Louis, Grand Master.  
Theodore Betts, Louisiana, D. Grand Master.  
Jno. A. McClelland, St. Louis, Gr'd Warden.  
Isaac M. Veitch, St. Louis, Grand Secretary.  
Benj. F. Crane, St. Louis, Grand Treasurer.  
Rev. John Libby, St. Louis, Grand Chaplain.  
Thos. J. Bishop, Warsaw, Grand Marshal.  
J. McLoney, Glasgow, Grand Conductor.  
R. J. Bradley, Palmyra, Grand Guardian.  
C. N. Brewster, St. Louis, Grand Messenger.  
Clark H. Green, Glasgow, Grand Rep.

#### ILLINOIS.

The Grand Lodge of Illinois, (as we learn by a letter from Bro. J. W. Davenport, of Carlyle,) held its annual session at Springfield, commencing on the 14th of October. On the 15th, the following Brothers were chosen Grand Officers for the ensuing year:

H. L. Rucker, Chicago, Grand Master.  
J. S. Hicks, Jacksonville, Dep. Grand Master.  
D. B. Jackson, Hillsboro, Grand Warden.  
Rev. W. B. Linell, Peoria, Grand Chaplain.  
N. H. Dearborn, St. Charles, Grand Marshal.  
S. A. Corneau, Springfield, Grand Secretary.  
J. G. Ives, Springfield, Grand Treasurer.  
H. Marfield, Galena, Grand Guardian.  
P. A. Saunders, Springfield, Grand Herald.  
H. S. Austin, Farmington, Grand Conductor.  
I. G. Wilson, of Elgin, and H. F. Ash, of Springfield, Representatives to the Right Worthy Grand Lodge of the United States—the former for two years, and the latter for one year.

The subordinates were generally represented, and the returns show the Order to be in a flourishing condition. The G.L. was in session four days, and adjourned to hold its next meeting in the city of Pekin, on the second Tuesday of October, 1852.

We are pleased to see among the Grand Officers, the name of Rev. Bro. Linell, late

of this jurisdiction. He is a devoted Odd Fellow, and his influence will be seen and felt. We are also pleased to see that efficient officer, S. A. Corneau, re-elected Grand Sec'y.

GRAND ENCAMPMENT OF OHIO.—We learn that at the quarterly session of this body, held in October, the resolution providing for holding the January session in Columbus, was taken up, and rejected—ayes 15, noes 20. We learn, also, that a resolution was adopted, to pay the M. W. Grand Patriarch his expenses and per diem in making official visits to the Encampments. That was right. We understand that it is the intention of Grand Patriarch CHIDSEY to visit every Encampment in the jurisdiction; and we earnestly hope he will do so. If we must have Encampments, let the parent body show some regard for, and interest in them. The revenue of the Grand Encampment, collected as it is from the subordinates, could not be expended to a better purpose than in paying for official visitations. Such a visit, from one so competent as Bro. Chidsey, would do much to increase the interest of, and arouse the flagging zeal of many Encampments.

#### DIRECTORY OF THE ORDER.

The publishers of the "Golden Rule" will issue on the 18th of November a complete Directory of the Order.

It will contain a portrait of the M.W.G. Sire, W. W. Moore, a portrait of P.G. Sire, Robert H. Griffin, and portraits of M.W. Grand Masters Dexter Gillmore and Andre Froment, of New York.

It will also contain a complete list of the officers and members of the G. L. of the U. S. the rank they have attained in the Order, their residence, age, profession, and whether married or otherwise.

It will have the most carefully prepared directory of Lodges and Encampments ever published, and a calender for the use of Odd Fellows.

Price 12½ cts. per copy, or four postage stamps, for which it will be mailed post-free, and in the order in which applications are made. A reduction on copies bought at the office for re-sale of twenty-five per cent.

Address Crampton & Clarke, Golden Rule office, 44 Ann St., New York.



## THE ARK FOR 1852.

The ninth volume of *The Ark* will commence with January, 1852. We find the cash system to work so well, that we shall continue our determination to demand advance payment. It is best for both subscriber and publisher, and we give this early notice that all who wish to continue *The Ark*—(and we expect *all* our good paying subscribers to continue)—may know our determination in time. We have nothing to say in regard to the future, only that our best endeavors shall be used to make *The Ark* worthy of the patronage of Odd Fellows. We desire brothers to examine our magazine, and decide for themselves as to its merits.

## PREMIUMS.

We do not wish our brothers who often kindly consent to act as local agents, to labor for nothing; and as an inducement for them to obtain subscribers, and as a small compensation for their labor, we offer the following premiums:

To the brother who will send us the largest number of subscribers for volume 9, we will present an elegant Past Grand's or Encampment Regalia, worth \$25.00, or other Regalia, to the amount of \$25.00, as the brother may designate.

To the brother who will send us the second largest list of subscribers for volume 9, we will present a Regalia, such as he may designate, worth fifteen dollars.

To every brother who will send us twenty-five subscribers for volume 9, we will present a copy of the *Odd Fellow's Offering* for 1852. This volume is spoken of as the most splendid of any number yet issued, and makes a beautiful present. The retail price is \$2.50.

To every brother who will send us nine subscribers, we will send a copy of *The Ark* for 1852.

To any brother sending us five subscribers, we will send a copy of the *Digest of the Laws of the Grand Lodge of the United States*.

The price of *The Ark* is one dollar per annum, and in every case the cash must accompany the subscription. The lists must be sent in by the first of January, or mailed to us by that day.

"THE ANCIENT LANDMARK" is the title of a very good looking semi-monthly quarto, published at Mt. Clemens, Mich., and devoted to Masonry, Literature, the Fine Arts, and General Intelligence. Messrs. A. C. Smith and B. F. Jubenville, publishers. Terms, \$1.00 a year in advance. Seven numbers have been issued, all of which have been kindly sent us. We regret we cannot reciprocate, by sending the back numbers of our volume. We have not got them. From the hasty glances we have given the *Ancient Landmark*, we can freely say it is a work that deserves a good patronage. The subscription price is very low.

## MARRIED.

At Sturbridge, Mass., October 9, 1851, by the Rev. O. S. Stearns, Bro. THOMAS SPOONER, P.G.M. of Ohio, Cincinnati, to Miss FRANCES M., daughter of the late Rev. Zenas M. Leonard, of the former place.

At Delphi, Ind., October 9, 1851, by the Rev. Thomas Bartlett, Bro. LEVI S. DALE, M.W. Grand Patriarch of the Grand Encampment of Indiana, to Mrs. MARY SLEVEN, both of that place.

At McConnelsville, Ohio, October 15, 1851, by the Rev. P. K. M'Cue, Bro. JOHN V. RAMSEY, N.G. of Valley Lodge, No. 36, to Miss FRANCES L. SWAYZEE, both of that place.

At Dayton, Ohio, October 23, 1851, by the Rev. T. Gorsuch, Bro. JOHN BOCK, of Troy Lodge, No. 43, and P.C.P. of Concord Encampment, No. 23, to Miss JANE MILLER, both of Troy.

In Springfield township, Hamilton county, Ohio, October 23, 1851, by the Rev. Mr. Hoffner, Bro. WILLIAM CRAVEN, of Washington Lodge, No. 2, Cincinnati, to Miss HANNAH SALMON, of the former place.

In New York City, October 9, 1851, by Rev. Bro. Isaac N. Walter, Bro. P. T. TAYLOR, of Winchester, Va., to Miss ELMIRA G. JONES, of the former place.

At Fort Wayne, Ind., November, 5, 1851, by the Rev. Mr. Mahan, Bro. BENJAMIN SAUNDERS, P.G. of Fort Wayne Lodge, No. 14, to Miss JANE NOBLE, both of that place.

## DIED.

At Delphi, Ind., September 6, 1851, Bro. MILO DIBBLE, V.G. of Delphi Lodge, No. 28, and Past Treasurer, of Carroll Encampment, No. 22. Bro. D. was a worthy Odd Fellow, a consistent member of the Methodist Church, and a man without an enemy.

At Columbus, Ohio, October 24, 1851, Mrs. ELSIE C., consort of Bro. L. P. Preston, aged 23 years and 9 months.

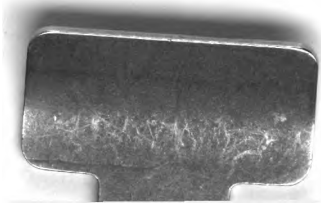
At Cincinnati, Ohio, November —, 1851, Brother H. J. BRODIE, M. D., of Magnolia Lodge, No. 83.











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The Ark, and Odd fellows' western monthl



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